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GENERAL GORDON'S CAREER IN RUSSIA.

GENERAL GORDON was born in 1635—the second son of John Gordon of *Auchlichries*—a bleak possession near the coast of Aberdeenshire. The Laird—a cadet of that branch of the house of Gordon of which the Earl of Aberdeen is now the representative—was a high cavalier; and both he and his wife, an Ogilvie, were steady adherents to the Romish faith. This last circumstance prevented Patrick from partaking those educational advantages which the Marischal College afforded to the Protestant Dalgetties of the district. Means were, however, found in country schools of the neighborhood to save him from a boyhood of mere field-sports, and to furnish at least the rudiments of the classical training which Scotchmen of gentle birth have seldom been willing entirely to dispense with. At the age of sixteen he was taken home; but the position of a younger brother without prospects concurred with a hopeless attachment to make home irksome, and his parents would seem to have given every encouragement to a scheme of travel in search of adventure and advancement—no unusual or ineffectual resource for the class he belonged to. He left Aberdeen in a ship of 18 guns for Dantzic, in 1651. We have sometimes

amused ourselves with speculating on the emotions with which such northern hidalgos, in many instances suddenly conveyed in the train of a Gunn or a Mackay from still remoter or wilder districts, must have contemplated the busy and opulent cities of Germany. The stately cathedral, the quay, the market-place, and the town-hall, must have presented contrasts strange and strong to the gray tower of the Highland chief, or even the more spacious gabled and turreted mansion of the Lowland laird.

Wherever they went they carried with them the sagacity, the perseverance, and courage of their race—"patient of labor and prodigal of blood"—and such men as Gustavus Adolphus, Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, and Peter the Great, knew well how to appreciate these qualities. In none were they more conspicuously united than in Patrick Gordon.

He did not loiter in the great city, but betook himself to the completion of his classical education at the Jesuits' college of Braunsberg. After three years' devotion to study, particularly of Latin, becoming weary and homesick, he absconded without leave-taking, with the intention of returning to

Scotland. Disappointed in his endeavors to obtain a passage from Dantzic, and then in an attempt to enter the Polish army, which cost him a fruitless journey to Warsaw, he came, after various adventures, to Hamburgh. The town was full of Swedish officers raising recruits for a war which their youthful king Charles X., was preparing against Poland. By one of these, a Scotchman of his own name, he was persuaded to take service in the cavalry, and he joined, in July, 1655, at Stettin, the force there collected to the amount of 17,000 men under Fieldmarshal Wittenberg. Gordon details with particularity the pretexts alleged by the Swedish king for hostilities. They were probably for the most part false—certainly all frivolous; and the diarist favors us with his private opinion as to the real motive of the war, namely, the desire of a young sovereign, fond of soldiering, to signalize his succession to the throne of Gustavus Adolphus and Christina by a little military glory. Poland presented peculiar attractions as an antagonist. She was the only country which in the actual state of Europe afforded any pretexts, bad as they were, for a quarrel. She was already assailed on the one side by Cossacks and Tartars, on that of Lithuania by the growing power of Russia; and all these circumstances were represented to the Swedish prince by an interested class of advisers—exiles and fugitive nobles. Encouragement and assistance came, moreover, from a strange quarter. Two or three of the best regiments were raised with money furnished by Cromwell, whose object was to keep busy at a distance some of those ardent spirits whose activity might have been troublesome in Britain. The consequence was one of those long games "which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at."

The kind of discipline enforced in the armies of this day has been well illustrated in Callot's etchings:—"On the 2d of August," says Gordon, "the Fieldmarshal encamped near Posen, and showed extraordinary severity. For example, a boy of fourteen was hanged for throwing a stone at a Pole who was seeking in the camp, under escort, for a horse of which he had been robbed." He mentions, as a fact of which he had no reason to doubt, that between Stettin and Konin, where the king joined the army, 470 persons had been executed for slight offences. Gordon calls this "not justice, but tyranny," and says the king himself expressed the same opinion—from which few will dissent. We cannot follow our diarist closely through the

details of this wanton war. It was like many other campaigns of an age when war or peace depended rather on the caprices of kings, their ministers or mistresses, than on the interests, the opinions, or even the passions of nations. The two armies avoided each other, and levied contributions on the districts they infested, in which the Jews paid double. A fort was now and then stormed, in which case the garrison, with many compliments on their courage, were put to the sword. The principal events were the reduction of Cracow, and an action near Warsaw, soon after which Gordon was taken prisoner.—Having endured more than four months' close arrest, he was at length released on the condition of taking service with his captors, the Poles. He thus became a dragoon in the company of Constantine Lubomirski, the most illustrious of three brothers who all held high offices in the state.

His changes of banner were not to be few. He was shortly again taken prisoner by some Brandenburg cavalry, and carried before a Scotch General, Douglas, from whom he accepted an offer of service in a corps d'élite of his countrymen, which the General was then employed in organizing. This Douglas company, in January, 1657, received orders to move out of its quarters in order to assist an operation against Dantzic, then held by the Poles. Gordon, before he could show face in the expedition, had to provide himself with two horses; and this he effected, in his own words, "by means of his servant without money"—for which mode of field-equipment he makes the excuse that if he had declined to employ it he must have remained to be eat with vermin, to freeze, or to starve. Surprised on a solitary ride by a party of peasants, he was ere long carried prisoner into Dantzic. He complains bitterly of the loss on this occasion of his Thomas à Kempis. His captors, however, being mere boors, of no practice in the honorable profession of arms, had neglected to pull off his boots—in which he had concealed his money. He met here with many Scotch and Swedish fellows in captivity, as also with a distinguished namesake in the Polish army—to wit, *Gordon of the steel hand*—by whom he was recognized as a clansman, and strongly urged to take service again with Poland. Resisting, for reasons not mentioned, this offer, which many others accepted, he was shortly included in a general exchange of prisoners, and rejoined his former company. Twice again, while serving with Sweden in the course of this year, he was captured, first

by some Austrians, from whom he executed a hazardous escape, and then once more by the Poles. The latter adventure brought him into contact with the greatest man of his day, John Sobieski, but it can hardly be said that this circumstance adds any interest to the diary. As Sobieski, who is characterized merely as "a hard bargainer, though courteous," refused to exchange him, he adopted the ready resource of accepting service with his captors. In this his second engagement with the Poles, who had business first with Sweden, then with Muscovy, he found plentiful opportunities for the display of his talents, and speedily rose to the rank of Captain-Lieutenant. The Poles, assisted by 40,000 Tartar auxiliaries, were successful against the Russians and Cossacks, who under command of a certain Wassilievwitch Scherematew—we love, like the Vicar of Wakefield, to give the whole name—endured a terrible defeat, in which they lost 115 standards, 67 guns, and some 36,000 men killed and prisoners. This battle of Sibiodischtsche led in November, 1660, to the conclusion of a peace on terms, as might be expected, humiliating enough for the party so completely overthrown. The Poles are said to have suffered some loss in endeavoring to defend their prisoners from the Tartars, who were discontented with various items of the pacification. The Russians—it is certain—were plundered, and many of them dragged into slavery by these infidel allies of a christian power. Scherematew himself was shamefully surrendered to them by the Polish commander.

Gordon, returning from the scene of this wild work to Warsaw, received intelligence of the restoration of his native monarch, Charles II. This event, suggesting to a good soldier of cavalier blood the prospect of some advancement at home, induced him to request his retirement from the Polish service. Lubomirski, however was unwilling to part with such a follower, and before his reluctance was overcome Gordon had received letters from his family which discouraged him in his project of return. We have indeed discovered no indications of any desire on the part of his kinsfolk for his re-appearance at the honored chateau of Auchlichries. He persevered, nevertheless, in requesting his discharge, and received it in July, 1661, accompanied by a flattering certificate in florid Latin from Lubomirski. His persistence in urging this dismissal could have had no better reason than the mere love of change. He seems to have quite dropped the thoughts of home, and to have been

steadily intent on carrying his now proved and conspicuous talents to one of the great military markets of Europe. None perhaps at this moment could afford fairer chances to a soldier of fortune and a Roman Catholic than the one he was quitting, for this was the brightest epoch of the fortunes of that kingdom. Gordon, however, had decided to quit the Polack, and only hesitated between Austria and Russia. After much pondering, his intimacy with several officers of the latter power, and among them some countrymen of his own, who, taken prisoners at the battle of Sibiodischtsche, had been placed under his custody, decided his choice. With two of these, a Colonel Crawford and a Captain Menzies, he journeyed to Moscow, arriving there in September. He was well received by Czar Alexis, a sovereign of more than average virtue and ability, who confirmed an appointment promised him by Crawford as major in that friend's own regiment. We find him almost immediately repenting his choice, and busy with various attempts and schemes for disengaging himself. These all proving hopeless, he applied himself with such diligence to the duties of his position, that he soon rose into favor. He continued, however, so little satisfied with Muscovy and the Muscovites, that nothing but the press of his daily occupations saved him from sickness. Many inevitable incidents of the life of a stranger, without connexions, in a semi-civilized country, would sufficiently account for depression of spirits. In addition to the difficulties to be encountered from rude superiors, he had troublesome subjects to deal with in those under his own command. One of many instances which he records is equally characteristic of his energy as an officer and of his fidelity as a journalist. A Russian captain in his regiment had encroached in various particulars upon Major Gordon's authority. Colonel Crawford declining to listen to complaint on this subject, Gordon took it, in every sense of the word, into his own hands. Inveigling the Captain into his quarters without witnesses, he knocked him down and caned him till he could hardly rise. Called to account before Crawford, Gordon met the charge with a cool and imperturbable denial of the entire transaction—and this full equivalent to an Old Bailey alibi he repeated, on appeal to their General, with such cool skill, that the Captain, refused all redress, was fain to leave a regiment which boasted a Scottish Major.

In 1662 the Major obtained a colonelcy.

The routine of professional duty, though probably now pretty amply varied by gentle exercise of the above description, was still insufficient to dispel the melancholy which weighed upon his mind. He betook himself to the most dangerous resource which Moscow afforded, in the cultivation for the first time in his life, if we except the boyish romance, of female society. In the houses of the resident foreigners, which he principally frequented, he found himself beset at all hands by the sneers of contending beauty. Foreigners at this period were not allowed to marry native Russians, even on condition of conversion to the Greek Church. The younger strangers in the Czar's service were therefore considered by the daughters of the older as a game preserve of their own, and hunted down without mercy. It required all the caution of Gordon's country and county to preserve him from these harpies; and to escape a disadvantageous alliance it became almost necessary to contract an eligible one. Not run away with by his feelings, but partly in self-defence, and partly on a calculation in which the advantages over-balanced scruples well weighed and doubts long entertained, he determined to marry. In sickness, in absence upon duty or travel, a wife presented herself to his speculative eye as a useful nurse or steward. In the matter of expense he found reason to suspect that an unmarried man keeping his house might be apt to suffer more waste than would suffice for the keep of a wife. While lying in bed on a Saturday morning all these considerations passed through the Aberdonian mind, and, "after earnest prayer for guidance," the last seems to have decided the struggle. The next task was that of passing in review the candidates for the honor which on some one he was at last resolved to confer. It fell on the daughter of a Brandenburg Colonel, Albert Bockhoven, well educated, of the Roman Catholic faith, and of good blood by the father's side. The latter was a prisoner in the hands of the Poles—a circumstance which did not prevent the engagement, but which delayed the marriage till 1664, when the Brandenburg's release by exchange was effected, principally through the intercession of his destined son-in-law.

In the course of this year, 1664, Colonel Gordon, hearing of the death of his elder brother, requested leave for a journey to Scotland, which was peremptorily refused him. The next year, however, circumstances led to his visiting Britain in a semi-official

character. The unsuccessful mission of Lord Carlisle to Moscow had led to differences between the courts, which had only been aggravated by that of an envoy equally touchy and punctilious, Daschkow, to Whitehall. That delicate hyperborean had returned with impressions and reports of the barbarism of England in matters of etiquette, and of the high prices of her commodities, which made his countrymen at the court of Moscow reluctant to undertake a similar office. The Czar determined to make Gordon, without an ostensible mission, the bearer of a letter to Charles II. Our Colonel, with a caution which the event justified, endeavoured to decline a service the difficulties of which were more certain than either its success or its remuneration. Alexis, however, was now as peremptory in enforcing a furlough as before in refusing it. War between England and Holland increased the troubles of the long and arduous route, which occupied the Colonel from June 29 to the 1st of October. He remained in London till February of the following year, enjoying, without the rank of ambassador, all privileges of access to the gay king and his ministers. For reasons not clearly stated he was ungraciously received on his return to Muscovy, and the royal displeasure was shown in the withholding the repayment of his outlay, an account which was not settled until the next reign.

Ere long, however, he was restored to the command of his former regiment. In 1670 we see him in high command in the Ukraine—employed in reducing to submission the rebellious Zaporagian Cossacks. In this distant warfare he was detained, probably because his talents were found indispensable, till 1677, when he was summoned to Moscow to answer the charges preferred against him by one of his superiors. These he managed triumphantly, though at the expense of much bribery and intrigue, to confute; and returning to the Ukraine he conducted the defence of the capital, Tschigrin, against a combined attack of the Turks and Tartars, in a manner which entitled him to the highest rank among the Russian reputations of that day.

The Colonel now renewed his endeavors to obtain his manumission from the service, but these, though supported by the intercession of the English envoy, had no better success than before. The Czar Fedor, who succeeded his father Alexis in 1676, had the acuteness to appreciate Gordon, and the year 1678 found him again employed in repelling a renewed assault upon Tschigrin. For a month his unwearied activity and en-

gineering skill kept Turk and Tartar at bay, and no thought of surrender had suggested itself, when a sudden and imperative order from Moscow compelled him to abandon the place. He was the last man to retire, and he fired with his own hand the train of the principal magazine, by the subsequent explosion of which 4000 Turks were sent to the paradise of the faithful. Escaping with great risk, and hotly pursued, he was rewarded by promotion to the rank of Major-General.

The first volume here closes. At this point also of the Diary occurs the second interruption of five years—which however is practically remedied by the service-lists preserved in the appendix. From these we find that in 1683 Gordon was made a Lieutenant-General. This, it must be remembered, was a critical period for the Empire. The Czar Fedor had died in 1682, without issue and without designating his successor. Of his two brothers, Ivan and Peter, the first was imbecile, and the second but ten years old. The regency devolved on their sister Sophia. Gordon was now very anxious to effect a change from the provincial quarters of Kiev to the seat of government; and with this view he made in 1684 a journey to Moscow. By the regent and her able and all powerful favorite, Golitzin, he was graciously received, but studiously repulsed in all his endeavors both towards the object above-mentioned, and the more important point of his discharge, which he was still pressing. He was complimented, confidentially advised with on some knotty questions, and peremptorily ordered back to Kiev. It was there that, while devoting his leisure to the improvement of the defences of the town, he formed the acquaintance and gained the enduring friendship of a kindred spirit and adventurer, the engineer Lefort, destined like himself to exercise a powerful and salutary influence over the illustrious man who in due time vindicated his right to the throne and eclipsed the fame of all its former occupants.

In 1685 intelligence of the accession of James II. induced our staunch Romanist to renew his entreaties for leave of absence. It was at last granted, but only on a stipulation of speedy return, for which security was taken in the detention of his wife and children as hostages at Kiev. He effected his journey, and on this occasion visited Scotland. Returning in August, 1686, he brought with him a letter from the English King in support of his application for discharge. The proceeding was highly ill-advised. A semi-barbarous

government was sensitively jealous of such foreign interference, and it drew down upon Gordon a storm of resentment from the wayward and selfish Regent and her minister. He was threatened with degradation to the ranks, and obliged to petition for pardon in the style of a grave offender and contrite penitent. While this petition was awaiting its answer, behold there arrived another epistle from James II. announcing Gordon's appointment as English ambassador extraordinary at Moscow. Hereupon a council was held—and it speedily arrived at the following decision—"The General Patrick Gordon cannot become English ambassador, because his presence is required with the great army in the approaching campaign against the Turks and Tartars." Nothing could be more logical; and we find the diarist, in 1687, on the Dnieper, serving as second to the General-in-chief Golitzin. That commander, after leading his men into the steppe, could devise no better plan of strategy than to lead them out again and abandon the campaign. The troops were therefore dismissed to their quarters, but not without signal marks of the favor and the liberality of the government. Gordon himself was promoted to the rank of General.

The year 1688 was passed in Moscow. The regiments called the *Buterkisch* were at this time under his special command, and appear to have been regarded as a sort of model for the rest of the army. The corps formed at least a seminary for drummers and fifers, who when duly accomplished were drafted off to Kolowenski, the residence at this period of young Peter. This circumstance appears to have led to communications between Gordon and the Czar, and to have laid the foundation of their future familiarity. Gordon was at this time consulted by the Regency on many matters of moment. A plan of his for the establishment of a new city in the Samara was approved and carried out; another for military lines of defence on the Dnieper was equally approved, but the execution of it was postponed. He was also called upon to take the command of a fresh operation against the Crimea, but when the army had advanced as far as Perekop the attempt was considered too arduous, and abandoned. Gordon returned to Moscow, where events of greater importance to his own fortunes and those of Russia awaited him.

The young Czar at first showed no great favor to the troops, and manifested opposition to the system of liberal reward by which now as on former occasions the Regency en-

deavored to win the attachment of a force which was evidently assuming the character of a Prætorian guard. This policy, whatever its motive or its explanation, did not produce the consequences which might have been expected from it, for, at the crisis which shortly ensued of the struggle for power between the Czar and the Regency, Gordon and his regiments threw themselves into the party of the former, and by marching, contrary to the orders of the latter, to Troitz, decided the issue and placed Peter on the throne. Gordon was immediately admitted within the precincts of the fortified convent, while the other commanders with their soldiers were encamped without its walls. He was henceforth busily occupied in exercising the troops under the immediate inspection of majesty, and younger men might have found their strength insufficient for such occupation, varied as it was by the boisterous orgies in which Peter's favorites were called to take part. Of all the particulars of this remarkable intimacy, which continued through the few remaining years of Gordon's life, we are promised ample details in the sequel of the diary. In 1694 he accompanied Peter on his second journey to Archangel. In the following year he mainly contributed to the establishment of an offensive alliance against the Turks with Austria, the policy of which he had at previous periods strongly advocated; and he conducted in the war which resulted, under the eye of Peter, the great operation of the siege of Asow. The Russian preparations, however, were insufficient for the reduction of that strong place in one campaign; and it was not till the year following that it fell before Gordon's able assault. On the occasion of the triumphal entry of the victorious army into Moscow he received from the Czar a medal worth 6 ducats, a gold cup, a costly suit of furs, and some ninety peasants. Many instances are mentioned in the Diary of these Homeric donations of live stock. One is connected with an amusing incident. When the Turks in 1677 retired from before Tschigrin, the welcome news was forwarded to Moscow by two captains. A colonel who was also despatched somewhat later to that city, finding the party with their horses sleeping in a meadow, contrived unperceived to cut the girths and stirrup leathers, and then, pursuing his own journey, was the first to bring the intelligence to the Czar. He was rewarded with fifty peasants; the others, who arrived the same evening, got little but thanks.

In the year 1697 took place the memorable journey of the Czar to Holland—on which occasion Gordon was left as second to the General-in-chief Schein in the administration of the military affairs of the empire. In this high capacity he visited Asow, to superintend the restoration and extension of its defences, which he had lately done his best to ruin; and for similar purposes he proceeded to Taganrok, since made famous by the melancholy end of one of the most fortunate, in the world's estimation, but not in his own, of Peter's successors. His presence dissipated a commenced invasion of the Tartars, and he returned to Moscow to perform the yet more signal service already alluded to in the quelling of the revolt of the Strelitz regiments. The short remainder of his life was passed in the full enjoyment of the favor which this, the greatest of his exploits, had raised to the highest pitch. The Czar had scarcely recovered the shock of the decease of his other foreign favorite, Lefort, when he was called upon to attend the death-bed of Gordon, who expired in his arms on the 29th of November, 1699.

We have already expressed our hope that the principal parts of the narrative of a career so eventful as Gordon's may yet be furnished to English readers in the original form. A close comparison of the German text now before us with that original is not necessary for the detection of some excusable errors in the translator. We are unwilling to swell our present notice either by any reference to these, or by extracts which could not convey the precise expression of the gallant old diarist. But for this we might be tempted by such passages as one which describes his escape from the ruins of Tschigrin, when deserted by the last adherents of his undisciplined and demoralized garrison, he crosses alone, with his sword in one hand and pistol in the other, the bridge swarming with Turks—all carrying in their left hands, instead of the pistol, the heads of slaughtered Christians. The narrative of the defence of this place against some 100,000 Turks, a defence which lasted a month, and but for him, would not have lasted an hour, is worthy of Drinkwater. But for the deficiency in interest which attaches to the wars of comparative savages, the defence of Tschigrin would rank as an exhibition of courage, resource, and endurance, with that of Vienna. To count the wounds with which the person of the iron veteran was scored in his various campaigns, is a task which has baffled our patience. On one perilous day

we find him emerging from an ambuscade with the loss of his sword, hat, and a quantity of hair left in Polish hands, and with the gain of three arrows sticking in his hide or his jerkin. Occasional attacks of the plague he baffles by doses of *Venice treacle*, and other remedies stranger and more nauseous even than that famous compound of adder's fat with other poisons. Under a different species of difficulty his resources never fail him. We have already admired the imperturbable denial with which he met the complaint of the Muscovite captain to whom he had administered the *bastinado*. He had engaged himself to the Baron d'Isola, for service under the Holy Roman Emperor, when circumstances induced him to prefer that of Russia. Quitting Warsaw, he leaves behind him with a friend two letters, the one dated as if from Thorn, for the day previous to that stipulated for his return, in which he announces that he is seized with a burning fever. The other, dated fourteen days later, admits some improvement, but describes the attack as having degenerated into a quotidian—which deprives him of all hope of presenting his respects to the Imperial Majesty of Vienna. The interesting invalid was meanwhile with two Scottish companions riding fast to Moscow. He does not omit an opportunity which many years afterwards presents itself in England, of claiming acquaintance with the Austrian Baron.

The diary affords but scanty indications that his residence at Braunsberg had left with Gordon a taste for literary occupation. We noticed, however, his discomposure at the loss of his Thomas à Kempis—which may remind the readers of *Waverley* of the Titus Livius of the Baron of Bradwardine:—and we find him on his first journey to England acquiring of a Mr. Clayhills, in exchange for a sable fur and twelve dollars, a sorrel horse fully accoutred—with a copy of Camden's *Britannia* thrown into the bargain. The death of an infant son in 1684 elicits from the paternal pen a Latin epitaph in six hexameters and pentameters, which, alas for the credit of the Jesuit fathers of Braunsberg, contain four false quantities. Some time after he entered the Russian service he disclaims any skill in engineering; nor does he tell us much of the means by which he acquired that high proficiency in it which he exhibited on repeated occasions, but most especially in the defence of Tschigrin and the reduction of Asow. The diary makes mention now and then of his sending orders for works of repute *de arte fortificatoriâ*;

but the enemy seems to have been his best teacher. The Turk was in those days the most formidable assailant of fortified places. He brought to this department of warfare not only the fanatical courage of his predestinarian faith, and a lavish expenditure of labor, but great scientific skill, and singular expertness with the spade and shovel. Christian officers drew lessons from the maze of curved parallels, overlapping each other like the scales of a fish, with which the Mahometan made his cautious yet rapid approach towards his destined prey, and the mine with all its devices was a favorite engine of his further operations. The resources of the defender were taxed on such occasions to the utmost.

The diary of his residence in Moscow contains an incident which shows that the system of espionage is no novelty in Russia—and on which, we rather think, a little French *vaudeville* was afterwards founded. A Lithuanian prisoner of distinction falling ill obtained permission to consult an Italian physician. Their intercourse was watched, and the quick ear of the attendant caught, or seemed to catch, the suspicious words *Crim Tartary* frequently repeated. Both the Italian and his patient narrowly escaped being tortured and hanged for a conspiracy to levy a war against the Czar in that region. It turned out that the doctor had been recommending an admixture of cream of tartar in the diet of the dyspeptic captive.

We are forced to confess that the second volume is less interesting than the first—its details are often most wearisome, and we really admire the perseverance of the translators. There occur nevertheless some incidents of capital importance as respects the fate of the great Czar, and many amusing enough anecdotes of Gordon's own adventurous history.

Turning to his Second English Expedition in 1686—upon his arrival in London, where he took up his lodging at the Mitre tavern in Gracious (Gracechurch) Street, he gives some particulars of his expenditure on personal equipment for his court campaign, which show that at the then value of money and scale of fortunes the externals of a gentleman were not at all cheap in this quarter. His wig cost him £7, his hat £2 10. His dinner 5s. 6d. His barber charges him a shilling for shaving, which we think scandalous; shoes at 4s. the pair seem decidedly cheap; silk stockings 12s., not unreasonable; three swords cost 14s.—which seems very moderate indeed. He was as kindly received

at the Court of James as he had been at that of Charles. The King relished his conversation, and questioned him with intelligence as to the habits and manners of the country of his adoption. Gordon, on taking leave at Windsor after a long audience of the King, bestowed an harangue, first in Dutch and then in English, on Prince George of Denmark, to which that uncolloquial personage returned no answer. The General's journey to Scotland and visit to the house of his fathers, afforded little more than a record of civilities interchanged with the principal nobility at Edinburgh and Aberdeen, and of some thorny discussions with a brother and an uncle as to the administration, accounts, and proceeds of the paternal property. These at length settled, a trading vessel once more conveys from Aberdeen our Cæsar and the fortunes which valor and sagacity had so far exalted since he left the same port, an obscure adventurer, five and thirty years ago.

The diary for September, 1689, supplies rich details of a crisis already alluded to in our references to the prefatory sketch. It was now that the mutual jealousies between the young Czar Peter and his able and intriguing sister, the Regent Sophia, came to a point. Peter fled from Moscow to the fortified convent of Troitza, and a struggle ensued on his part to gain over the military, on hers to retain their fidelity. Her eloquence, but especially her gracious assiduity in pouring out glasses of brandy to officers and men, for some time held the scales in suspense. Gordon's part was a difficult one, and any false calculation of the strength or immediate preponderance of either party might have sent him to the block—or at least to Siberia. A certain Colonel Retschaew, who had been bold enough to become the bearer of an unpalatable letter to the Regent from Troitza, only saved his head by the fortuitous and highly irregular absence of the Court executioner. Reflection, however, appeased the wrath or awoke the prudence of the Princess. He was pardoned, and received his glass of brandy from the royal hand. Gordon, in his important office as Commander of the foreign troops, the Swiss regiments of that period, played his game with no rash hand. It was not till the Strelitz corps had shown clear symptoms of disaffection to the Regent, and after a very distinct order had reached Moscow, that, summoning all the foreign officers to Troitza, he ventured on his part to issue the cautious intimation that all who chose to be of the party might join him at a certain place and

hour. The march commenced after dark, apparently under considerable apprehension of interruption, but was completed without difficulty. The Princess, deserted by the Strelitz soldiery, was compelled to abandon the contest without conditions, and to surrender her favorites and advisers to the vengeance of her brother. The principal of these, her minister Golitzin, was spared at the powerful intercession of his cousin, Peter's prime favorite, Boris Golitzin. The second in rank and influence, Schaklowitoy, was tortured, and, after an ample confession, obtained from Peter's humanity, to the great disgust of his courtiers, the favor of being executed without a repetition of the knout and rack. Many others followed him to the scaffold. Gordon asserts that the Czar himself was at this time averse to bloodshed, a weakness to which in his mature age he was quite superior—witness especially the Strelitz revolt. It was found necessary to employ the intervention of the Patriarch to overcome his present reluctance. The holy man succeeded in the discharge of this Christian office. Reward and punishment were dealt out with equal liberality, and blood and brandy flowed with Russian profusion at Troitza.

The Journal of the voyage in Peter's suite to Archangel is little more than a string of dates and names of villages and confluents of the Dwina, down which the Imperial fleet floated from Wologda to the port discovered by Chancellor, and to shores frequented by the Lapp and the Samoyede. Archangel and its roadstead became the scene of more than midnight carousals, in which Gordon and Lefort had to play their part on unequal terms with the physical as well as intellectual giant whom they served. Gordon, however, did not accompany the Czar on his principal excursions into the White sea. During one of these our author was feasted on board an English trader, Captain Blaize, assisted by a brother navigator, Captain Shroud. Blaize and Shroud did all honor to their guest. Six successive healths were each saluted with twenty guns. The Czar himself afterwards visited these English vessels, to the further great consumption of powder and strong drink.

The siege of Asow in 1695 restores animation to the soldier's pages. Even in our own time, and under the energetic rule of Nicholas, the sieges of Turkish fortresses have not added to the reputation of the Russian arms. In Peter's day the Russians had everything to learn, and the lesson of this

year was a severe one, though subsequently turned to good account. The Russian troops, especially the Strelitzes, though serving under the eye of their sovereign assisted by such men as Lefort and Gordon, showed little patience or zeal in the trenches and little courage in assault. The Turk behind his wall and the Tartar in the plain, were more than a match as yet for such adversaries. Heavy loss in unsuccessful attacks and a somewhat disastrous retreat were the consequences. We gather from the Diary that torture was occasionally applied both to soldiers for cowardice in action, and to prisoners at war as a means of extracting information. With this untoward business the second volume terminates. If it were only for the full details we expect of the grand Strelitz catastrophe, we should be anxious for the arrival of the third.

In quitting our hero for the present we may observe that, like John Sobieski, and most other great men, he appears to have

bequeathed no legacy of his higher qualities. Of his three sons none rose from obscurity, and two gave him much trouble by their dissolute and rebellious misbehavior. Of their two sisters, one married a relation of her own, Alexander Gordon, who also became a General in the Russian service:—a man of much military distinction, and who, among other experiences, had been made prisoner by Charles XII. at Narva. This eminent officer returned with his wife to Scotland in 1711—indited, at leisure, a Biography of Peter the Great in two volumes—well thumbed by ourselves in early days—and died at his family seat of Achintoul in 1752. His race is extinct. The other daughter of old Patrick *Ivanoritch*—(as he was called among the Muscovites)—though twice married, died childless; and it is believed that no lineal posterity now remains of the suppressor of the Strelitzes and conqueror of Asow.

ANECDOTE OF CAMPBELL.—SOUTHEY tells the following story of the poet Campbell: Taking a walk with Campbell, one day, up Regent-street, we were accosted by a wretched-looking woman with a sick infant in her arms, and another starved little thing creeping at its mother's side. The woman begged for a copper. I had no change, and Campbell had nothing but a sovereign. The woman stuck fast to the poet, as if she read his heart in his face, and I could feel his arm beginning to tremble. At length, saying something about its being his duty to assist poor creatures, he told the woman to wait; and, hastening into a mercer's shop, asked, rather impatiently, for change. You know what an ejectable person he was, and how he fancied all business must give way till the change was supplied. The shopman thought otherwise; the poet insisted; an altercation ensued; and in a minute or two the master jumped over the counter and collared him, telling us he would turn us both out; that he believed we came there to kick up a row for some dishonest purpose. So here was a pretty dilemma. We defied him, but said we would go out instantly, on his apologizing for his gross insult. Campbell called out,

"Thrash the fellow! thrash him!"

"You will not go out, then?" said the mercer.

"No, never, till you apologize."

"Well, we shall soon see. John, go to Vine-street, and fetch the police."

In a few minutes two policemen appeared; one went close up to Mr. Campbell, the other to myself. The poet was now in such breathless indignation, that he could not articulate a sentence. I told the policeman the object he had in asking change; and that the shopman had most unwarrantably insulted us.

"This gentleman," I added, by way of a climax, "is Mr. Thomas Campbell, the distinguished poet; a man who would not hurt a fly, much less act with the dishonest intention that person has insinuated." The moment I uttered the name, the policeman backed away two or three paces, as if awe-struck, and said,

"Guid——, mon, is that Maister Cammell, the Lord Rector o' Glasgow?"

"Yes, my friend, he is, as this card may convince you," handing it to him; "all this commotion has been caused by a mistake."

By this time the mercer had cooled down to a moderate temperature, and in the end made every reparation in his power, saying he was very busy at the time, and had he but known the gentleman, "he would have changed fifty sovereigns for him."

"My dear fellow," said the poet—who had recovered his speech—"I am not at all offended," and it was really laughable to see them shaking hands long and vigorously, each with perfect sincerity and mutual forgiveness.

From the North British Review.

THOMAS CARLYLE.*

LITERATURE and Christianity present in their relations hitherto a somewhat singular and perplexing study. They have but seldom gone hand in hand. Their mutual bearing has been often one rather of repulsion and hostility than of attraction and sympathy. There has been a strong jealousy on both sides which has often manifested itself in downright animosity. To what extent this is to be traced to their original position of antagonism it would now perhaps be difficult to say. Christianity grew up under the hostile frown of Pagan Literature. The spirit of the one revolted from that of the other; and while it is true that almost all the literary culture which survived gradually passed over into the Church, we yet find throughout the early centuries, till it culminated in the notable case of Gregory in the sixth, a prevailing feeling of indifference, and even of opposition to heathen learning among Christians.† With the revival of letters the old antagonism reappeared. The ideals, which kindled the young enthusiasm of Europe in the fifteenth century, and reawakened the long slumbering literary spirit, were those of Greece and Rome. It was from the old fountains of Pagan culture, dilapidated by long neglect, and overgrown with the weeds of centuries, that the stream of genius burst forth afresh.

The spirit of Modern Literature necessarily partook of the character of its origin. It was impossible that it could be otherwise. Accustomed to find the standard, not merely of taste, but of character and feeling in the productions of Grecian and Roman learning, modern genius could not fail to bear the stamp of the models which it thus worshipped. A certain Paganized influence accordingly diffused itself through the latter—an influence

which, in some of its noblest representatives, may be said to have been almost entirely overcome, but which is not the less characteristic of its general productions.

We scarcely think that any would be disposed to question this decided effect of the ancient upon the modern classical Literature. In turning from the one to the other, we frequently meet with but little change of *tone*. The same class of sentiment—the same cast of character, claim our sympathy or provoke our dislike. Or where there is no such identity, there is yet, save in some comparatively rare instances of high significance, no *renovation* of thought and feeling. There is no baptism of divine fire renewing and transfiguring the page of Literature. Christianity might nearly as well not have been, for aught of its spirit that breathes in many of these works of modern genius which have most interested and delighted the human mind. It is of our own literature we would be understood chiefly to speak; but the truth of our remark will perhaps be most readily admitted when applied to Modern Literature in general.

It may seem a harsh and Puritanical judgment which we thus pronounce. But the real question that concerns us is, not whether the judgment be *harsh*, but whether it be *true*. No good can come from mere evasion on such a subject. The truth is not the less true that we do not acknowledge it, and force ourselves to contemplate it. We remember the strong revulsion of feeling with which we first read John Foster's very minute and candid treatment of this subject, in his famous essay, "On the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion." It was hard to have one's idols so struck down, and their true character so unsparingly exposed. Even now, on reverting to the essay, we have been unable to read it, in some parts, without a kind of pain which must have led many, we fancy, indignantly to toss it aside. He brings forth, with such a clear yet mild prominence, the peculiarities of Christianity, and confronts them so clearly, yet boldly, with the charac-

* *The Life of John Sterling*. By THOMAS CARLYLE. London, 1851.

† Julian, we know, made it one of his main reproaches against the Christians, that they ascribed the works of heathen genius to Satan or his agents—an accusation exaggerated it may be supposed, but undoubtedly indicating in the Church a prevailing sentiment of hostility to heathen learning.

teristics of our polite Literature, as to leave no escape from conclusions which we would still fain repudiate. He presses the point of contrast in a manner at once so measured and forcible, that it is impossible to resist the essential truth of his argument. We may regret it from our love of Literature, or despise it from our scorn of Christianity, but we will find it hard to repel it.

We do not, indeed, in some respects, coincide with Foster. We think that here, as often, the gloom of his temperament tinges the picture that he draws. He shuts out too much the lights which would relieve, and the pleasant colors which would soften it. Nay, we believe that the severity and exclusiveness of his own religion have led him to do some special injustice to the venerated names of Addison and Johnson. Still, with every abatement we may make of his representations, their substantial truth remains. There is the *fact*, which we cannot get rid of with the most tolerant latitudinarianism, that so much of our Literature is not characteristically Christian, but the reverse. Its genius is not only not consonant with that of the gospel, but often, though without any polemical purpose, quite hostile to it, so that every truly Christian mind must feel that the fascinations of Literature are not without their danger.

Not for one moment, indeed, would we be supposed to be ignorant of the beautiful uses of all true Literature. There is a morally exalting power, we believe, in all its genuine manifestations, apart from their relations to Christianity. It is the wondrous gift of genius to serve often as a moral teacher, even in its fall and degradation. The pure heart will gather at once delight and discipline from productions which may yet by no means mainly minister to elevated and Christian feelings. There is an inextinguishable element of truth and beauty in all genius, which, from amid whatever corruption, will rise upon the untainted soul, imparting a moral joy and strength of the most precious kind. Foster, we think, has discerned this too feebly and inadequately. He has made too little allowance for the good we may always extract from whatever the hand of genius has touched with its magic, or arrayed in its glory. Even admitting that there is so much alien to the spirit of the gospel in our past Literature, we are not inclined to view so gloomily as he does the consequences of this. That living familiarity with our best writers, both of poetry and prose, which alone can impart a true literary taste, may, we think, be cul-

tivated with less danger to Christian habitudes of thought and feeling than he seems to believe. Still the *fact* is, in the main, as he has represented it. Whatever view we may take of its bearing, it is not, we feel, capable of being disputed. The significant truth remains, claiming our serious attention, that so great a part of our past Literature is unallied with Christianity.

We scarcely think it can be necessary, at this day, and in the pages of this Review, to offer any explanation of the anxiety with which we are inclined to regard this fact. There are but few of our readers, we suppose, who do not recognize that Christianity *ought* to be associated with Literature. It is only possible, indeed, on the ground of infidelity, on the one hand, or of fanaticism, on the other, to maintain that they can be severed without mutual injury. Here, as in other respects, these extremes are found to meet. From opposite reasons, but to the same purpose, they hold that Literature has nothing to do with religion—the former scorning religion as an unreality, the latter treating Literature as a folly. Supposing we take our stand at either of these extreme points, we may consistently look with indifference on the separation of Literature and Christianity, or even advocate the propriety of the separation. But from no other point can we contemplate this subject indifferently. If we at once believe in Christianity, and in Literature, we cannot logically remain satisfied with their disjunction. It will not stand for a moment, on such a footing, to say, as we have sometimes virtually heard it said, that we have recourse to Literature, not to have our piety quickened, but our taste gratified; that we do not expect, and do not desire, the devotion of a David in Dryden or Pope, or the spirit of the Gospels in Hume or Gibbon. Every one in his own place. We are content to take Pope and Dryden as they are. Nay, we think that any special infusion of religion into their pages would only have tended to disgust, as has been exemplified in the case of some other writers who have attempted an incongruous mixture of piety and poetry. This is a style of argument which, if now but little heard, and certainly scarce needing refutation here, does yet, we apprehend, silently influence many minds in contemplating the relations of Literature and Christianity. It is long after the neck of a fallacy is broken till it altogether expires. It drags out a lingering existence in a lower class of minds after it has long ceased to live in a higher. And a fallacy

such as the one in question, which Johnson, in his day, took under his protection, in his well-known and often refuted remarks on sacred poetry, may be imagined to have some special vitality in it. It is one, however, which could only exist in an atmosphere of gross misconception as to the nature of Christianity. No sooner is it recognized, what indeed was so little recognized during the last century, that Christianity is by no means merely a system of notions, with its *set* phraseology, but a Life animating and pervading the whole mental and active being, infusing a totally new spirit wherever it penetrates—changing from its inmost centre the complexion of individual and social character—than it is seen that it must identify itself with literature wherever it really lives. Casting, as it does, a new glory on nature and humanity, transfiguring both in a more radiant and significant light, how can it fail, where it is really present, to interfuse and blend itself with every phase and aspect of Literature?

It has been often lamentably forgotten that man, however complex and diverse in his nature, with the most varied susceptibilities, each going forth in its own way and seeking nurture after its kind, is not and cannot be, in any of the essential relations of his being, contradictory. What heaps of errors on all questions have accumulated under the practical forgetfulness of this truth! How have we seen the functions of man's intellectual, moral, and religious nature isolated, and even opposed to each other, as if, instead of being a harmonious growth of powers, centering in a mysterious unity of consciousness, he were a mere ill-assorted congeries of accidents—a "mere bundle of dry sticks," as John Sterling somewhere says—with no interior principle of coherence! In our country we have perhaps especially suffered from this absurd mode of contemplating human nature under arbitrary divisions. Religion, Morals, Literature have, with us, been separated and marked off in the most rigorous and detailed manner. As we pass from our theological to our moral writers, and again to our writers of Belles Lettres, how often do we seem to enter, not only distinct, but altogether opposite spheres of thought and opinion! We contemplate man, not only under different, but frequently conflicting aspects. It is no easy matter sometimes to discern the same human Substantive under the several representations set before us. The colored glasses of theology, moral sciences, and Literature, exhibit often

a quite contrary image, and a strange and sceptical confusion of feeling is apt to ensue in the mind of the student. It will not be supposed for a moment that we deny the necessity of classing the various functions of man's being, and considering them, to a certain extent, apart. It is only to the extreme and exclusive manner in which this has been often done,—whereby, as it were, all sense of men's spiritual unity has been lost,—that we object. In whatever *special* capacity we regard man, whether as a religious, moral, or æsthetical being, we ought never to forget that all his qualities are only several characteristics or manifestations of the same spiritual essence, which,—however we may ideally separate them for convenience,—are never actually separated.

It is impossible to over-estimate the evil effects which have flowed from the opposite arbitrary and artificial mode of contemplation. One of the greatest of these, however, is undoubtedly the common and fixed notion that has come to prevail of there being a valid division of *sacred* and *profane* in human nature and human life. In all relations the fatal error has extended itself, that in redeemed Humanity there are yet parts which may be esteemed common or unclean. This is the radical apostasy, seen in its grossest shape in Popery, but from which no form of Protestantism has been as yet wholly exempt. Within the kingdom of God there is and can be no such distinction of sacred and profane. All is sacred within,—all is profane without it. This dualism Christianity recognizes in the broadest manner. Upon this as its fundamental condition it rests. But within the sphere of its operation this dualism entirely disappears. Wherever the Gospel enters it renews from the most hidden sources the whole being. It exalts and hallows all with a most sacred anointing. A Christian man, therefore, can never legitimately have any pleasures or pursuits that are not Christian. In all moods and all relations, and not merely in special moods and circumstances, he must be religious. His common thoughts, and every-day sympathies, and not merely his most exalted and solemn aspirations, must go forth from a Christian centre, and partake of a Christian character. Christianity, where it asserts its true nature, is pervadingly operative over the whole life, the whole sphere of human thought and feeling, and not only over some special section or moments of it.

It must be very obvious from this that Literature can never be legitimately dissociated from religion. It can never be a valid

and consistent step to acknowledge that Christianity is good in its place, and Literature good in its place, but that their provinces are quite apart and dissimilar. This reasoning can only prevail in conjunction with the most mechanical and perverted notions of religion—where it is viewed as a mere factitious increment to human nature—an ornamental crown, as it were, to be worn on solemn occasions, instead of, as it really is, a sacred fire kindled within the most secret affections, and irradiating the whole being.

In exact accordance with this conclusion we find that the characteristically irreligious period of our Literature just corresponds with the age of a negative and mechanical Christianity. Then when we see poetry, and philosophy, and history, most thoroughly and unhappily alienated from a Christian spirit, we see Christianity itself most dead. The separation grew out of no inherent repulsion of the one to the other, but out of the decay and perversion of both. In our earlier Literature, awakened and matured under the fresh impulse of the Reformation,—and while that positive and living apprehension of divine truth which it called forth still survived, we see a Christian influence working with an animating and pervading force. It was only when the genuine conception of Christianity as a divine Life, which must penetrate and sanctify every department of human sentiment and affection, began to die away, that we see our Literature assuming a decidedly unchristian character. And men were then content with such a Literature, just because they were content with such a religion. Where the latter did not effect to govern and transform the whole character, but was regarded merely as a sort of appendage to it, (honorable or otherwise as it might be,) it was only natural that it should remain disjoined from Literature. It is only where Christianity fulfils its true mission, of entering into the inward life of humanity, and purifying it along the whole course of its development, that Literature, with every other form of this development, must own its way and bear its stamp.

The aspects of our recent and existing Literature bear out the truth of these remarks. Since the appearance of Foster's Essay, British Literature has undergone many changes. He himself, in a note to one of the later editions, remarks on these changes, chiefly in regard to style,—“The smooth elegance, the gentle graces, the amusing, easy, and not deep current of sentiment of which Addison is our finest example, have been,” he says, “suc-

ceeded by force, energy, bold development of principles, and every kind of high stimulus,”—a change which, with true critical penetration, he hailed as a great gain, but not unaccompanied with serious evils. For along with the passion for vigor, and point, and originality, he discerned the natural excesses of this passion—“an ample exhibition of contortion, tricks of surprise, paradox, headlong dash, factitious fulmination, and turpid inanity.”

But in the moral and religious tone of our Literature there has been a scarcely less surprising change, which we wonder Foster, in special relation to his subject, did not also notice, as it had begun distinctly to manifest itself within the period to which he alludes. The same relation between Literature and Christianity no longer exists as in the last century. That relation may be briefly defined to have been one of *indifference*. Literature passed by Christianity—ignored it; and Christianity, in the merely negative form in which it prevailed, permitted itself to be ignored. With scarcely life in it to retain its external forms, it did not think that Literature did it harm or injury in passing it by with a quiet and somewhat scornful dignity. Nay, divines in becoming poets, historians, or philosophers, (and there is hardly a more significant sign of the age than this,) conceived it to be in some sort necessary to lay aside any Christian peculiarities, and adopt the indifferent and paganized tone of their brothers in letters. But Christianity, awakening from its death-like slumber, and in every direction giving evidence of new life, could no longer be treated in this fashion. It must either incorporate itself with Literature, or enter into open conflict with it. And this we find accordingly is what to a great extent has already taken place in our day. The old relation of indifference has not, indeed, quite vanished. There is still in certain quarters to be heard the faint echo of the old notion of religion and letters having nothing to do with each other. But generally, and in all the freshest and most significant forms of our present Literature, the cold, external compromise with Christianity is entirely done away, and the two have found a point either of living union or of downright hostility.

It is gratifying that so much of existing Literature breathes a truly Christian tone. In all its various forms, poetical, historical, and philosophical, we see the clear influence of Christian conceptions, and the fruitful working of a genuine Christian spirit. It is not that in a special dogmatic sense any

phase of our Literature is more religious than that of last century. The mere theological element is perhaps not much more prominent than before, and it is not desirable that it should be. But a deep flow of Christian sentiment, a tender and comprehensive Christian sympathy, and a warm and genial spirit of love, which is essentially Christian, are found pervading and animating a large proportion of our present literary productions.

But concurrently with this Christian development of our Literature, there has been also a very significant manifestation of an opposite kind. The very same process has to a certain extent taken place among us as among our German neighbors, though with differences significant of the relative characteristics of the two nations. The reaction against the old negative form of Christianity has with us as well as with them assumed two distinct modes of progress—one proceeding from the revival of a practical Christian spirit; the other from the revival of a more genuine philosophical spirit. This was inevitable in the course of things. The mechanical modes of conception which prevailed so largely during last century, could not fail to yield on both sides, as soon as the human mind received a new and invigorating impulse. Empiricism rests not only on a practical but a speculative falsehood. It not only quenches the living spirit of Christianity, in its bare and bald grasp, but it lies against the truths of the human soul, and as soon as under any movement of the national mind a genuine and more comprehensive insight is obtained into those truths, it cannot fail to be attacked also on the scientific side. This we know to have been notably the case in Germany. The older Rationalism fell there as much before the attacks of a new and more exalted philosophy, as before the advance of a deeper and more earnest Christian piety. Kant, and Jacobi, and Fries, and Schelling, and Hegel, in their own way, combatted the old empirical system, just as vigorously as the representatives of the new development of a positive Christianity in the German Church.

A twofold movement of a similar kind, although, in the nature of the case, far less definitely and clearly marked out, has occurred in this country. While a revived Christian spirit has spread in many quarters, and pervaded influential sections of our Literature, a new philosophical spirit has also arisen—the latter no less opposed than the former to the cold, negative, and sceptical turn of our former Literature, yet not only claiming no affinity with the revived Christian

spirit, but entering into direct, subtle, and energetic conflict with it.

We know how common it is to ascribe this new antichristian manifestation entirely to German influence, and to consider it as altogether an alien importation from the fatherland. It might well make one smile to hear the complacency with which in certain quarters, all that is supposed most vicious in our present Literature and Theology is laid to the account of poor Germany. The fact is, we believe, that this mode of ascribing changes of national tastes and sentiment so prominently to foreign influence, is in a great measure a mistaken one. Such changes must ever proceed more from inward and spontaneous tendencies, than from any mere external causes. The history of every people is a growth, each new epoch evolving organically out of the decay and corruption of the old, and not a mere succession of accidental impulses and fortuitous movements. And if there is now, therefore, among us a rapid increase of what is called *Germanism*, (and we have no objections to the name as sufficiently although vaguely expressive,) we conceive it to spring much more directly from the natural and inevitable reaction against the old empiricism which so long swayed British thought in every relation, than from any immediate and tangible influence that German literature or philosophy are yet exercising. What seems to be generally meant by Germanism, is no other than the deeper and bolder and more thorough spirit of inquiry which almost everywhere, and in so many various forms, has asserted itself against the tamer and narrower spirit of last century. In Britain as in Germany, this new spirit has invaded and beaten back the old; and in the one country as well as the other, it has assumed a twofold development—a Christian and an antichristian. It is no doubt true that we have followed in the wake of Germany, and that the antichristian development among us has been stimulated by German influence; but it is of the utmost importance, we think, to bear in mind that this influence has only been stimulative, because the latent tendency was already so powerful in the British mind. For mere truth's sake we think it important to remember this. The prevalent method of attributing this or that phenomenon in our Literature or Theology to Germany, and so making an end of it, destroys, in our opinion, all historical accuracy, and even all historical sense.

The character of the present antichristian section of our Literature may be generally

defined, for want of a more significant term, as pantheistic. It is the extreme reaction against the character of our previous Literature. Whereas the latter, with a somewhat atheistic indifference, nowhere sought a divine meaning in things,—this discerns a divinity everywhere and pre-eminently in man himself, who is the great miracle of miracles—the true Emanuel. Whereas the one was content to rest on the mere surface and mechanism—the outward sensuousness and visibility of things—the other would penetrate to the living unity—the reality underlying all the confused phenomena of existence—the *great heart of the universe*. This, in now familiar phrase, is the “divine idea of the world,” which “lies at the bottom of all appearance;” and men of letters, who rise to the consciousness of their true functions, and become interpreters of this “divine idea,” are, in the highest sense of the words, prophets and priests. It is impossible, therefore, to overestimate the importance of the literary function. It is the one perpetual Priesthood, from age to age, teaching all men that God is still present in their lives. It is the true Ministry, ever presenting in new forms of beauty, in richer and more touching sermons, the eternal truth of nature and of life. To use the fine words of one to whom, as having above all given significance to this new literary movement, and as standing somewhat notably at its head, our language has already obviously pointed. “He that can write a true book to persuade England, is not he the bishop and archbishop, the primate of England, and of all England? I many a time say, the writers of newspapers, pamphlets, poems, books, these are the real working effective church of a modern country. Nay, not only our preaching, but even our worship, is it not too accomplished by means of printed books? The noble sentiment which a gifted soul has clothed for us in melodious words, which brings melody into our hearts—is not this essentially, if we will understand it, of the nature of worship? He who in any way shews us better than we knew before, that a lily of the field is beautiful, does he not shew it us as an effluence of the Fountain of all Beauty—as the handwriting made visible there of the great Maker of the Universe. He has sung for us, made us sing with him a little verse of a sacred Psalm. Essentially so. How much more he who sings, who says, or in any way brings home to our hearts the noble doings, feelings, darings and endurances of a brother man! He has verily touched our hearts as with a

live coal *from the altar*. Perhaps there is no worship more authentic. Literature, so far as it is Literature, is an “apocalypse of Nature,” a revealing of the “open secret.” It may well enough be named in Fichte’s style a “continuous revelation,” of the Godlike in the Terrestrial and Common. The Godlike does ever in very truth endure there; is brought out now in this dialect, now in that, with various degrees of clearness: all true gifted Singers and Speakers are consciously or unconsciously doing so. The dark scornful indignation of a Byron, so wayward and perverse, may have touches of it; nay, the withered mockery of a French skeptic—his mockery of the False, a love and worship of the True. How much more the sphere-harmony of Shakspeare and a Goethe: the cathedral music of a Milton; the humble genuine lark-notes of a Burns,—sky-lark, starting from the humble furrow, far overhead into the blue depths, and singing to us so genuinely there! Fragments of a real ‘Church Liturgy’ and ‘body of Homilies,’ strangely disguised from the common eye, are to be found weltering in that huge froth-ocean of Printed speech we loosely call Literature! Books are our Church too.”—(*Carlyle’s Heroes and Hero Worship*, pp. 263, 264.)

It is obvious how complete is the reaction here against the spirit of our eighteenth century Literature. It is no less obvious, we doubt not, to most of our readers, that there is an important element of truth in all that is here said about the divine meaning that lies in every thing and in every man, and of the true dignity of Literature as the interpreter of this meaning. God is everywhere and in all things, and in him alone we live and move and have our being. All in us and around us is holy. The stamp of divinity is on all, and man is verily the true Shekinah, as Chrysostom said of old. All genuine interpretation of man and nature, therefore—in other words, all genuine forms of Literature, are *religious*. There can never be, as our previous remarks have endeavored strongly to shew, a disjunction between letters and religion without somewhat fatal injury to both. Where such a disjunction is recognized and defended Christianity must be dead, and Literature will be dwarfed and feeble and dying.

We acknowledge, therefore, in the warmest manner the earnest efforts of Mr. Carlyle to vindicate the religious character of all true Literature. No one has spoken more noble and touching words on this subject;

and it has appeared at times to ourselves strangely repugnant that we should yet be obliged to reckon him very far from a friend to Christianity. So truly Christian-wise does he often speak, that when we class him, as we have done, at the head of the anti-christian section of our Literature, our heart almost forgives us. It is not that we care what any of his worshippers and followers may say to this, but a voice within us bids us tremble lest we do him injustice. The calmer and clearer view of the matter, however will never allow us any other conclusion. We find as we study him, and the more we study him the more plainly we find, that Literature is not only with him religious but religion. It is not only a divine teacher, but the Divine Teacher, and the only one left for man in these latter days. Any more special religion than that which is written on the face of nature and in the soul of man, Mr. Carlyle evidently disclaims. He will have no apocalypse save that of which Literature is the acknowledged interpreter. Man, if he will only open his eyes to the beauty which environs him, and listen to the "still small voice" which speaks from within his own heart, and allow himself to enter into clear and calm communion with the eternal laws of the universe, becomes religious in the highest sense possible for him. And it is just the glory of Literature that it is her peculiar mission to reveal ever more radiantly this beauty, and awaken ever more powerfully this inner voice, and so place man in ever more clearly conscious and calmly intelligent relation to the great laws of his being, and of all being. In characteristic and unmistakable speech, we are told that "the Maker's Laws, whether they are promulgated in Sinai Thunder to the ear or imagination, or quite otherwise promulgated, are the Laws of God; transcendent, everlasting, imperatively demanding obedience from all men. This, without any thunder, or with never so much thunder, thou, if there be any soul left in thee, canst know of a truth. The Universe, I say, is made by Law; the great Soul of the World is just and not unjust. Look thou, if thou have eyes or soul left, into this great shoreless Incomprehensible; in the heart of its tumultuous Appearances, Embroiderments and mad Time-Vortexes, is there not silent, eternal, an All-just, an All-beautiful, sole Reality and ultimate controlling Power of the Whole? This is not a figure of speech; this is a fact. The fact of gravitation known to all animals is not surer than this inner Fact which may be known to

all men. . . . Rituals, Liturgies, Credos, Sinai Thunder; I know more or less the history of these; the rise, progress, decline and fall of these. Can thunder from all the thirty-two Azimuths repeated daily for centuries of years make God's laws more god-like to me? Brother, no. Perhaps I am grown to be a man now, and no not need the thunder and the terror any longer: perhaps I am above being frightened; perhaps it is not fear but Reverence alone that shall now lead me! Revelations, Inspirations? Yes, and thy own God created Soul; dost thou not call that a 'revelation'? Who made thee? Where didst thou come from? The Voice of Eternity, if thou be not a blasphemous and poor asphyxiated mute, speaks with that tongue of thine! Thou art the latest birth of nature; it is the 'Inspiration of the Almighty' that giveth thee understanding! my brother, my brother."—(*Past and Present*, pp. 307-9.)

If any doubt could have remained as to the real meaning of all such utterances, and as to the real significance of the relation which Mr. Carlyle occupies to Christianity, it must at length have been sufficiently removed by the appearance of his *Life of Sterling*, which we have made the occasion of these remarks. To us, we will confess at once, that this book is a very mournful one—the most mournful we have read for many a day. It is not, perhaps, that after all Mr. Carlyle had previously written, we had any right to expect a different book. We now at least clearly enough see that we had no such right. And yet somehow we had expectations regarding it, which, in almost every respect, have been miserably disappointed. We are conscious of admiring Mr. Carlyle in some respects so genuinely, of honoring so heartily the fine and "rarely bestowed" gift of genius which God has given him; he has withal such a noble insight into Humanity in this nineteenth century, and such a warm and vigorous sympathy with its perplexities, its wrongs, and its miseries, that we looked (the expectation had somehow laid itself so closely to our heart, that we now wonder at ourselves a little) to this book at last for some light to be thrown on the weltering chaos—some breaking of day o'er the confused darkness in which he had hitherto delighted to dwell. The subject was one to encourage us in this expectation: the story of a life which had gone astray amid this same darkness and perplexity in which so many are now wandering—of one who had sought truth with a pure and earnest aim, and yet only found (if, in-

deed, he had been so far successful) some faint forecasts, when he departed to the eternal Silence. Here, if ever, was an opportunity of building on the broken fragments of such a life, some "sunny dome" of faith and hope for all weary travelers on the same pathway. For any other purpose than this the life was not worth recounting,—certainly not worth again recounting. If Sterling's career was not to teach us in our present imbroglia of faiths and superstitions some lesson of religion, then it had not, that we can see, any lesson at all to teach. It had better, with many others, have remained unwritten; or, at least, enough had been said and written about it. However vain, therefore, we may now see that our expectation was in the matter, we cannot yet think it was altogether unreasonable.

The *significance* which, in almost every quarter had been found to attach to the life of John Sterling, was a religious one. What save this *could* it be? In Literature,—undoubtedly gifted as he was, and full from the beginning of a certain bloom and rich promise, which yet never ripened, and did not seem to be greatly ripening,—he had scarcely achieved for himself a name. He has left behind him nothing that will not soon be forgotten amid the endless article-writing and "blotting of white paper" in our day. This Carlyle himself sees very well and acknowledges. "Sterling's performance and real or seeming importance in this world," he says, "was actually not of a kind to demand an express Biography, even according to the world's usages. His character was not supremely original; neither was his fate in the world wonderful. What he did was inconsiderable enough; and as to what it lay in him to have done, this was but a problem now beyond possibility of settlement. Why had a Biography been inflicted on this man? why had not No-biography, and the privilege of all the weary, been his lot?"

To which emphatic query he strangely enough replies by writing *another* biography of this man, and from what reason? From one just the very opposite of that which, in the feeling of so many, had alone imparted significance and interest to the life of Sterling. Because Archdeacon Hare had viewed the life of his friend mainly in a religious light, and dwelt upon it perhaps somewhat exclusively in this light—for this reason, and to correct the false effects, as he believes, of the picture thus drawn, Mr. Carlyle has rewritten his life. He and some correspondent (who seems, in a very marked sense, to be an

alter ego—a Carlyle the *second*.) do not hesitate, in fact, to express considerable indignation at the misrepresentations in which they conceive the figure of Sterling to stand in the Memoir of the Archdeacon. He appears to them to be treated in it merely as a clergyman, in which capacity he only acted for eight months, and the relations of which were, in no degree, the most important of his life. "A pale sickly shadow in torn surplice," writes this correspondent, "is presented to us here, weltering, bewildered amid heaps of what you call 'Hebrew Old-clothes:' wrestling with impotent impetuosity to free itself from the baleful imbroglia, as if that had been its one function in life; who, in this miserable figure, would recognize the brilliant, beautiful, and cheerful John Sterling, with his ever-flowing wealth of ideas, fancies, imaginations; with his frank affections, inexhaustible hopes, audacities, activities, and general radiant vivacity of heart and intelligence, which made the presence of him an illumination and inspiration wherever he went? It is too bad. Let a man be honestly forgotten when his life ends; but let him not be misremembered in this way. To be hung up as an ecclesiastical scarecrow, as a target for heterodox and orthodox to practise archery upon, is no fate that can be due to the memory of Sterling. It was not as a ghastly phantasm, choked in Thirty-nine-article controversies, or miserable Semitic, Anti-semitic street-riots, in skepticisms, agonized self-seekings, that this man appeared in life."—(P. 6.)

Now while it is no special concern of ours to defend Archdeacon Hare's portrait of his friend, we have no hesitation in saying that he appears to us,—with all the evidence now before us,—to have apprehended and rendered the real meaning of Sterling's life, upon the whole, more truly than Mr. Carlyle. In the present biography we no doubt see Sterling in a more varied and complete light,—generally, indeed, in a quite different light; yet all the obvious efforts of Mr. Carlyle to crush the matter out of sight, fail to convince us that the religious phase of Sterling's career was not, *for others at least*, the most significant and noteworthy through which he passed. If it did not possess all the importance which it assumes in Hare's memoir, it was yet the most important feature claiming public attention. It was the point of view especially from which those beyond the mere circle of Sterling's companionship felt that his life had any peculiar interest for them. It very naturally, therefore, assumed the promi-

nence it did in the hands of the Archdeacon, although from the deficiency of his representation in other respects, it now seems to occupy a somewhat too naked and exclusive position. For our own part, however, we feel bound to say that we prefer the portrait of Hare to that of Carlyle. It will not, of course, be supposed for a moment that we intend any comparison between the mere literary merits of the Memoirs. The brief sketch of the Archdeacon has, in this respect, no pretensions to rank with the more copious and finished biography before us. But we feel strongly (notwithstanding the somewhat rude bluster we have quoted above), that it is a more loveable and interesting character rises upon us from the faint and rapid outlines of the one than from the more complete picture of the other. We confess, indeed, to no small amount of disenchantment, in reading Carlyle's Life. Every touch of the heroic we had hitherto associated with Sterling gradually disappeared. The pure, earnest, struggling aspirant after truth merged into the merely frank, brilliant, somewhat impetuous, and spoiled Dilettante. The halo that had surrounded him, to our vision, was gone. Mr. Carlyle would probably say—so much the better. It was just for this purpose he wrote his book. This was just his aim—to snatch the figure of his friend from the absurd halo of religious interest which had been thrown around it. But we feel satisfied, notwithstanding Mr. Carlyle's asseverations, that such an interest, although not in the measure supposed by some, *did* invest Sterling's life.

If we now pass from these general remarks to some special criticism on the work before us, we feel, first of all, called upon to express our delight with it in a mere literary point of view. We agree with our contemporaries generally in esteeming it, in this respect, one of the best of Mr. Carlyle's books. It has not only here and there touches of exquisite art, but its pervading texture is, to our minds, of a more finely wrought and beautiful character than any of his recent compositions. The style, in its general structure, is the same which, from so many quarters, has provoked assault; but it moves, save at brief intervals, in a clearer, quieter, and more placid flow than usual. If not rising to any of those terrific heights of sublimity, of which it is so capable, crushing and overwhelming the reader with its piled-up and lurid grandeur, and stunning him with the thunder of its march; neither does it ever sink, save in rare instances, into the mere

grotesque and fantastic—the mere mimicry of thunder, which not infrequently turns our gravity into a smile in the perusal of Mr. Carlyle's writings. There are, indeed, some scattered passages of a very provocative and impetuous kind, and one or two which, in their ragged and inapposite contrasts, may well call forth a smile; but a character of pathetic softness, of mild and graceful tenderness, is the distinguishing one of the volume. It is impossible to doubt how truly Carlyle loved his friend, or what a deep and pensive fountain of love there is in the man altogether. Down below all his rugged sternness and repulsive bitterness, there is a well of genial and most gentle affection, the stream of which makes glad almost every page of this book. As a work of art, too, as a compact piece of biographic story, in which the principal figure occupies his due prominence, while a group starts into life here and there around him, by a few rapid and picturesque touches, it is very nearly perfect. After we had once begun its perusal, we could not lay it aside nor pause over it. But onward we went, now well-nigh touched to tears, and now, it is true, touched with indignation, at some obvious and gross injustice, but owning everywhere the felicitous mastery of the hand that was leading us. A feeling of deep sadness, however, of profound and perplexing sorrow, was *uppermost* with us in its perusal.

In token of the rich literary merit we have ascribed to this volume, we feel bound to present our readers with a few extracts, although most of them, even to those who may not have read the volume, will, we dare say, be familiar from the numerous notices that have appeared of it. They are of that kind, however, which will bear a second reading. Sterling's mother is thus described in the second chapter:—

"Mrs. Sterling, even in her later days, had still traces of the old beauty; then and always she was a woman of delicate, pious, affectionate character; exemplary as a wife, a mother, and a friend. A refined female nature; something tremulous in it, timid, and with a certain vernal freshness still unweakened by long converse with the world. The tall slim figure, always of a kind of quaker neatness; the innocent anxious face, anxious bright hazel eyes; the timid, yet gracefully cordial ways; the natural intelligence, instinctive sense and worth, were very characteristic. Her voice, too, with its something of soft querulousness, easily adapting itself to a light thin-flowing style of mirth, on occasion, was characteristic; she had retained her Ulster intonations, and was withal somewhat copious in speech. A fine trem-

nously sensitive nature, strong chiefly on the side of the affections, and the graceful insights and activities that depend on these—truly a beautiful, much suffering, much loving house-mother. From her chiefly, as one could discern, John Sterling had derived the delicate *aroma* of his nature—its piety, clearness, sincerity; and from his father the ready practical gifts, the impetuosities, and the audacities, were also (though in strange, new form) visibly inherited. A man was lucky to have such a Mother—to have such Parents as both his were.”—(Pp. 17, 18.)

We give as a companion picture the following—a very slight thing indeed, but pleasant and attractive:—Charles Barton “now, in 1829-30, an amiable, cheerful, rather idle young fellow about town;” had been one of Sterling’s fellow-students at Cambridge, and, meeting again in London, Sterling became a familiar intimate of his family. The eldest daughter—“a stately, blooming, black-eyed young woman, full of gay softness, of indolent sense and enthusiasm, about Sterling’s own age, if not a little older,”—would seem to have especially interested him, as he had undoubtedly found an interest in her eyes. In the meantime there was talk of a Spanish invasion, and of Sterling, now full of enthusiastic radicalism, joining the invaders. “The ship was fast getting ready; on a certain day it was to drop quietly down the Thames; then touch at Deal and take on board Torrijos and his adventurers, who were to be in waiting and on the outlook for them there. Let every man lay in his accoutrements then; let every man make his packages, his arrangements, and farewells. Sterling went to take his leave of Miss Barton. ‘You are going then to Spain? To rough it amid the glories of war and perilous insurrection; and with that weak health of yours; and we shall never see you more then!’ Miss Barton, all her gaiety gone, the dimpling softness became liquid sorrow, and the musical ringing voice one wail of woe, ‘burst into tears,’—so I have it on authority;—here was one possibility about to be strangled that made unexpected noise! Sterling’s interview ended in the offer of his hand and the acceptance of it.”—(Pp. 93, 94.)

It was not till after Sterling had retired from the Church that he made the acquaintance of Carlyle. He had come to London to consult as to the state of his health, which he began to find inadequate for the efficient discharge of his pastoral duties. On this occasion Carlyle first met him at the India House, in company with John Mill.

“The sight of one (he says) whose fine qualities I had often heard of lately, was interesting enough, and, on the whole, proved not disappointing, though it was the translation of dream into fact—that is, of poetry into prose, and showed its unrhymed side withal. A loose careless-looking thin figure, in careless dim costume, sat in a lounging posture, carelessly and copiously talking. I was struck with the kindly, but restless, swift glancing eyes, which looked as if the spirits were all out coursing like a pack of merry eager beagles, beating every bush. The brow, rather sloping in form, was not of imposing character, though, again, the head was longish, which is always the best sign of intellect; the physiognomy, in general, indicated animation rather than strength.”—(P. 140.)

The acquaintance thus begun ripened speedily into a very close and peculiar friendship; and especially when Sterling finally left Herstmonceux, the seat of his brief clerical labors, and took up his abode at Bayswater, the intimacy between him and Carlyle appears to have grown fast, and deepened on the one side into that profound estimation, and on the other into that deep and tender love, which ever afterwards characterized it. Carlyle thus describes the employment and character of his friend at this time:—

“Sterling’s days, during this time as always, were full of occupation, cheerfully interesting to himself and others; though, the wrecks of theology so encumbering him, little fruit on the positive side could come of these labors. On the negative side they were productive; and there was also so much of encumbrance requiring removal before fruit could grow, there was plenty of labor needed. He looked happy as well as busy; roamed extensively among his friends, and loved to have them about him—chiefly old Cambridge comrades, now settling into occupations in the world;—and was felt by all his friends, by myself as by few, to be a welcome illumination in the dim whirl of things. A man of altogether social and human ways; his address everywhere pleasant and enlivening. A certain smile of thin but genuine laughter, we might say, hung gracefully over all he said and did;—expressing gracefully, according to the model of this epoch, the stoical pocourantism which is required of the cultivated Englishman. Such laughter in him was not deep, but neither was it false, (as lamentably happens often); and the cheerfulness which it went to symbolize was hearty and beautiful,—visible in the silent unsymbolized state in a still gracefuller fashion.

“Of wit, so far as rapid, lively intellect produces wit, he had plenty, and did not abuse his endowment that way, being always fundamentally serious in the purport of his speech; of what we call humor he had some, though little; nay of real sense for the ludicrous, in any form, he had not much for a man of his vivacity; and you re-

marked that his laugh was limited in compass, and of a clear, but not rich quality. To the like effect shone something, a kind of child-like, half-embarrassed shimmer of expression, on his fine vivid countenance, curiously mingling with its ardors and audacities. A beautiful child-like soul! He was naturally a favorite in conversation, especially with all who had any fund for conversing; frank and direct, yet polite and delicate withal,—though at times he could crackle with his dexterous petulancies, making the air all like needles round you; and there was no end to his logic when you excited it; no end unless in some form of silence on your part. Elderly men of reputation I have sometimes known offended by him; for he took a frank way in the matter of talk; spoke freely out of him; freely listening to what others spoke, with a kind of ‘hail fellow well met’ feeling; and carelessly measured a man much less by his reputed account in the bank of wit, or in any other bank, than by what the man had to show for himself in the shape of real spiritual cash on the occasion. But withal there was ever a fine element of natural courtesy in Sterling; his deliberate demeanor to acknowledged superiors was fine and graceful; his apologies and the like, when in a fit of repentance he felt commanded to apologize, were full of naïveté, and very pretty and ingenuous.”—(Pp. 166-168.)

We have given the few fine touches in which Sterling’s mother is brought before us. We wish we could have also presented the more elaborate portrait of his father—the famous thunderer of the *Times* newspaper,—a remarkable man truly, more deserving, some have said, of having his life written, than the son. We cannot, however, afford space for this portrait at full length, and prefer sending our readers to the volume to garbling it.

The ill-health which compelled Sterling to abandon his clerical duties continued to cling to him with increasing effect throughout the rest of his years. He had to live, in fact, “as in continual flight for his very existence, darting continually from nook to nook, and there crouching to escape the scythe of death.” His life, as he himself pathetically said, “thus ceased to be a chain, and fell into a heap of broken links.” He was so knocked about from place to place in pursuit of health, that it was only fractions of his time he could devote to any work. Still his continued and ever-hopeful activity is among the most notable and cheerful features of his life. After many wanderings in France, Madeira, and Italy, we find him at length, in 1843, settled with his family at Falmouth, busy, notwithstanding the strong dissuasions of Carlyle, with poetry. Disaster on disaster, however, is here destined to overtake him. Within a few hours mother and wife were

suddenly snatched away from him. He was left alone with his six children, two of them only infants, and a dark outlook a-head of them and him. He sought the Isle of Wight as his last retreat; and while his residence was there getting ready for him, he paid a brief visit to London. We give Carlyle’s recollection of this—the last occasion on which he saw and conversed with his friend—for its general interest, but especially for the hushed and deepened pathos of the closing sentences; how softened, and tender, and touching, is their beauty:—

“We had our fair share of his company on this visit as in all the past ones; but the intercourse I recollect was dim and broken, a disastrous shadow hanging over it, not to be cleared away by effort. Two American gentlemen, acquaintances also of mine, had been recommended to him, by Emerson most likely; one morning Sterling appeared here with a strenuous proposal that we should come to Knightsbridge (his father’s house, vacated after his mother’s death), and dine with him and them. Objections, general dissuasions were not wanting; the empty dark house, such endless trouble, and the like;—but he answered in his quizzing way—‘Nature herself prompts you, when a stranger comes, to give him a dinner. There are servants yonder; it is all easy; come; both of you are bound to come.’ And accordingly we went. I remember it as one of the saddest dinners; though Sterling talked copiously, and our friends, Theodore Parker one of them, were pleasant and distinguished men. All was so haggard in one’s memory, and half-consciously in one’s anticipations, sad as if one had been dining in a ruin, in the crypt of a mausoleum. Our conversation was waste and logical, I forget quite on what, not joyful and harmoniously effusive: Sterling’s silent sadness was painfully apparent through the bright mask he had bound himself to wear. Withal one could notice now, as on his last visit, a certain sternness of mood, unknown in better days; as if strange gorgon-faces of earnest destiny were more and more rising round him, and the time for sport were past. He looked always hurried, abrupt, even beyond wont; and indeed was, I suppose, overwhelmed in details of business.

“One evening, I remember, he came down hither designing to have a free talk with us. We were all sad enough, and strove rather to avoid speaking of what might make us sadder. Before any true talk could be got into, an interruption occurred, some unwelcome arrival; Sterling abruptly rose; gave me the signal to rise; and we unpolitely walked away, adjourning to his hotel, which, I recollect, was in the Strand, near Hungerford Market; some ancient, comfortable, quaint-looking place off the street; where, in a good, warm, queer old room, the remainder of our colloquy was duly finished. We spoke of Cromwell among other things, which I have now forgotten: on which subject Sterling was trenchant, positive, and on some essential points wrong—as I said I should convince him some day. ‘Well,

well !' answered he with a shake of the head. *We parted before long ; bed-time for invalids being come ; he escorted me down certain carpeted back stairs, and would not be forbidden ; we took leave under the dim skies ;—and, alas ! little as I then dreamt of it, this, so far as I can calculate, must have been the last time I ever saw him in the world. Softly as a coming evening the last of the evenings had passed away, and no other would come for me for evermore.*"—(Pp. 323-325.)

We had intended to add to these extracts Mr. Carlyle's closing sketch of his friend,—a life-warm and vigorous portrait, very masterly in every literary point of view, but especially interesting as fully expressing that peculiar conception of Sterling's character, which, above all, distinguishes this biography from the previous one by Archdeacon Hare. Some of the foregoing extracts have already, however, pretty clearly indicated this conception ; and our space will only permit us to append a few fragments from the concluding chapter in confirmation :—

"A certain splendor, beautiful, but not the deepest or the loftiest, which I could call a splendor as of burnished metal—fiery valor of heart, swift decisive insight and utterance, then a turn for brilliant elegance, also for ostentation, rashness, &c., &c.,—in short, a flash as of clear glancing, sharp-cutting steel, lay in the whole nature of the man, in his heart and in his intellect, marking alike the excellence and the limits of them both. . . . To call him deficient in sympathy would seem strange ; him whose radiances and resonances went thrilling over all the world, and kept him in brotherly contact with all : but I may say his sympathies dwelt rather with the high and sublime than with the low or ludicrous ; and were in any field rather light, wide, and lively, than deep, abiding, or great."—(P. 337.)

"A pious soul we may justly call him ; devoutly submissive to the will of the Supreme in all things ; the highest and sole essential form which religion can assume in man, and without which all forms of religion are a mockery and delusion in man. Doubtless in so clear and filial a heart there must have dwelt the perennial feeling of silent worship. . . . And yet, as I have said before, it may be questioned whether piety, what we call devotion or worship, was the principle deepest in him. In spite of his Coleridge discipleship, and his once headlong operations following thereon, I used to judge that his piety was prompt and pure rather than great and intense ; that, on the whole, religious devotion was not the deepest element of him. His reverence was ardent and just, ever ready for the thing or man that deserved revering, or seemed to deserve it ; but he was of too joyful, light, and hoping a nature to go to the depths of that feeling, much more to dwell perennially in it. He had no fear in his composition ; terror and awe did not blend with his respect of anything. In no scene or epoch could he have been a Church Saint, a fanatic enthusiast, or have

worn out his life in passive martyrdom, sitting patient in his grim coal-mine looking at the 'three ells' of heaven high overhead. In sorrow he would not dwell ; all sorrow he swiftly subdued and shook away from him. How could you have made an Indian Fakcer out of the Greek Apollo, 'whose bright eye lends brightness, and never yet saw a shadow' ?—I should say, not religious reverence, rather artistic admiration, was the essential character of him. . . . He was by nature appointed for a Poet—a Poet after his sort, or recognizer and delineator of the Beautiful, and not for a Priest at all. . . . True above all one may call him ; a man of perfect veracity in thought, word, and deed. Integrity towards all men—nay, integrity had ripened with him into chivalrous generosity ; there was no guile nor baseness anywhere found in him. Transparent as crystal, he could not hide anything sinister, if such there had been to hide. A more perfectly transparent soul I have never known. It was beautiful to read all those interior movements ; the little shades of affectations, ostentations ; transient spurs of anger which never grew to the length of settled spleen ; all so naïve, so child-like, the very faults grew beautiful to you."—(Pp. 339-342.)

It will not be denied that here and elsewhere in the graphic delineation of Mr. Carlyle,—so free and flowing, and yet so nicely and minutely touched,—a very interesting and beautiful character is presented to us. Sterling seems to live before us, and we who never saw him, seem to have known him well,—so bright, and hopeful, and joyful. And there can be no doubt, we infer, that there must have been an element of rare brilliancy and joyousness in him which the sketch of Archdeacon Hare fails to bring out. Yet, as we have said, we cling rather to the portrait drawn by the latter. The Sterling of Hare seems to us, upon the whole, a nobler and worthier character than the Sterling of Carlyle. And not only so, (and this is a consideration in comparison with which every other is of no consequence,) it conscientiously appears to us, that, while the delineation of the Archdeacon must be held somewhat deficient in complete truthfulness, it is yet, upon the whole, the more truthful. It seizes indeed too prominently the earnest, religious aspects of Sterling's character ; but Mr. Carlyle has, we think, still more disproportionately undervalued and neglected these. We have sought satisfaction on this point from a renewed converse with the most significant of Sterling's remains ; and our conviction decidedly is, that Sterling was far more distinguished for religious earnestness, and even religious sorrowfulness, than Mr. Carlyle would leave us to suppose. An artist he no doubt was, with an eye and a heart

for the beautiful everywhere, and with that strong repulsion to all that is merely narrow, or exclusive, or gloomy in religion, so characteristic of the artist; but an heroic truth-seeker too, with the most solemn moral convictions, and the most ardent and painful longings. And it is *this* side of his character which Mr. Carlyle has just ignored, that to us is the most interesting, and reappears the most frequently throughout his writings.

We have dwelt upon this point, as the most important one relating to Sterling himself brought before us in this book, and the point from which, as a centre, his two biographers diverge in their whole estimate of his life. Mr. Carlyle, with his views, naturally holds that Sterling's attempts to find rest in the bosom of the Church, was of the very maddest kind. There was and could be no peace for him *there*. The Archdeacon, on the contrary, laments that Sterling was unable to continue in the discharge of the clerical duties which he so hopefully and vigorously began, and believes that, had he been enabled to do so, he would have found security from those speculative doubts and distractions which afterwards beset him. Coleridge's influence is of course reckoned by the Archdeacon entirely favourable. We all know with what affectionate earnestness he has expressed his own obligations to the Christian influence of the great Poet-Philosopher. Rejoicing in the light and strength which he had himself derived from that quarter, he could not but rejoice that his young and gifted friend had sought wisdom at the same shrine. All this Carlyle contemplates in the most opposite manner. To his view, Coleridge and the Church were the *very worst* things that befell poor Sterling. We shall appropriately occupy the remainder of this paper with some consideration of what Mr. Carlyle has been pleased to express on these points in relation to the subject of his memoir.

He has devoted a chapter to Coleridge, presenting a somewhat elaborate delineation of that wonderful man, not unmarked by the masterly strokes which distinguish the other portraits in the volume; but on the whole, a sadly blurred and wretched affair. We have been both amazed and pained at the praise we have seen bestowed on this sketch in some quarters. It is to us the one utterly unworthy feature of the volume—a poor unheroic daub. In the "old man eloquent," as he sat on the brow of Highgate Hill discoursing in that indescribable and interminable manner of his, with his ever-recur-

ring *sum-in-jects* and *om-m-jects*, there was no doubt something that could easily be turned into ridicule. There was no doubt in that ever-flowing river of talk many pools of mere darkness. We have Dr. Chalmers' honest and emphatic statement to this effect, when he went to visit the Philosopher with his friend Irving who sat so reverently at the Philosopher's feet. But we know also that there was often a divine meaning and beauty in the old man's speech—rich gleams of a far-off sunshine irradiating the soul of the listener. The talk which, day by day, rivetted such a man as Edward Irving, and delighted and *enlightened* we shall say—let Mr. Carlyle say what he likes—John Sterling, could not have been without glorious flashes and even meridian splendors of meaning under all its cloudy phases. Carlyle indeed admits that there were "glorious islets" ever and anon "rising out of the haze;" but, generally, according to his representation, it was a very sad and dreary affair this talk. This is decidedly the impression conveyed by his picture. Nay, it appears to us that an ill-concealed air of contemptuous pity breathes throughout it. The aspiring sage of Chelsea had come to the shrine of the expiring sage of Highgate Hill, but it is with no reverence in his heart, and with rather a smile of mockery on his lips. He looks down with some sort of poor compassion on the "logical fatamorganas" with which he sees the other "laboring to solace himself." Listen to this account of the Coleridgean remedy for evils in Church and State;—

"The remedy, though Coleridge himself professed to see it as in sunbeams, could not, except by processes unspeakably difficult, be described to you at all. On the whole, those dead Churches, this dead English Church especially, must be brought to life again. Why not? It was not dead; the soul of it in this parched up body was tragically asleep only. Atheistic philosophy was true on its side, and Hume and Voltaire could on their own ground speak irrefragably for themselves against any Church; but lift the Church and them into a higher sphere of argument, they died into inanity, the Church revived itself into pristine florid vigor—became once more a living ship of the desert, and invincibly bore you over stock and stone. But how, but how! By attending to the 'reason' of man, said Coleridge, and duly chaining up the 'understanding' of man, the *Vernunft* (reason), and *Verstand* (understanding), of the Germans, it all turned upon these, if you could well understand them—which you could not. In the rest Mr. Coleridge had on the anvil various books, especially was about to write one grand book on the *Logos*, which would help to

bridge the chasm for us. So much appeared, however; Churches, though proved false, (as you had imagined), were still true, (as you were to imagine); here was an Artist who could burn you up an old church, root and branch; and then, as the Alchemists professed to do, with organic substances in general, distil you an 'Astral spirit' from the ashes which was the very image of the old burnt article, its air-drawn counterpart,—this you still had, or might get and draw uses from, if you could wait till the Book on the Logos were done;—alas, till your own terrene eyes, blind with conceit and the dust of logic, were purged, sublimized and spiritualized, into the sharpness of vision requisite for discerning such an 'om-mject.'—(pp. 76. 77.)

There is to us something very intolerable in this tone of Mr. Carlyle,—in continuance of which we have, throughout the volume, more than abundant mention of "Coleridgean moonshine," "Coleridgean legerdmain." We must say it has kindled our indignation not a little. Where are Mr. Carlyle's remedies for our faithless and aberrant generation, that he feels himself warranted in speaking thus of Coleridge? We can imagine the fine work which some future biographer of another Sterling will in a similar strain make of the Chelsean prescription. Perhaps, too, it may be found when the secrets of another sanctuary are unveiled, that if there was not much "pious" nor even "partly courteous snuffle" in the discourse *there*, there was yet in plenty "a confused unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening to submerge all known land-marks of thought, and drown the world and us"—a vast vituperative commotion which made noise in the ear without bringing much light or life to the heart. But in truth this way of talking about great men is not to our taste at all, and we least of all expected it from such a quarter. We would reverence all spiritual teachers, if we could, and Mr. Carlyle no less in his way. They have all their lesson to teach. Let us learn it if we can. It will never do us any good to laugh at it. The silliest trifier can raise a shout at the most sacred attempt, and mere scorn, Mr. Carlyle should know, is a cheap attribute of fools. Coleridge, no doubt, had his weaknesses. Even *his* great intellect had a halt, as it were, which many weaker and smaller men could see and prate about, as they have already so abundantly done. The treasure here, as everywhere, was in an earthen vessel—of glorious framework it is true, yet not without the ineradicable flaw. "The empyrean element lay smothered under the terrene." Yea doubtless. But we did

not expect Mr. Carlyle to be the man to proclaim this with a jest! There was enough of the *heroic* surely in Coleridge for him and for us to admire for ever, without our lifting the veil and pointing to the scars which mark him as our brother in human frailty and sin. The man who has found a hero in Mahomet and Johnson and Burns, might, we think, have trod with a more reverent tenderness round the grave of Coleridge.* Of the substantive value of his contributions to the cause of truth we cannot even for a moment now speak. We *feel*, however, that we hazard no vain conjecture when we express a conviction that future generations will find them upon the whole, perhaps, the worthiest which have descended from our age.

With such views of "Coleridgean moonshine," it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Carlyle ceases not throughout the volume to deplore its effect upon Sterling. With the most withering and contemptuous scorn does he speak of his endeavor to find light in such. "To steal into heaven by the modern method of striking, ostrich-like, your head into fallacies on earth, equally as by the ancient, and by all conceivable methods, is forever forbidden. High treason is the name of that attempt; and it continues to be punished as such." And when, under the supposed influence of this "moonshine," with his heart deeply saddened by the mournful issue of that Spanish Invasion which he had been so zealous in helping forward, Sterling sought peace and moral health in the Church, under the kind direction of his friend Archdeacon Hare, Carlyle can scarcely find words to express the tempest of indignation and "pitying condemnation" which sways him. With apparent ungovernableness he breaks forth into perhaps the stormiest passage of the book:—

"The bereaved young lady has *taken* the veil then! Even so. * * To such length can transcendental moonshine cast by some morbidly radiating Coleridge into the chaos of a fermenting life, act magically there, and produce convulsions and convulsions and diseased developments. So dark and abstruse, without lamp or authentic finger-post, is the course of pious genius towards the Eternal Kingdoms grown. No fixed highway more: the old spiritual highways and recognized paths to the Eternal, now all torn up and flung

* We speak sincerely what we think of Mr. Carlyle's personal sketch of Coleridge as a whole. Here and there in it, as well as elsewhere in his essays, he has spoken of him with all the admiration we could wish.

in heaps, submerged in unutterable boiling mud-oceans of Hypocrisy and Unbelievability of brutal living Atheism, and damnable dead putrescent Cant; surely a tragic pilgrimage for all mortals; Darkness and the mere shadow of Death enveloping all things from pole to pole; and in the raging gulf-currents, offering us will-o'-wispes for load stars—intimating that there are no stars, nor ever were, except certain Old-Jew ones which have gone out."

"Concerning this attempt of Sterling's to find sanctuary in the old Church, and desperately grasp the hem of her garment in such manner, there will at present be many opinions; and mine must be recorded here in flat reproof of it, in mere pitying condemnation of it, as a weak, false, unwise, and unpermitted step. Nay, among the evil lessons of his Time, to poor Sterling I cannot but account this the worst; properly, indeed, as we may say, the apotheosis, the solemn apology and consecration of all the evil lessons which were in it to him."—(pp. 126, 127.)

Sterling continued a curate only eight months—months, it appears to us, even from the scanty chapter devoted to the subject by Mr. Carlyle, among the most healthful and happy of his life. Ill health was the cause of his discontinuance of his clerical duties. Mr. Carlyle, indeed, pretty plainly insinuates, that there were deeper causes already at work, and that this was merely "the last ounce which broke the camel's back;" but he furnishes not a shadow of evidence for his surmise on this head. And on referring to Sterling's own letter on the subject to Archdeacon Hare, it is impossible not to feel that, by this insinuation, he has done his friend gross injustice. That Sterling, however, was at length quit of the Church, Carlyle rejoices. It was a miserable and contemptible affair this "clerical aberration;" but, thank God, it is past. And hereupon we have the astounding declaration, that "no man of Sterling's veracity, had he clearly consulted his own heart, or had his own heart been capable of clearly responding, and not been dazzled and bewildered by transient fantasies and theosophic moonshine, could have undertaken this function. His heart would have answered, 'No, thou canst not. What is incredible to thee thou shalt not at thy soul's peril attempt to believe!—Else—whither for a refuge or die here. Go to Perdition if thou must—but not with a lie in thy mouth; by the Eternal Maker, no!'"—(p. 139.)

Mr. Carlyle is given to strong sayings—sayings which,—even in the words of John Sterling,—a friend of his, "might be pardoned if he wished to blot out with tears." And we feel that Sterling would have thought

the above one of these sayings. No man of veracity, it seems, who clearly consults his own heart, and whose heart is capable of clearly responding, can be a clergyman. "You hard-working minister of God, going about your daily business, with a clear though often saddened heart, and, with an ordinary strength of intellectual vision, you suppose yourself to be veracious—you think yourself an honest man, do you? Fool! cries the stern oracle of Chelsea. You are but a poor theosophic dreamer, or a 'conscious impostor.' If only a weak and stupid creature, we may give you some credit for sincerity. But you cannot maintain at once your veracity and your clearness." Such is really the purport of Mr. Carlyle's most offensive language. What then, may we ask, is the highest test of sincerity? Is it a continual big-mouthed prate about it? or is it a silent, earnest working in behalf of the truth which we count dear? Are we to submit to be told, that the man who, day by day, with a noiseless and self-denying perseverance, carries the Gospel of Divine grace into the cottages of the poor, and speaks of it by the bed-sides of the sick and dying, is either "a conscious impostor," or a poor bewildered fanatic; while he who sits in his snug parlor at Chelsea, evermore talking of the "Eternities" and "Immensities," is the true and clear man? Are we to believe that poor Sterling, the laborious curate, was a mere theosophic moon-struck wanderer, while Sterling, the litterateur, had attained to the *chief end of man*? This surely is the merest—direst unverity; and if there is bewilderment at all, there can be little doubt on whose side the bewilderment is.

Shortly after Sterling quitted the Church, he entered upon that career of theological struggle with which his name has been so associated. Whatever significance may have once attached to that struggle, a wider and more intimate acquaintance with the character of Sterling has pretty well removed. It was indeed, we still think, for others, the most significant phase of his career, but it wanted that breadth of interest and meaning which a deeper, more intense, and on the whole greater character could alone have given it. We now see what we had all along felt from a perusal of his writings, that the importance of Sterling as a thinker had been somewhat overrated in his previous biography; or at least, that an exaggerated notion of him in this capacity, founded somehow upon the biography, had arisen. So far we believe Carlyle to be entirely in the right, when he af-

firms, that "in spite of his sleepless intellectual vivacity, Sterling was not properly a thinker at all." He had subtlety, brilliancy, and a certain roundness of intellectual vision which could not yet be called comprehensiveness,—but he wanted depth, penetration, and, above all, calmness and patience. He went at everything—Philosophy, Theology, Poetry, in a certain headlong, dashing manner, which shewed the dexterous *improvisatore*, (a term by which Mr. Carlyle has more than once characterized him,) rather than the thoughtful worker. "Over-haste was his continual fault; over-haste and want of the due strength." His genius flashed and coruscated, playing like sheet-lightning (to adopt Carlyle's comparison) round a subject and irradiating it, rather than "concentrating itself into a bolt and riving the mountain barriers for us." Fitted to excel in the fields of pure Literature with his quick, genial grasp, and rich glittering style, (though the glitter is often cold as of polished crystals rather than of living sun-light), and the delicacy and ripe finish of his touch, he was yet greatly deficient in that direct and piercing insight, and that calm laboriousness of inquiry which alone constitute the thinker, and could alone have given the significance claimed for it by some, to the religious crisis which he underwent. That such a *crisis* was deeply experienced by him, however, can admit of no doubt. Tremulously he owned the spiritual agitations of his time. He felt the conflict on all sides of him, and gave himself heartily to it. His undoubtedly valorous spirit bore ever after the dints of a strife which had been no holiday one with him. We would not, for a moment, (as Mr. Carlyle would have us to do,) underrate the potency of the struggle through which he passed. Only, *his* was not the strength to wrestle patiently through it and reach the light of heaven beyond. He could not dwell in the gloom till the true light shone, but at every cost must have light, even if radiated from the cold intellectual frost-work of a Strauss, or the more softened and beautiful, but scarcely less cold, snow-fancies of a Goethe. Archdeacon Hare has said that "there are minds whose lot it is to grapple with the hardest problems of their age, and who cannot rest until they have solved them—men who seem to regard it as their appointed task to descend to the gates of Hades and bring back Cerberus in chains; and of these men Sterling was one." Yes; but only in so far as he owned the speculative impulse, not as possessed of the speculative power. He did indeed descend to the

gates of Hades, but *his* was not the strength to bring back Cerberus in chains.

Mr. Carlyle, as the reader will have inferred from our previous statements, has dealt in the most scanty and imperfect fashion with this period of Sterling's life. There is indeed in all his talk of his friend, about this time, and of his favorite authors, a tone of insolent pity and injustice that has filled us with feelings of less regard for Mr. Carlyle than we thought we could have ever entertained. "I remember," he says, "he talked often about Tholuck, Schleiermacher, and *others of that stamp*; and looked disappointed, though full of good nature, at my obstinate indifference to them and their affairs. His knowledge of German literature, very slight at this time, limited itself altogether to writers on Church-matters, Evidences, Counter-evidences, Theologies, and rumors of Theologies—by the Tholucks, Schleiermachers, Neanders, and I know not whom. Of 'the true sovereign souls' of that literature, the Goethes, Richters, Schillers, Lessings, he had as good as no knowledge."—(P. 165.)

What strange, hap-hazard, and monstrous talk is this? The Goethes and Lessings exalted to honor, and the Schleiermachers and Neanders trampled under foot! What next? Can Mr. Carlyle fancy he honors his own function as a teacher by such talk? By all means let us do justice to Lessing and Goethe. They *were* "true sovereign souls" in their way. But must we therefore tread Schleiermacher and Neander in the mire? Who that knows anything of these men, or of their works, does not know that they also, and in a far more eminent sense, were "true sovereign souls"—men who fought a harder fight and won a nobler victory? What does John Sterling say of Schleiermacher even after this time?—"I still think of him as, on the whole, the greatest spiritual teacher I have ever fallen in with."—(P. 97, *Hare's Life*.) But we beg pardon of our readers for such a line of apology in regard to such men.

As we get from Mr. Carlyle no insight into this struggling period of Sterling's life, so we get from him no satisfactory account of its issue. We are indeed told that, by-and-bye, "Tholuck, Schleiermacher, and the war of articles and rubrics were left in the far distance;" and that "Literature again began decisively to dawn on him as the goal he ought to aim at." "It was years, however, before he got the inky tints of that Coleridgean adventure completely bleached from his mind." But finally he *did* get emanci-

pated. Of Strauss even, nothing more was heard. "Strauss had interested him only as a sign of the times, in which sense alone do we find, for a year or two back, any notice of the Church or its affairs by Sterling; and at last even this as good as ceases." "Adieu, O Church; thy road is that way, mine is this; in God's name, adieu!" "What we are going to," says he once, "is abundantly obscure, but what all men are going from is very plain." (P. 286.)

This seems to be the sum of truth, which, according to Carlyle, John Sterling reached—full of what comfort may be gathered from it by any of our readers. One touching and melancholy corroboration of his statement Mr. Carlyle has furnished in a letter, not just the last one, but nearly so, that he received from Sterling. We give it as about the most deeply pathetic letter we ever read. We cannot even now again read it without a perplexed and swimming feeling as of tears that will not yet flow.

"To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.

"Hillside, Ventnor, August 10, 1844.

"MY DEAR CARLYLE: For the first time for many months it seems possible to send you a few words; merely, however, for Remembrance and Farewell. On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none. With regard to you and me, I cannot begin to write; having nothing for it but to keep shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights in my power. Towards me it is still more true than towards England, that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you! If I can lend a hand when *there*, that will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not one hundredth part so bad as it seems to the standers by.

"Your wife knows my mind towards her and will believe it without asseverations. Yours to the last,

"JOHN STERLING."

Sad enough, truly, and dark enough—The beautiful incident in Mr. Hare's memoir comes to shed a gleam of light on this thick darkness; and we rejoice with trembling to think of it. "As it grew dark he appeared to be seeking for something, and on her (his sister) asking what he wanted, said 'only the old Bible which I used so often at Herstmonceux, in the cottages.'" Why has Mr. Carlyle not recorded this fact?—*if it be a fact*, which we cannot doubt. Was he ashamed that it should be so said of his friend? Must we blame him for wilful suppression here as we fear elsewhere,—for wilful blindness in overlooking some of the real facts of Sterling's spiritual history which it did not suit him to

disclose or at least to dwell upon? With a noble affectionateness Sterling speaks of the good of Carlyle's influence over him. We feel profoundly that we cannot respond to these words of a dying brother.

What precisely Sterling's ultimate views were, it is impossible to say. If uncertainty rested on them before, a deeper uncertainty may be said to rest on them now. That he had not, however, altogether abandoned Christianity, seems undoubted both from his closing interview with his sister, and his own express statement in a letter of farewell to Archdeacon Hare. "Christianity is a great comfort and blessing to me," he says, "although I am quite unable to believe all its original documents." What his conclusions were, with our view of his character, is not a matter of special importance to us. While, in the mere fact of the struggle through which he passed, typical of his age, he was yet, as we have endeavored to explain, not fitted to enter into the depth of that struggle, and work his way through it into clearness and truth. He was altogether of too light and restless and facile a nature—like his friend Francis Newman, (with his likeness to whom, in some respects, we have been much struck), to mirror in any adequate sense the spiritual progress of our time, and to furnish it with the right solution of its spiritual perplexities.

As for Mr. Carlyle himself,—it is obvious we have no more anything to look for in this way from him, if we ever had. His attitude is now and henceforth plainly and emphatically enough an "Adieu, O Church." Whatever spiritual consolation may be possible from Goethe is welcome to the age. Other the biographer of Sterling has not to give. Literature has again in him, through a curious process of religious baptism, culminated in a mere species of philosophic Paganism. We cannot for the life of us make more of Mr. Carlyle's *chief end of man* than this. We have pretty well got rid—thanks to him—of the skeptical Epicureanism of last century; but only, so far as he is concerned, to traverse the more lofty and specious but not less dangerous verge of a stoical Pantheism. There is, we feel assured, a more excellent Way than either. There is a Light of Divine Truth, however dimmed, yet burning in the midst of us. There is a Sun of Christian warmth and vitality still, under whatever obscurities, shining in our poor world, irradiating many a heart, and illuminating many a mind. All has not become mere "bleared tallow light," mere "draggled, dirty farthing candle." We honestly believe with Cole-

ridge in the inextinguishable power of Christianity, and that there is life in the old Churches yet,—destined to a glorious revival,—let Mr. Carlyle mock as he may. We firmly rejoice with Neander, that Christianity having once entered into the life of Humanity shall go forth, from every temporary lull of

its strength, to new conquests over it, and enter into freer and more perfect harmony with it,—till its vitalizing spirit circulates in every vein of the great growth and progress of our race, and effloresces into a richer blossoming of *literary* as of all other excellence.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.*

AN intelligent and amiable American writer, the Rev. Mr. Kip, says truly enough that the Americans have no *past*; and this truth explains to us the profound satisfaction they have in themselves, and everything belonging to or connected with them, and their exaggeration in describing it. They have, as yet, no means of comparison; of estimating their actual progress by what has been done before: they know only their present position; and every attainment they make being new to themselves, they naturally imagine that it is new to all the world besides; they know that it has not been surpassed among themselves, and by going a single step further, they arrive at the conclusion, that it has scarcely been equalled among others. We, again, on this side of the Atlantic, are not ready enough to make allowances for this enthusiasm; we ought to trace it to its cause, instead of turning from it, as we often do, as a compound of Yankee ignorance and conceit; we ought in charity to see in it only an impassioned striving after excellence, and the generous appreciation of it, in whatever degree it may be reached. Doubtless, America has produced, and is daily producing, extraordinary and admirable persons, whose opinions and writings breathe all the undaunted freshness of a nation's youth; for an individual is the epitome of a nation; and a nation is but the enlarged scale of the characteristics of the individuals that compose it. Youth refers little to a *past*; full of its own bright imaginations and blossoming hopes, it is en-

raptured with the objects that rise before it, and invests them with a value according to its mode of viewing them, that its increasing wisdom will teach it to investigate more exactly.

We have been led into these reflections by the "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller," afterwards the Marchesa Ossoli, at this time given to the world by two of the most eminently gifted of her countrymen, Emerson and Channing; the warmth, not to say hyperbole of whose style, in speaking of her, however illustrative of the charge we have here made against American writers in general, may yet be fully pardoned in the sincerity of the admiration and esteem she inspired in their hearts, as well as in the hearts of many others, equally capable of appreciating genius and reverencing worth. To us, indeed, these memoirs are fraught with melancholy, even painful interest; for it was our lot to know the subject of them in a foreign land,—strangers there, like herself,—under circumstances of a public nature that would have stirred the coldest blood; and which in her, whilst they roused all her strong powers of thought and vigor of action, called forth, at the same moment, all her sweetest and most feminine attributes; all the tender sympathies and holy charities of life, by which her memory would have been embalmed in the hearts of all who knew her, even had it never been surrounded with that halo of admiration inspired in them by her vast conversational powers; equal to those of Coleridge, with more useful application of them; her deep and multifarious reading, and the energy with which she employed her acquirements

* "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli." By Emerson and Channing.

and her abilities for all whom she could either benefit or serve.

Margaret Fuller was the eldest child of Timothy Fuller and Margaret Crane, of Cambridge Port, Massachusetts, and was born on the 3d of May, 1810. Her father was a lawyer and a politician, a fair scholar, and well acquainted with general literature. To be an honored citizen, and to have a home on earth, were, from her account of him, the great aims of his existence; and very praiseworthy aims they would appear, according to the estimate of most rational persons; but they were not lofty enough to satisfy the early intellectual ambition of his daughter, who had, even at the time she thus describes him, little respect for what she terms "the common-places of a mere *bread-winning, bread-bestowing* existence."

"To open the deeper fountains of the soul," says she, "to regard life here as the prophetic entrance to immortality, to develop his spirit to perfection,—motives like these had never been suggested to him, either by fellow-beings, or by outward circumstances. The result was a character, in its social aspect, of quite the common sort. A good son and brother, a kind neighbor, an active man of business,—in all these outward relations he was but one of a class which surrounding conditions have made the majority among us. In the more delicate and individual relations, he never approached but two mortals, my mother and myself."

This mother appears to have been a creature of angelic temperament, breathing love, and inspiring it in every living thing that came within her gentle influence. Mr. Fuller, proud of the capabilities of his daughter, developed even in her childhood, undertook himself to be her instructor; but by imposing tasks upon her beyond her strength, on subjects beyond her years, requiring her, moreover, to repeat them to him on his return from his office late in the evening, under all the terror of incurring his displeasure if she were not perfect in them, even whilst nature was calling for sleep, he did her the double injury of making her fancy herself "a youthful prodigy" by day, and rendering her at night the victim of spectral illusions, nightmare, and somnambulism; which, at a later period, changed their forms for headaches, weakness, and every description of nervous affections. She began to read Latin at six years of age, and in translating it was expected to give the thoughts in as few words as possible, clearly arranged, and without breaks or hesitation. Of Greek she

seems to have acquired but little; nevertheless, her youthful studies were divided between the mythologic fables of that poetic country and the sterner realities of Roman history; and day after day the enchanting visions of the one, and the heroic deeds of the other, were mused over by her, in a little garden behind the house, full of choice flowers, and commanding, through its gate, a view of the glories of the setting sun.

"Here," says she, "the best hours of my lonely childhood were spent;" and this childhood she describes with a minuteness of analysis that appears to us much more the effect of mature reflection than of childish recollections; particularly when she informs us that Shakspeare, Cervantes, and Moliere, were her favorite authors at eight years of age! Her absorbing love of books was at this time wholesomely interrupted for a season, by a passionate attachment she formed for an English lady, whom she first saw at church, and who afterwards became intimate with her mother, during the few months she remained in the neighborhood. This lady was lovely in appearance, captivating in manners, elegant in her dress; and versed in the various accomplishments that often supply the place of talent, and give it additional value when found in combination with it. To the poor lonely overworked child, solitary amid all her precious acquirements, she appeared like some glorious meteor; to her, the lady, pleased with her innocent admiration and profound devotedness, was all grace and sweetness, and the entire veneration she inspired, the new existence she awakened in Margaret, is described by her with a depth of sentiment which we have no doubt was sincerely felt, for we know well that an admiring worship of this kind continually fills the young imagination, at the age when all that is outwardly beautiful is believed to be interiorly excellent. Margaret Fuller's mistake was in imagining that the reveries of her own youth were peculiar to herself.

When, however, the object of her devotion left the New World, to return to her native home in the Old, Margaret's heart seemed to die within her, and she fell into such an alarming state of despondency and languor, that her father, beginning to fear that he had too highly worked upon her nervous system, by the incessant mental exertion he required from her, wisely resolved to correct his error, by sending her to school; where she would have the advantage of companionship and be tempted to relieve sedentary occupation by bodily exercise. She was ac-

cordingly placed, much against her inclination, with the Misses Prescott, in Groton, Massachusetts; and here her thirst after intellectual distinction, and the love of mental rule, which were the alternate sources to her, all the prime of her life, of the most lively pleasure and the keenest pain, began to develop themselves in the force that marked all her character. Passing at once from the monotony and, to her, loneliness of her own home, to a little world of youth and vivacity, she felt all her powers called forth, and resolved upon the subjugation of her schoolfellows, by gaining their admiration and their love; for whilst her head claimed the one, her heart equally craved the other. At first she succeeded in her endeavor; she delighted her young companions with the variety of her resources; "her love of wild dances, and sudden song; her freaks of passion and of wit: she was always new, always surprising, and, for a time, charming." Gradually, however, her peculiarities and caprice undid the spell her mental superiority had cast around; she as often teased as pleased; and at last, finding her empire totter, she began, in revenge for a joke played upon her, which she magnified into an insult, to act upon the maxim well known among despots, *divide et impera*, and descended to sow discord among her schoolfellows. She fanned the vanity of one, the jealousy of another—in short, availed herself of her quick perception into character, to bear upon the weak point of each, until distrust and dissatisfaction separated even those who had before been bosom friends. At length the source of all the evil was discovered, and the author of it solemnly arraigned before the whole school, and convicted of falsehood and mischief-making. The shame of this procedure, and the grief and horror she felt on being made sensible of the enormity of her fault, and the dreadful injury she might inflict upon society, if she continued in the practice of the same, so overpowered her that for many days she lay motionless, speechless, and only showed consciousness by waving her hand, in token of refusal, when food or medicine was offered to her lips.

Nobly and truthfully does Margaret Fuller tell this part of her story. Most impressive and encouraging is the lesson it holds out, that no single fault, however heinous, once seen, acknowledged, and sincerely and humbly repented of, can mar the whole course of after life. Slowly recovering from her shock, under the judicious treatment and tender sympathy of one of her teachers, whose friend-

ship she ever afterwards retained, Margaret took the first step towards the restoration of her bosom's peace, by discharging it of the weight of remorse that loaded it, in a full confession of her fault, and a humble asking for forgiveness.

"When her strength was a little restored, she had all her companions summoned, and said to them,—'I deserved to die, but a generous trust has called me back to life. I will be worthy of it, nor ever betray the trust, or resent injury more. Can you forgive the past?'"

"And they not only forgave, but, with love and earnest tears, clasped in their arms the returning sister. They vied with one another in offices of humble love, to the humbled one; and let it be recorded, as an instance of the pure honor of which young hearts are capable, that these facts, known to some forty persons, never, so far as I know, transpired beyond those walls."—Vol. i. p. 62.

Let it not be thought that an incident simple as this may seem is misplaced in a piece of grave biography. Nothing can be undeserving of notice that has an important influence upon character and life; and to that season of error and repentance, in her school-days, Margaret Fuller probably owed the integrity and candor by which she was ever after distinguished. She herself, speaking of this period, to the wise and kind friend who had supported her through it, says,—

"You need not fear to revive painful recollections. I often think of those sad experiences. True, they agitate me deeply. But it was best so. They have had a most powerful effect on my character. I tremble at whatever looks like dissimulation. The remembrance of that evening subdues every proud, passionate impulse. . . . Can I ever forget that to your treatment, in that crisis of youth, I owe the true life,—the love of Truth and Honor?"—Vol. i. p. 70.

Shortly after this, Margaret Fuller returned to her parental roof, and betook herself again to her studies; with what assiduity may be judged, by her account of them, in a letter to the beloved teacher to whose kindness in the hour of need she had owed so much.

"I rise a little before five, walk an hour, and then practice on the piano till seven, when we breakfast. Next I read French,—Sismondi's 'Literature of the South of Europe,' till eight; then two or three lectures in Brown's 'Philosophy.' About half-past

nine, I go to Mr. Perkin's school, and study Greek till twelve; when, the school being dismissed, I recite, go home, and practice again till dinner, at two. Sometimes, if the conversation is very agreeable, I lounge for half an hour over the dessert, though rarely so lavish of time. Then, when I can, I read two hours in Italian, but I am often interrupted. At six, I walk or take a drive. Before going to bed, I play or sing for half an hour or so, to make all sleepy, and about eleven, retire to write a little while in my journal—exercises on what I have read, or a series of characteristics, which I am filling up.”—Vol. i. p. 63.

She was then fifteen. Two years after, she says:—

“I am engrossed in reading the elder Italian poets, beginning with Berni, from whom I shall proceed to Pulci and Politian. I read very critically. Miss Francis and I think of reading Locke, as introductory to a course of English metaphysics, and then De Stael on Locke's system.”—Vol. i. p. 67.

In Spanish literature she likewise made great progress, but her chief attainment was in German. Goethe became her idol, and her criticism on his writings, Emerson says, is, in his opinion, the best that has ever been written. Five more years were given to incessant reading, and to deep contemplation of the human character. At fifteen, she had said, “I am determined on distinction;—” at twenty she had attained it:—

“It was,” says Mr. Clarke, one of the friends who knew her best, “by her singular gift of speech that she cast her spells and worked her wonders in this little circle. Full of thoughts and full of words; capable of poetic improvisation, had there not been a slight overweight of a tendency to the tangible and real; capable of clear, complete, philosophic statement, but for the strong tendency to life, which melted down evermore, in its lava-current, the solid blocks of thought; she was yet, by these excesses, better fitted for the arena of conversation. Here she found none adequate for the equal encounter; when she laid her lance in rest, every champion must go down before it.”—Vol. i. p. 134.

Emerson also, himself so eloquent, bears testimony of her talent in this respect:—

“All these powers and accomplishments,” says he, “found their best and only adequate channel in her conversation;—a conversation which those who have heard it, unanimously, as far as I know, pronounced to be, in elegance, in range, in flexibility and adroit

transition, in depth, in cordiality, and in moral aim, altogether admirable; surprising and cheerful as a poem, and communicating its own civility and elevation like a charm to all hearers. . . . She poured a stream of amber over the endless store of private anecdotes, of bosom histories, which her wonderful persuasion drew forth, and transfigured them into fine fables. Whilst she embellished the moment, her conversation had the merit of being solid and true.”—Vol. ii. p. 3.

In 1835 she was introduced to Miss Martineau, whilst she was on a visit to her friend Mrs. Farrar. She rapidly passed with that eccentric lady “the barrier that separates acquaintance from friendship,” and whilst they were sitting together in church, put up a rapturous thanksgiving, beginning “Author of all good, Source of all beauty and holiness, thanks to Thee for the purifying elevating communion that I have enjoyed with this elevated and beloved being.” Those who have only known Miss Martineau through the medium of her latter writings, would be apt to doubt the purifying effects of communion with her. Margaret herself was somewhat disenchanted when her book on America came out; and wrote her a long letter of criticism upon its prejudices and intemperance of language. In this same year, Margaret was attacked by a severe fever. Her father came to her bed-side, in the course of it, and said to her, “My dear, I have been thinking of you in the night, and cannot remember that you have any faults. You have defects, of course, as all mortals have, but I do not know that you have a single fault.” These words from one who, upon principle, had always abstained from praising her, or, indeed, any of his children in their presence, and the deep thankfulness he evinced on her recovery, were treasured up in her heart; and she had soon need of the consolation their recollection afforded, for very shortly after, the revered parent to whom she owed so much of her mental culture, was attacked with cholera, and expired on the second day of his suffering under it.

Her first thought, after the amazement of her grief was passed, was how far she could supply his place.

“I have prayed to God,” says she, “that duty may now be the first object, and self set aside. May I have light and strength to do what is right, in the highest sense, for my mother, brothers, and sister.”—Vol. i. p. 203.

And now it is that Margaret Fuller's real excellence of character appears. For the

fulfilment of the duties she had solemnly taken upon herself, she relinquished the object which had formed the vision of her life; and that was to visit Europe, "its scholars, libraries, lectures, galleries of art, museums of science, antiquities, and historic scenes:" to the realization of which she had long looked, not only for the vast field of inquiry and thought it would lay open to her mind, but also as facilitating to her the means of turning her acquisitions to account in the way of authorship.

The opportunity at last seemed to present itself under the fairest auspices; for it was to accompany two of her warmest and best friends, Mr. and Mrs. Farrar, with the pleasure, in addition, of Miss Martineau's society. Yet this long anticipated delight she unrepiningly renounced; because she feared the sum she should require for it would be more than her family could spare as they were then situated; yet she had been promised it by her father, expressly for the purpose; and had, indeed, justly earned it, in devoting her time to the instruction of her brothers, by way of counterbalance, in order to spare the expense of other tuition for them. Ten years later she accomplished the object she had so passionately desired, and which, alas! terminated in her finding her grave beneath the billows that were to have borne her back, exultant, a happy wife and a mother, to her native shore.

The intervening period was passed by her in exemplary exertions for the honorable maintenance of her family and herself. She resided chiefly in Boston, where she gave lessons in Latin and French in Mr. Alcott's then flourishing school, and had classes of young ladies in French, German, and Italian. She also, during these years published her "Summer on the Lakes," "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," besides several translations from the German, and contributing largely to the *Dial* and *Tribune*, two publications of considerable note in their day.

The Athenæum Library and Museum of Boston were a fund of intellectual wealth to her, and she deeply felt the exalting influence of the study of Greek art, and the Italian masters, though only through the imperfect medium of casts and engravings. She likewise there founded a "Ladies' Conversazione," which the force of her eloquence and influence managed to keep alive for six years, in weekly meetings, at which were constellated, from time to time, all the females most distinguished for talent, worth, and beauty, in the place. The subjects discussed, how-

ever, would not, we should imagine, long have held a similar assembly together in London.

"The first day's topic," we are informed, "was the genealogy of heaven and earth; the Will, (Jupiter); the Understanding, (Mercury): the second day's was the celestial inspiration of genius, perception and transmission of divine law (Apollo); the terrene inspiration, the impassioned abandonment of genius (Bacchus). Of the thunderbolt, the caduceus, the ray, and the grape, having disposed, as well as might be, we came to the wave, and the sea-shell it moulds to Beauty, and Love, her parent and her child."—Vol. ii. p. 139.

To these succeeded "Mythology," "The Fine Arts," "What is life?" "Is the Ideal first or last?" and other mysterious themes, discussed in the transcendental style then as fashionable in America as *Euphuism* was in our own country in the days of Elizabeth; and, if we may venture to say so, probably attended with as useful results. They served, however, to spread the name and fame of Margaret Fuller far and wide in her own country; the present offered no one to equal, the *past* no one to compare with her; nor was it believed that the future would produce any one superior to her. Indeed, she seems to have formed an estimate of herself on pretty much the same scale,—

"I now know all the people worth knowing in America," says she, in a letter to one of her friends, "and I find no intellect comparable to my own."

The same opinion is repeated by her in various ways, with an openness that almost disarms criticism. We will now, therefore, bear her away, in the zenith of her fame, to London, "the grave of so many celebrities," and thence to the classic land of which she had nursed such waking dreams of inspiration, and where she was destined to find all the warmest affections of her heart called forth and satisfied.

Margaret Fuller, during her short stay in England, saw many characters well known in the literary world, and describes them in her letters to her friends with her usual discernment and felicity of expression. Her portraiture of Carlyle, one of her almost idolized writers, before she "wearied" of him is excellent. She complains, however, that his habit and power of haranguing was such, that the unfortunate listener whom he once got hold of, became a perfect prisoner.

"To interrupt him," she says, "is a physical impossibility. If you get a chance to

remonstrate for a moment, he raises his voice, and bears you down."—Vol. iii. p. 99.

At Paris she sees Fourier, George Sand, La Mennais, and others; her accounts of whom we regret that our limits do not allow us to give. Her remarks from Rome are remarkably scanty and barren, considering the exciting period in which she arrived there,—the spring of 1847. She had at this time one hundred correspondents; for next to conversation, her intellect expanded most in letter-writing, and it is singular that the extracts from the epistles they must have called forth, amid so much room for reflection, should have been dealt out with such niggard hands. To us, however, the remembrance of our personal acquaintance with her, which began at this period, enables us to fill up the blanks in her written communications. She introduced herself to us with ease of manner, and total absence of pretension, by delivering to us a letter from a mutual friend. Her personal appearance was not in her favor; it is truly depicted by Emerson, who owns that at first it prejudiced him against her, but who was afterwards drawn towards her in the closest bonds of a friendship that knew no interruption.

"She was," says he, "rather under the middle height; her complexion was fair, with strong, fair hair. She was then, as always, carefully and becomingly dressed, and of lady-like self-possession. For the rest her appearance had nothing prepossessing. Her extreme plainness, a trick of incessantly opening and shutting her eye-lids, the nasal tone of the voice,—all repelled; and I said to myself, we shall never get far. It is to be said, that Margaret made a disagreeable first impression on most persons, including those who became afterwards her best friends, to such an extreme that they did not wish to be in the same room with her. This was partly the effect of her manners, which expressed an overweening sense of power, and slight esteem of others, and partly the prejudice of her fame."—Vol. i. p. 268.

A curious mode she had of lifting up her upper lip when she spoke, and the American *twang* in which her opinions were delivered, were to us the most repellant of her peculiarities; but we soon lost sight of them all in the lovely qualities of heart which unfolded themselves to us, as we became more and more acquainted with her. We saw nothing of the self-exaltation, the thirst for distinction and excitement, the dictatorial tone that her letters and conversations display, in the early part of her memoirs. It is evident that her

character underwent a great change in Italy. Arriving there at a most stirring and eventful period, the petty politics and ambition of minor scenes in America lost their interest with her; in the contemplation of the noble characters around her, she ceased so continually to analyze her own. She saw, and acknowledged it with her accustomed candor, many Italian ladies intellectually equal with herself, and far surpassing her in the acquired graces of society; every day, moreover, brought with it some event to interest her attention or excite her sympathies,—everything conspired to divert her from herself, but most of all the circumstance of her finding another *self*, much dearer to her than her own, in the gentle and amiable Marquis Ossoli, whom she first met by accident at St. Peter's where he introduced himself to her by an act of courtesy, in assisting her to find her party from which she had been accidentally separated. The acquaintance continued, and in a few months the young man, revering her talents, charmed with her *gentleness*, and sharing in all her views and hopes respecting Italy, offered her his hand. She refused it on account of the disparity of their ages, she being nearly ten years older than himself; but he was not discouraged,—he felt that she could no more relinquish him than he could relinquish her;—and he was right, for the love she had all her life desired, for which alone she had, like Madame de Stael, longed with passionate longing to be beautiful, this love once found, was not to be parted with. He renewed his suit, and was accepted. The marriage, which took place in Dec. 1847, was kept secret, both from political and economical motives; and the son who was the fruit of it, was born at Rieti in the September following. Never were holy hope sweet love, and patient heroism more beautifully set forth than in Margaret and her husband, under circumstances that must inevitably have chilled the selfish, and appalled the timid; never were feelings of wife and mother more touchingly described. Little did we think, when we were admiring the courage with which she spoke of the thick-coming dangers in which the base attack of the French upon Rome threatened to involve all who had advocated its noble struggle for freedom; when we were paying homage to the exquisite tenderness and unwearied attention she showed night and day, to the wounded and the sick in the Hospital *Fate Bene Fratelli*, to which she was appointed by the Princess Belgioso; little did we think when we saw in her the same sweet smile,

radiant with sympathy and goodness, that her poor heart was torn by the dread of finding, among those wounded, her own husband, who had taken his place with the defenders of Rome, at the gate of St. Pancrazio, and never left it till he saw the French enter it, triumphant in treachery and superiority of numbers,—that every fibre of that sensitive heart was wrung, moreover, with fears for her infant, forced as she was to leave him at the foot of the Umbrian Apennines at Rieti, amid a ferocious set of people, and with a treacherous and avaricious nurse, who threatened to abandon him, if she did not receive a certain sum at an appointed time.

All that Margaret says of herself, at this period, is so interesting, that we much regret our limits do not allow us to give it in full. It is beautiful to see the haranguer, the transcendentalist, the stickler for her sex's rights, that even maintained their *right* to be "sea captains," if they would—to see all this ferment of an unquiet though lofty soul, subsiding into holy gratitude for domestic peace, and affectionate appreciation for her husband's love, and of his unassuming merits. She thus describes him to her mother:—

"He is not in any respect such a person as people in general would expect to find with me. He had no instructor except an old priest, who entirely neglected his education; and of all that is contained in books he is absolutely ignorant, and he has no enthusiasm of character. On the other hand, he has excellent practical sense; has been a judicious observer of all that passed before his eyes; has a nice sense of duty, which, in its unflinching, minute activity, may put most enthusiasts to shame; a very sweet temper, and great native refinement. His love for me has been unanswering and most tender. I have never suffered a pain that he could relieve. His devotion, when I am ill, is to be compared only with yours. His delicacy in trifles, his sweet domestic graces, remind me of E—. In him I have found a home, and one that interferes with no tie. Amid many ills and cares, we have had much joy together, in the sympathy with natural beauty,—with our child,—with all that is innocent and sweet." Vol. iii. p. 225.

To her friend the Marchioness Visconti Arconati, she writes thus of him:—"He has very little of what is called intellectual development, but unspoiled instincts, affections pure and constant, and a quiet sense of duty, which, to me, who have seen much of the great faults in characters of enthusiasm and genius, seems of highest value."

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But it is in speaking of her child that all the passionate emotions of her heart burst forth. Years before, she had written in her journal:—"O Father, give me a *bud on my tree of life*, so scathed by the lightning, and bowed by the frost * * * always before I have wanted a superior or equal, but now it seems that only the feeling of a parent for a child could exhaust the richness of one's soul." This treasure now secured to her, she says to her mother:—"What shall I say of my child! all might seem hyperbole, even to my dearest mother. In him I find satisfaction, for the first time, to the deep wants of my heart." A peaceful winter of the purest domestic happiness in Florence, followed the months of anguish which she had endured in Rome, during its last noble struggles. But the time drew near for her to see again her American home, where she hoped to publish her work on Italy, the loss of which is deeply to be regretted, and to gain thereby the means of increasing the comforts of her husband and her son. But here the narrative is too painful to those who knew the lamented subject of it; and to those who did not it may still only recall afflicting scenes, such as have too recently occurred in the loss of the Amazon.

Margaret with her husband and child sailed from Leghorn for New York, on the 17th of May, 1850, in the barque *Elizabeth*, commanded by Captain Hasty. Many gloomy presentiments had haunted her mind for some weeks before: Ossoli had been told when a boy, by a fortune-teller, to "beware of the sea," and it happened that, till then, he had never set his foot upon a vessel. "I am absurdly fearful," says she, "and various omens have combined to give me a dark feeling. * * * In case of mishap, however, I shall perish with my husband and my child;" again, "It seems to me that my future upon earth will soon close. I have a vague expectation of some crisis, I know not what."

The first few days of the voyage all went on prosperously; soft breezes swept the vessel tranquilly over the azure bosom of the Mediterranean. Margaret and her husband paced, arm in arm, the deck of their small ocean-home; their baby fondled the white goat which was to be his foster-parent, or, carried about in the arms of the captain, gazed on the spars and rigging and swelling sails: but alas! this kind captain was taken ill of the confluent small-pox, and died off Gibraltar. The baby caught the disease, and exhibited it in all its frightful forms. His life was despaired of, but the incessant

care of his parents preserved him to them, and once more joy and thankfulness filled their bosoms. "Slowly, yet peacefully, pass the long summer days, the mellow moonlit nights; slowly, and with even flight, the good *Elizabeth*, under gentle airs from the tropics, bears them safely onward. Four thousand miles of ocean lie behind; they are nearly home."—Vol. iii. p. 320.

On Thursday the 15th, at noon, the *Elizabeth* was off the Jersey coast, between Cape May and Barnegat, and so confident was the commanding officer of safety, that he promised his passengers to land them early in the morning at New York. That same promised morn the *Elizabeth*, driven by the combined force of currents and tempest towards the sand-bars of Long Island, struck at four o'clock, on Fire Island beach. We will not dwell on the painful incidents that followed. Margaret refused to the last to be separated from her husband and child. Twelve hours were passed by them in communion, face to face, with death. The final moment came, and the prayer was granted, breathed by Margaret before they embarked, that in

case of any fatal mischance, Ossoli, Angelo, and herself might go together, "and that the anguish might be brief."

Thus untimely perished a woman who by her strength of intellect and rectitude of principle, combined with her wonderful insight into character, and her warmth of sympathy, obtained a wider range of personal influence than perhaps ever fell to the share of any other female, devoid, like herself, of beauty, wealth, or influential connections. Her early trials were loneliness of heart, and obstacles to the development of her genius; her later ones, narrowness of pecuniary means, doubly trying to a disposition munificent as hers, and uncertainty as to the power of turning her abilities to the account her circumstances required: but He who bestowed upon her the gold, granted her also the strength to bear the purifying process which was to separate it from its dross; and there can be little doubt that, had her life been spared, she would have afforded a still brighter example of female virtues, than she had given, in her most brilliant days, of female talent.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF THE STAGE.

The manager's avocation is extinct. He has performed his last act as a theatrical autocrat, and his professional career, with all its ephemeral glories, its anxieties, responsibilities, and vicissitudes, is now numbered among the things that were.

"Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile tempus
Dardaniz. Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium, et ingens
Gloria Teucorum."

The partnership so long subsisting between the late manager and the public is dissolved by mutual consent, and he feels that he has already advanced a good step on the way towards "dusty" oblivion. Yet it may not be unbecoming, before his reign is entirely forgotten, to address a few words, as a parting "*Envoy*," to his former friends and patrons, in perfect good-will, and adopting the appropriate language of Hamlet to say—

"I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
Each as his business and desire may point him."

The ex-potentate subsides, after many years of active toil, not as the superannuated veterans do in the law courts and *civil* government offices, on a snug retiring pension, "loaded with wealth and honors bravely won;" but, alas! with an attenuated exchequer, a constitution a little the worse for wear, a well-replenished budget of reminiscences, and an overflowing stock of experience. Of all human possessions or acquisitions, the last-named commodity is perhaps the least marketable. It would fetch but a low price in the Incumbered Estates Court, and may as well voluntarily consign itself to the half-pay list, as certain never again to be called into active service. Experience is a useless superfluity, whistled off as an unprofitable waste of time, in an age so fast as the present, when the veriest tyro in every craft springs forth at once in the perfection of a master, without the fatigue of apprenticeship; as Minerva issued from the head of

Jupiter, in complete panoply, and in full maturity of wisdom.

The dramatic monarch abdicates his uneasy throne, and lays down forever the mimic sceptre, after a chequered reign of twenty-one years; but the leaves of his portfolio are not exhausted, and he still retains enough of tediousness to bestow on such indulgent readers as may be disposed to bear with the same. After this brief explanatory exordium, let us, then, in compliance with the Horatian precept, plunge at once "*in medias res*." The "*facundia*," or superabundance, which the poet promises under particular conditions, may be easily inflicted, while the "*lucidus ordo*," or connected series, will perhaps scarcely be looked for in a mere desultory compilation.

Anecdotes are always popular and entertaining, but seldom authentic. Your professed anecdote-hunter is a dangerous individual to depend on, or quote from. Half of what he writes is usually invention, and the other half embellishment. He is, in fact, a clatrap actor, ready at any time to yield up the sense for the applause, or to set aside the sober truth for a brilliant period or an epigrammatic point. Let us look for a few instances, by way of illustration. How often have we read that when the great Duke of Marlborough was observed to shed tears at the imaginary woes of Indiana, in Sir Richard Steele's *comédie larmoyante* of *The Conscious Lovers*, it was remarked by the bystanders "that he would fight none the worse for that." Now, how stands the fact? The case breaks down on the most conclusive of all evidences, when proved—an *alibi*. The illustrious warrior died a few months before the play was produced, and was thus clearly otherwise engaged, added to which, his fighting days were over long before his death, and the last years of his existence passed in strict domestic privacy, and were clouded by mental prostration.*

* "From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow."—*Dr. Johnson*. This is, to a considerable extent, a poetic exaggeration. His mind was shaken at intervals by the effects of palsy; but he was not a drivelling dotard. He was only seventy-two when he died. It is a remarkable contrast that Marlborough had attained the ripe age of fifty-two before he won his first great victory, Blenheim; while Wellington terminated his unmatched career, with the crowning glory of Waterloo, at the vigorous manhood of forty-six. Napoleon, the Marquis of Anglesca, and Marshal Soult, were also of the same age; all four born in the year 1769. Cæsar wept at thirty-five, to think that he had done nothing at an age, prior to which Alexander had conquered half the world.

Voltaire, in his "Universal History" (a farrago of lies), records gravely that the French knights of the army of Philip Augustus, after the taking of Ptolemais, gave a grand ball, to which the captive Saracen ladies were all invited. When remonstrated with on the outrageous absurdity of this anecdote, he replied, "Bah! who can contradict it? And, besides, all the world knows that the French dance everywhere." "Dailleurs, tout le monde connoit que les Français dansent partout." Another time a friend took home a volume of the "Universal History," corrected a single chapter, and detected more than twenty gross misstatements. He showed it to Voltaire, who admitted the charge, but said coolly, "Which reads best, yours or mine?" His pretended histories are mere tales of imagination, more fanciful than "Zadig," "The Princess of Babylon," or "The White Bull."

This same unscrupulous wit, in describing the Battle of Fontenoy, says that "in the heat of the action, when the smoke of the artillery cleared away for a few moments, the English guards, commanded by Lord Mark Kerr, found themselves opposed to the French guards, and within a few paces. Lord Mark stepped out from the ranks, and politely saluting the French Colonel, said, 'Messieurs des Gardes Français, tirez!' 'C'est impossible,' replied the French commandant, with a shrug and a profound bow, 'nous ne tirons jamais les premiers!' 'Al-lons donc,' rejoined Lord Mark, 'il faut donner ensemble!' Both parties poured in a deadly volley, and down went some scores of the bravest soldiers in the world." All this is sheer romance and ultra-fabulism. As well might we believe a chronicler of Waterloo, who should tell us that when the French cavalry attempted to break the English squares in a desperate charge, and were foiled, the English opposed nothing but passive resistance, and said with all possible civility, "Gentlemen Curassiers, don't come this way again, or we shall be compelled to fire on you." The following is the true verdict of Fontenoy:—The French Guards were out of the thick of the combat, protecting the person of the King, who was on the ground, but assumed no command. When the English column of 12,000 men made their desperate advance against the centre of an army of 120,000, Marshal Saxe despaired of the victory, and sent advice to the King to leave the field. The gallantry of the Irish Brigade in the French service wrested the laurel from the obstinate valor of the English, who were

finally compelled to retire. The bad generalship of the Duke of Cumberland, the cowardice of the Dutch, who ran away, and the tardy advance of the Austrians, completed the disaster. The Lord Mark Kerr here mentioned, was a good, but eccentric officer, and a terrible duellist. His *début* was very remarkable. He was a lad of slight, effeminate appearance, and apparently void of spirit. His father, the Marquis of Lothian, when he brought him up to London to join his regiment, the Coldstream Guards, requested the Colonel, who was his particular friend, to watch over him, to see that he submitted to no improper liberties, and to instruct him in the way he should go, in case he had the misfortune to be insulted. Those were the days of hard drinking, "prodigious swearing," according to my Uncle Toby, and much brutality of manners. The pacific young scion of nobility soon became a butt at the mess, a stock-peg to hang their practical jokes on, until, at last, a captain of some year's standing, actually threw a glass of wine in his face. He still said nothing, but quietly wiped his face with his pocket-handkerchief, and took no further notice. The Colonel thought it was high time to interfere, and invited him to breakfast, *tête-à-tête*, on the following morning, at nine o'clock. Lord Mark arrived punctually, ate his breakfast with perfect composure, and spoke but little. At length the Commanding Officer broke ground:—

"Lord Mark," said he, "I must speak to you on rather a delicate subject, but as your father's friend, I am compelled to waive ceremony. Captain L—, yesterday evening, publicly passed an affront on you, which both your own honor and the credit of the regiment require you to notice."

"What do you think, Sir, I ought to do?" quietly inquired Lord Mark.

"Call on him for an explanation," rejoined the Colonel.

"It is, I fear, rather too late for that," replied the young Ensign; "I shot him at eight this morning, and if you will take the trouble of looking out of the front window, you will see him on a shutter!"

"A thousand pardons, my dear young friend," said the Colonel. "I shall never again presume to meddle in your private affairs; I see you understand thoroughly how to regulate them."

Lord Byron sings in "*Childe Harold*," in imperishable verse, how the so-called Convention of Cintra was negotiated in the pal-

ace of the Marquis of Marialva, at that place; and the ingenious author of the "*Diary of an Invalid*," improving on the story, detected on the table the stains of ink, spilt by Junot on the occasion. The accurate Napier ("*Peninsular War*") destroys both fables, by showing to a demonstration, that the preliminaries, details, and all particulars connected with the treaty, were discussed and arranged at a distance of twenty miles from Cintra, and had no more connection with the abode of the Marquis of Marialva, than with the imaginary Promontory of Noses, to which the traveler on the dun-colored mule, with the huge proboscis, was bound, in Sterne's indecent rhapsody.

Bernard, in his "*Retrospections of the Stage*," informs us, that the Earl Conyngham of his time, a highly accomplished nobleman, an enthusiastic admirer of theatricals, and one of his most distinguished patrons, told him, in conversation, that he remembered, in his early days, seeing Garrick and Quin play *Cassius* and *Brutus* in *Julius Caesar*, and described the effect of the quarrel scene, by this powerful image:—"Quin resembled a solid three-decker, lying quiet, and scorning to fire; but with the evident power, if put forth, of sending its antagonist to the bottom. Garrick, a frigate running round it, attempting to grapple, and every moment threatening an explosion that would destroy both." The description is graphic; distinguishing well the characteristic styles of the two great theatrical leviathans; and the anecdote is too racy to be lost. Accordingly, Galt, in his "*Life of Quin*," reiterates it on the faith of Bernard. But the whole story is imaginary. Bernard compiled his "*Reminiscences*" at seventy, and Lord Conyngham probably prattled to him when equally ancient. Age excuses and accounts for lapses of memory and confusion of incidents. Garrick and Quin, during the only season when they appeared together (at Covent Garden in 1746, 1747), never performed in *Julius Caesar*, nor did Garrick ever enact *Cassius* in his life. He once thought of doing so, had the part copied by the prompter, and transcribed the character from Bayle, with his own hand. But he gave up the idea, and abandoned the production of the play. Perhaps he threw away an opportunity. *Cassius* would have well suited his fiery, expressive, animated style; his habitual rapidity and vehemence of action in scenes of passion. He never willingly assumed the Roman costume, for which his figure wanted altitude, and he was but

coldly received in *Virginus*,* in a new tragedy by Crisp, and also in Mark Antony, in his own and Capell's adaptation of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. Crisp's tragedy of *Virginia* was repeated eleven times, and *Antony and Cleopatra* only six.

Galt's "Lives of the Players" are well supplied with errors and misapplied anecdotes, evidently compiled in a hurry, and from insufficient materials. Splenetic and opinionative, without much original thought, or elegance of diction, he says ("Life of Garrick") that in 1748, Garrick brought out *Venice Preserved* at Drury Lane, with the advantage of Quin in Pierre; but he falling ill, Barry became his substitute, and did not equal him in the character. Where did he pick up this information? Quin was never engaged under Garrick's management at Drury Lane, neither did they ever appear together in *Venice Preserved*. They were going to do so, during the rivalry at Covent Garden, for Quin's benefit, but Garrick then declined undertaking Jaffier, on the score of ill-health. Davies ("Life of Garrick") says Garrick refused to act Pierre with Barry in 1748. "I will not," says Roscius, "bully the monument." The anecdote dies of itself, as Barry did not act Jaffier in London for several years after, when Garrick had long given up the part of Pierre. All these facts, as I have corrected them, are tested by the series of play-bills preserved in the British Museum, and corroborated by Genest, in an extremely correct account of the English Stage, from 1600 to 1830, collected almost entirely from authentic files of printed bills. Murphy is even careless enough to assert that in the *Orphan* Quin acted Sciolto, and Garrick, Chamont. They never acted in this play together, neither does it contain any such character as Sciolto, which belongs to the *Fair Penitent*. It is necessary to be as cautious in swallowing light literary food, as in physical diet. All these voluntary errors, we have here selected from a host of others, are unpardonable. A mere joke, or a table-story, may sometimes pass muster on doubtful authority. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato*, as the Italian pro-

verb reconciles apocryphal witticisms; but where matters of fact are concerned, "there is no reason" (says Genest) "why the history of the stage should not be written with the same accuracy as the history of England." Certainly, none whatever; and when compared with some histories of England, of average reputation, neither may bear more semblance to truth than the horrible decoctions usually retailed as port and sherry, bear to the produce of the noble vintages they so foully misrepresent.

Galt gravely asserts that Henderson and Miss Farren appeared at the Haymarket in *Shylock*, and Miss Harcastle, on the 10th of June, 1776—two long comedies on the same evening. They appeared successively on the 10th and 11th of June in that year. He retails, too, some very stale anecdotes of Quin, which have figured by prescription in many jest-books. Among others, the well-known story of how he and Garrick were only able to get one chair between them on a wet night. "Give me the chair," growled Apemantus, "and thrust little Davy into the lantern." But he halts there, and omits the ready rejoinder of Garrick, which forms the point and climax—"I shall be proud to give Mr. Quin light in anything." He also fathers on Quin a pungent repartee of much later date, undoubtedly belonging to Dr. Johnson, and which loses all its character when taken from the rightful owner:—"Come, old gentleman," said a gay and flippant red-coat, "lay aside your gravity and ponderous wisdom for once, and say, what would you give to be as young and as merry as I am?" "Sir," replied the sage, "I would almost consent to be as foolish." As we have abstracted from Quin's budget a sample which does not belong to him, let us square accounts, by giving him one in place of it, really his own, and which we believe has never before appeared in print. During one of his annual visits to Devonshire, for the double purpose of relaxation, and gorging on John Dory, he stopped at an inn where he had no expectation of being bled unmercifully. With this idea, he gave them *carte blanche*, and fed full on the fat of the land. But when he called for his bill, the exorbitance of the charges deprived him of his breath and temper together. He, however, paid it with a heavy growl, and stepped into his chaise. In those days it was next to impossible to travel a hundred miles in England, on any high-road, without being laid under contribution by the gentlemen of the pad. Just as the postillions were driving

* Murphy says that Garrick carried the play through by one overpowering point, and electrified the audience by the intense manner in which he replied to Appius, in these two simple words, "Thou traitor!" Similar effects are of rare occurrence with modern audiences; but it is true, we have few Garricks. Murphy's Life is not to be received as an authority. Crisp, in his tragedy, makes Appius propose to marry Virginia.

off, Quin called to them to stop—let down the window, and beckoned the landlord over to him, who was standing at his door, bowing and cringing with profound servility. "You may as well," said Quin, "give me the pass-word, before I start!" "The pass-word, Sir! what pass-word?" "Why the pass-word, to be sure, that in case I should be stopped on the road, they may know I have been robbed already!"

Sir John Hawkins, in a "Life of Dr. Johnson," which nobody reads now, a collection of heavy anecdotes, carelessly strung together, says, that when Garrick was proposed a member, on the formation of "the Club," the Doctor objected, saying, "the fellow will disturb us by his buffooneries;" and quoted Pope's line, let us enjoy ourselves, "unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player." According to this authority Garrick was never elected. Now, although there is some foundation for the story as to Dr. Johnson making the objection named at first, he afterwards withdrew it, and warmly seconded the nomination of Garrick, who remained for many years, until his death, one of their most brilliant members. We could multiply these "errata" until they become interminable as a suit in Chancery in the last century; but we have already tired the patience of our readers, and hear more than one exclaim, "My worthy ex-manager, you are perpetrating *felo de se*. You promise us an olio of anecdotes, and preludize by invalidating their currency." Gently! most indulgent public! Remember there are exceptions to every general rule, and we hope to form a brilliant one in the present instance. As old Verdun, the butler, in *Lovers' Vows*, when asked if he has not some true verses, replies indignantly, "All my verses are true," so are we prepared to show, that all our forthcoming "notitia" have an authentic pedigree, and may be genealogically traced.

The Italian historian, Gregorio Leti, who came to reside in England during the reign of Charles II., soon began to employ himself in collecting materials for an Anecdotal History of the Court of the Merry Monarch. The subject was fertile in incident, but likely to be very objectionable in substance. The King, observing him one day at a levee, asked him how his book went on; "for," said his Majesty, "I understand you intend to deal largely in anecdotes of the English Court; take care there be no offence." "Sire," answered the Italian, "I will do what I can, and will be as careful as possible; but if a man were as wise as Solomon, he could hardly

publish historical anecdotes without giving some offence." "Why, then," retorted Charles, "do you be as wise as Solomon; write proverbs, and leave history and anecdotes alone." It would have been well for Leti had he followed this sound advice from one of whom it is recorded, in a well-known epigram, that "he never said a foolish thing." But he followed his own bent instead, and published his book under the title of "Teatro Britannico." It gave very outrageous offence, and raised such a clamor about his ears, that he was ordered to quit the kingdom, which he forthwith did, and betook himself to Amsterdam, where he died in 1701. This same Gregorio Leti, however defective as a chronicler, is entitled to the praise of a most industrious laborer, in more fields than one. He boasted that for twenty consecutive years, without intermission, he presented the world annually with a child and a volume. As a writer of history, his authority is naught. His works of this class are too much overloaded with error and fiction, to rank above ingenious romances. But many of his anecdotes are infinitely *piquant* and amusing; in all probability they are founded on truth, which may account for their being so ill-received. All compilers and retailers of anecdotes, particularly personal "Ana," should continually keep an eye on the caution which Leti neglected.

In Voltaire's Tragedy of *Merope*, the successful soldier and usurping monarch, Poliphonte, justifies his position and pretensions in the following emphatic sentences:—

"Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux—
Qui sert bien son pays, n'a pas besoin d'aïeux;
Je crois valoir au moins les rois que j'ai vaincus!"*

Napoleon was very fond of quoting these lines, in direct application to his own career. The Parisian pit adopted the same view, and whenever the passage was repeated on the stage, more particularly if he happened to be present, they rose *en masse*, and acknowledged the identification with tumultuous wavings of hats and handkerchiefs, and reiterated shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" The Emperor bowed again and again, and all abandoned themselves to a *furor* of excitement for several minutes. A sober Englishman cannot conceive the frenzy of a French parterre, under such circumstances. In 1814,

* The first monarch was a successful soldier. He who serves his country well has no need of ancestors; and I think, at least, I am as good as the kings I have conquered.

soon after the abdication of Fontainebleau, and during the first occupation of Paris by the Allies, while Louis XVIII. was yet "le désiré," and before he had merged into "l'inévitable," he came in full state, on one particular evening, to the Theatre Français. The play commanded happened to be *Méropé*. The director recollected the inappropriate passage. The actor of Poliphonte (it was either Lafont or St. Prix) was instructed to cut the lines out altogether. He felt himself in "a fix," as Jonathan phrases it. It was more than probable the audience would perceive the omission, and insist on the speech. He had been a pensioner and favorite of the ex-Emperor, so he determined to have his fling, let the consequences be what they might. He kept his own counsel, and when the time arrived, instead of obeying orders, he advanced boldly to the foot-lights, looked the pit full in the face, and enunciated the interdicted sentiments with unusual point and emphasis. There was a momentary pause. The house was crowded by a heterogeneous mass—Royalists and Imperialists, French, Austrians, Russians, Prussians, and English travelers, who had rushed madly over, on the first opening of the Continent. All appeared taken by surprise. They drew a long breath, and then, in another moment, there arose, not a shout, but a yell of "Vive l'Empereur," in which the greater portion of the house joined, as if carried away headlong by an impulse they could not resist. The English, and some of the other foreigners present, stared at one another, and wondered what would come next. In the meantime, Louis the Unwieldy, and suite, scuttled out of the royal box, and retired to an ante-room. The manager ordered the curtain to be dropped, and the performance was suspended. In less than five minutes a formidable posse of *gens d'armes* cleared the pit, who were the greatest offenders, and closed the doors. About ten minutes' interval elapsed, when they were opened again, and a fresh audience admitted. The royal party returned, a little crest-fallen; the curtain drew up a second time, the offending Poliphonte was escorted to the Conciergerie, his place supplied by a substitute, and all went on to the end as if no interruption had occurred. The next day none of the journals ventured to mention the circumstance, which passed off without comment or consequence, apparently unknown to all except the audience then and there assembled, of which total the writer formed an insignificant unit. They certainly do, or did, get over exciting incidents in France with

wonderful ease and *nonchalance*. Take, for example, a public execution, which drives the usually placid Bull into a state of intoxicating curiosity, which unfits him for rational business for at least twenty-four hours. In France a guillotine is quietly erected in the market-place over-night. Nobody takes much notice of it in the morning. The usual frequenters are there, preparing for their ordinary avocations. The patient, as they call the criminal, is brought out, a few minutes suffice for all preliminaries, the ceremony is gone through, a little sawdust is sprinkled, the cart drives away, the ill-looking machine disappears, and in a quarter of an hour the proceedings of the day go on as if nothing had interfered.

Not long after the occurrence of the incident above related, when Louis XVIII. happened to be again at the theatre, an orange was thrown on the stage from the pit, apparently hollow, with a folded paper appearing from the inside. The actor near whom it fell was vociferously called on to take up the orange, and read the paper. He did so, opened the paper, which contained a *louis d'or*, and read aloud the following inscription, "Prenez le Louis, et jetez L'ecorce." Keep the *Louis*, and throw away the *rind*, or *Corsican*, as applied to Napoleon. On this occasion the Bourbon fever was in the ascendant; the audience took the allusion, and cheered with all becoming loyalty. The French are much happier, quicker, and neater than we are in such pointed, epigrammatic sentences, to which their easy language adapts itself with more grace than the unbending Saxon will permit. A new actor from Brussels was making a wearisome *debut* in Paris to a yawning audience, when he paused in a soliloquy, on this unlucky line, "Dans cet embarras, quel parti dois-je prendre?" A wag in the pit settled the question, by answering, before he could proceed, "Prenez la Poste, et retournez en Flandre." Another time, Le Kain, the great tragic actor, in one of his favorite characters, addressed his confidant (who, in the memory of the oldest play-goer, had never appeared in a change of costume) as follows, in the language of the author:—

"Enfin, apres dix ans d'absence je te revois, Arbate!"

Here he was interrupted by a voice, from front of the house, which exclaimed:—

"Dans le même habit, et avec la même cravate."

When the English Company gave their first representation of *Macbeth*, in Paris, the pit listened in wonder and profound attention to the acknowledged masterpiece of "Le divin Shakspeare." In the caldron scene, when the witches wind up their diabolical *olla podrida* with the following climax—

"Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our caldron,"

an enthusiastic listener, who was following every line, and every successive component of the "hell broth" with intense attention, exclaimed, audibly, "Oh! ciel! quelle melange!" Heavens! what a mixture!

The humor of the Dublin galleries was long proverbial. It went out with the whiskey, and has been superseded by the police, by propriety, politics, and poverty—poverty of wit, engendered by vacuity of purse. Nothing checks the play of imagination more effectually than empty pockets. The present generation has witnessed few specimens of this rich national exuberance, which, though sometimes a little overcharged, was irresistibly characteristic and amusing. In twenty-seven years, many a tough contest I have held with those merry Olympians, but we never parted except on good terms, and in their wildest moods, a well-timed joke always ensured the victory. No man ever understood this principle, in addressing a mixed audience, more profoundly than the late Daniel O'Connell. He invariably threw in a laugh, as soon as possible, which smoothed the road for all subsequent arguments. Prosy matter-of-fact orators of the Hume and Cobden school, lose much by not following this plan of tactics.

When Charles Kean appeared in Dublin, as a mere stripling, on the 21st of April, 1828, soon after his first essay at Drury Lane, he was, as might have been expected, enthusiastically received. At the end of the play (*Douglas*) he was unanimously called for, and being accustomed in London to bow in silence and retire, he naturally thought the same pantomimic acknowledgment would suffice elsewhere. Most unexpectedly, he was greeted by a general demand for "a speech." Completely taken by surprise, he hemmed and hawed for a little, then looked gratitude, placed his hand on his breast, and stammered out some sentences, nearly as intelligible as the following:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I am deeply sensible of your being—that is, of my being quite unprepared—overwhelming kindness—incapable

of thanks—totally unmerited—never to be effaced." Here a friendly auditor cried out, "That will do, Charley, go home to your mother," which produced universal applause, during which he bowed himself off. As he disappeared at the wing, and the applause was dying away, a stentorian shout arose of "Three cheers for Charles Kean's speech," which was responded to with overpowering effect.

On an occasion when the galleries were overcrowded on a benefit night, a loud clamor arose for relief or more accommodation. After becoming diplomatic delay, the tardy manager appeared, and addressed them with the usual formula, "What is your pleasure?" "None at all," shouted a dozen at once, "but a d—d sight of pain, for we're all smothering here!" Different audiences have their peculiar modes of expressing satisfaction or disgust, the usual symbols being applause or hissing, and sometimes general somnolency. "You see they don't hiss," said a disciple of Voltaire, who had accompanied his pupil to witness the expected damnation of his first tragedy, which the cynical wit had confidently predicted; "you are mistaken, there is not a single hiss." "Not at present," replied Voltaire, "for they are all asleep." An intimate friend of mine, whom I knew to be decidedly untheatrical, once surprised me by occupying a snug corner in a stage-box for several successive months. He was seldom absent, no matter how often the same performances were repeated, always alone, and appeared to be entirely absorbed in attending to the business of the scene. I met him one day, and congratulated him on his improved taste, and on his having become so good a customer. "Oh!" said he, "I don't lay claim to much merit on either score, for you never see my money, and I seldom see or hear much of the performance. The fact is, I have had a debenture ticket given to me for the season, and I never enjoyed a sound nap as I do in that delightful corner of the stage-box. Your theatre is admirably conducted, and ought to succeed."

I once had a troublesome customer removed from a thin pit, who had amused himself, and disturbed the rest of the audience for some time, by lying nearly at full length, and hissing and applauding every speech from every actor at the same time. When interrogated the next day by the magistrate at the local office, as to why he had thus interrupted the performance, he said, "he didn't know; he meant no offence; but

he had always understood any one who paid his money in a theatre had a right to hiss or applaud according as he pleased; and he thought the fairest way of exercising his privilege was to keep on doing both together."

Tyrone Power was, perhaps, the most universal favorite who ever trod the Dublin boards; but he once fell out with the galleries for refusing to give them the "Groves of Blarney," which not being in the bill, was contrary to rule. They submitted with a bad grace, but renewed the call on his first appearance fifteen months after, during which interval he had traversed the entire extent of the United States. The never-yielded-to cry for "Garryowen" has been persevered in, within my own personal experience, for twenty-seven years, and had been a bone of contention for a quarter of a century before I first became acquainted with their humors.

A new piece by Power had not made a very successful impression; however, as usual, he was vociferously called for at the close, and announced it for repetition, with the customary plaudits. An anxious friend in the gallery called out, in a confidential tone, as he was retiring, "Tyrone! a word in private—don't take that for your benefit." In those days they had an indirect mode of *hinting* opinions which they considered less offensive than overt hostility. As thus, if Cobham was acting one of Warde's characters, after what he thought a great effect, they would cry, "A clap for Warde," in that particular speech, and *vice versa*. If a new piece bored them, we should soon hear, "A groan for the performance *ginirally*," or "cut it short," or "adjourn the debate *sine die*." But all this is over, and now they either husband their facetiousness for other purposes, or have exhausted the store entirely, or stay away altogether, or sit in dull indifference, or indulge in unintelligible clamor, for "lack of argument." But changed they are, and the change is not for the better as regards the vitality of the drama.

DAVID GARRICK AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

Of a man who lived so entirely for effect as Garrick did—whose private life was as much professional as his public one—who, in fact, was never happy without an attentive and applauding audience, whether at his own table, the table of his friends, or in Drury Lane Theatre—we might have expected a more complete, and much more entertaining biography than has yet been given to us. Some years since his correspondence

was published in a voluminous and expensive form. It scarcely brings the price of waste paper, and disappointed the public as much as it did the publisher. Dr. Johnson, who, although he delighted in teasing Garrick, by undervaluing the art he was justly proud of, and spoke slightly of him, never would suffer any one else to do so in his presence. "If I choose to decry David, Sir, is that any reason why I should suffer you to do so?" This was his stern rebuke to more than one "triton of the minnows," who thought to curry favor with the leviathan by echoing his sentiments. When Garrick died Dr. Johnson caused it to be conveyed to his widow that, if she expressed a wish to that effect, he would edit the works, and write the life of his deceased friend. The lady, from whatever cause, remained silent, and the biography which, in beauty of composition, and literary value, might have rivaled the life of Savage, or Dryden, or Milton, fell to be executed into the hands of Davies and Murphy. The following anecdote has escaped the diligence of Boswell, and may be found in a note to Sir W. Forbes's "Life of Beattie." At Garrick's funeral, which moved in ostentatious display, attended by all that was dignified, in rank, wealth, and literature, from his residence in the Adelphi to Westminster Abbey, Dr. Johnson rode in the same coach with Sir William Jones, to whom, and the rest of his companions, he talked incessantly, as was his wont, his theme being an uninterrupted eulogium on the departed actor, both in his private and public capacity. "Garrick," said he, "to my knowledge, gave away more money than any man in England, with the same means. He was proud of his profession, and he had a right to be so. Each owed much to the other. His profession made him rich, and he made his profession respectable."

Garrick's character was admirably sketched by Goldsmith in "Retaliation," and his prevailing weakness particularly so in these two lines:—

"On the stage he was powerful, natural, affecting—
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting!"

There are three biographies of Garrick, independent of notices in dictionaries, annals, and epistolary correspondence. A life by Davies, published in 1786, reprinted with additional notes in 1808, and considered, for want of a better, the standard authority, although supplied with rather more than the usual average of misstatements. A second

by Murphy, in 1801, good-for-nothing; and a third by Galt, in his "Lives of the Players," in 1831—a meagre sketch, if possible of less value than that of Murphy. Cooke, in his "Life of Macklin," says, "When Garrick first undertook to play Bayes (which character he made a vehicle for imitations), he proposed to Giffard (the manager) to let him begin with him. Giffard, supposing that Garrick would just glance at him to countenance his mimicry of the rest, consented; but Garrick hit him off so truly, and made him so completely ridiculous, that Giffard, in a rage, sent him a challenge, which Garrick accepted. They met the next morning, when the latter was wounded in the sword-arm; the *Rehearsal* was advertised for the ensuing Saturday, but the duel intervening (which none but the parties and their seconds knew at that time; and very few ever since), the play was put off for a *fortnight* on account of the sudden indisposition of a principal performer. At the end of that interval it came out with imitations of some of the other actors, but Giffard was totally omitted." Cooke gives his anecdote without reference to the source from whence he derived it. Some part of it is certainly untrue, and the whole carries internal evidence of improbability. Little David, although petulant and irritable, was no Drawcansir, and would at any time have "explained," rather than betake himself to his tools. Those pestilent witnesses, the play-bills of the seasons, are extant to show that the *Rehearsal* never was put off for a fortnight from the indisposition of a principal performer, nor is it likely that Giffard, whose falling fortunes depended on the attraction of Garrick, would in a moment of pique call out, and disable the young phenomenon who was nightly drawing the fashionable world in crowds to Goodman's Fields, from the larger and until then more frequented houses at the West End. If so, managers were more personally sensitive a century ago than they are now, in this degenerate age; they cannot afford to go through the farce of calling out attractive stars. Garrick's imitation seriously injured Delane, Hale, and Ryan, actors who, until turned into ridicule, had stood high in the estimation of the public. Some years after Garrick gave up this practice, but was keenly alive to its injurious effects, when Foote threatened to give him to the public at second hand at the Haymarket, and Henderson indulged him with his own Benedick at a private breakfast. Imitation of the most perfect kind is a poor and spurious exercise of genius,

and has generally prevented those who indulge in it habitually from becoming first-rate actors. It is at best an exaggerated representation of excellence or infirmity. A highly-colored copy of the sepulchral asthma of John Kemble, the shrill, piercing tone of Cooke, the peculiar mannerism of Macready, or the husky passion of Edmund Kean, may take an audience by surprise, and cause them to laugh or applaud, but the represented caricature is injurious to the dignity of art, and scarcely less sacrilegious than a travesty of Shakspeare's noblest dramas.

Davies, the first biographer of Garrick, was a bookseller, with some slender pretensions to scholarship. He was also an actor in Garrick's company, belonging to the numerous species consigned as respectable—a class who weary the public, without exciting or satisfying them,* and might have been included in Horace's anathema against tolerable poets, as not to be permitted by gods, men, or newspapers:—

"Mediocribus esse poetis (vel actoribus)
Non homines, non Dii, non concessere columnæ."

Davies, in an evil hour, took up the additional trade of politics, with which an actor has no more occasion to meddle than a Highlander with a knee-buckle; and this drew on him the vengeance of Churchill, who perpetuated his insignificance as an actor in this pungent couplet of the Rosciad—

"Next came Tom Davies—and, upon my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife."

Even as Theodore Hook extinguished poor Alexander Lee in one of his after-dinner improvisations, when characterizing by some peculiarity the whole company—

"As to that gentleman there,
My memory cannot carry more,
Only to say, that he sits
Next to the Earl of Barrymore."

Davies' "Life" is little more than a dull register—a mere record of performances unenlivened by striking incident or adventure. The most interesting portion is the appendix, which contains a copy of Garrick's will, and a list of the characters in which he appeared. Much might be written now touching the

* His "Dramatic Miscellanies," in 2 vols. 8vo, 1784-5, consisting principally of critical notes and annotations of the most popular acting plays of Shakspeare, are not without passages of merit and acute observation.

great actor, his contemporaries, and the stage during the thirty years that he held the dramatic truncheon of command; but such a voluminous compilation would assuredly not pay, and would prove *caviare* to the million. Theatrical biographies are usually dull and monotonous, especially those of Frederick Reynolds and George Colman, which might have been expected to overflow with fun and anecdote. Actors, particularly the comic ones, are not remarkable (with some few exceptions) for conversational brilliancy. Their lives are generally barren of incident, passed in an unvarying routine; almost entirely engrossed between rehearsal in the morning, and performing at night. Their talk is too exclusively professional to be generally edifying or entertaining, and their campaigns are not much more eventful than the marchings and countermarchings of Major Sturgeon from Ealing to Acton, and from Acton to Ealing back again. Their vanity is also as peculiar as it is harmless. They fancy the world is incessantly occupied with them and their doings—that their most trifling proceedings are watched with intense anxiety, and that the planet sometimes actually pauses on its axis in wonder at their importance. I think it was Baron, the great French tragedian, who said, a tragic actor “ought to be born among princes, and nursed on the laps of queens.” Of him the following grand hyperbole is gravely recorded. In pronouncing the two lines—

“Et dans le même moment par une action severe,
Je l’ai vu rougir de honte, et pallir de colère,”

his panegyrist tells us that as he uttered the two words *rougir* and *pallir* his face alternately grew red and white. This was suiting “the action to the word” to an extent that Shakspeare never dreamed of—a muscular trickery quite impossible, and utterly absurd if it could be contrived. It may stand side by side with the still higher flight of a celebrated modern theatrical critic,* who, in a well-known essay, mentions that Garrick so studiously copied nature, that he acted King Lear on *crutches*, but threw them away to give more complete effect to the *great scene*. Where on earth did the ingenious essayist find his authority for this extravagance? Garrick used a stick in acting Lear, such as is carried to this day by Shylock, and Sir Giles Overreach, and other elderly characters, and for which Edmund Kean, and afterwards Macready, substituted a Saxon scap-

tre, or hunting-spear. When he came to the curse, which I suppose is what is implied by the great scene, he dashed down this stick, with his cap, and clasped his hands convulsively together, as he fell on his knees in the agony of passion. Henderson, John Kemble, and Young, who followed in succession, adopted the same stage business, as it is technically called, and which appears to have descended lineally from Garrick.

Garrick’s life, on the whole, must have been exceedingly agreeable. He suffered much in his latter days from painful infirmities, and his retirement in affluence and credit was cut short by the hand of death in three years, and at by no means an advanced age. He began to accumulate a fortune at an early period, and it went on continually increasing. His favor with the public never declined; and though he was always in dread of a rival, none ever shook his acknowledged supremacy. His labor was comparatively light, and his performances far less numerous than the drudgery of the modern stage imposes on a leading actor. He made two professional visits to Dublin before he became manager of Drury Lane; but, with the exception of the Irish metropolis, after his fame was once established, he never appeared in any theatre out of London. He was happy in his domestic life, although not blessed with children. He had enemies, and detractors, and waspish critics, who annoyed him more than he should have permitted. Macklin both spoke and wrote of him disparagingly. Tate Wilkinson records a specimen of his colloquial conversation, too coarse and vulgar for the pages of an otherwise respectable book; and Kenrick, whose hand, like Ishmael’s, was against everybody, provoked him by groundless insinuations, which were unworthy of notice. He had one or two riots in the theatre during a management of twenty-eight years, and sundry squabbles with the Clive and by the Ciber. But his term of existence was nearly all sunshine, darkened only by passing clouds. Few professional men have been so uniformly fortunate. That he deserved his good fortune is equally certain. With many trifling faults, such as vanity, and love of adulation, inseparable from his position, Garrick was a good and charitable man, a firm friend, and, by no means, an implacable enemy. As an actor, he stands unrivalled from his commanding versatility. Others may have equalled or exceeded him in particular characters or passages, but his range was more extensive than that of any individual who either went

* Alison.

before or came after him. He originated a school which had many accomplished disciples. He was, perhaps, greater even in comedy than in tragedy; but of the two grand divisions of the dramatic art, it is easier to obtain a high degree in the College of Thalia than in that of Melpomene. In a severe classification of merit, Apollo might decide that the annals of the British stage present but three names which are entitled to stand in

the very foremost rank as founders of schools, heirs of genius, and illustrators of Shakespeare—David Garrick, John Kemble, and Edmund Kean. Others have preceded and followed, *haud passibus inaequis*, who are worthy to stand beside them in a procession to the temple of fame; but we shall scarcely be accused of undue partiality, or an error in judgment, in according to these three niches of pre-eminence.

From the Westminster Review.

THE LONDON BOOK-TRADE.*

THE facts connected with the production and distribution of books, though little heeded by the public, are, nevertheless, of great social and political, as well as literary, importance. Wherever our empire extends, Englishmen are wont to point with pride to the freedom and power of the press, but neither the one nor the other is such as to warrant our self-gratulation, if we consider what it might be, or even what exists beyond the Atlantic. We believe that the informing and elevating power which the printing-press and steam-engine have already placed at our command is insignificant compared with that which these mighty agencies will confer, when the obstacles that now impede their full development shall have been removed. In the hope of hastening their removal, we shall endeavor in this article to exhibit all the direct and collateral causes, of a fiscal and commercial character, inimical to the progress and diffusion of literature in the British Isles.

The chief material of books is of course the paper on which they are printed. The cost of "setting up" the type, or the "composition," as it is called, and of printing-off the impressions of a work, forms a large proportion of the whole expense of production, when the edition is a small one; but when works are printed in "long numbers,"—say 20,000 or 50,000 copies,—the cost of "composition" being spread over the whole edition,

is much less important even than that of press-work, or "machining,"—that is, printing by steam,—and both these items become altogether subordinate to the outlay on paper. Thus the first obstacle to cheap literature is the high price of paper. In the tenth year of the reign of Queen Anne, the Government imposed a Duty on Paper, alleging that "it was necessary to raise large sums of money to carry on the war." War has long ceased, but the tax remains—reduced, however, since 1837, to one-half its former amount. The Chancellor of the Exchequer now receives 14*l.* 14*s.* for every ton of paper manufactured, which is a little more than 1½*d.* on every pound, or a fifth of the selling price of most papers used for printing. The duty received by the Government upon all kinds of papers, in 1850, was 852,996*l.* 13*s.* 10*d.* As the price of books or newspapers is diminished, the proportionate amount of duty paid upon them increases; thus, if a book weighing a pound be sold for 10*s.*, it pays a duty of 1½ per cent., whereas, were it sold for 2*s.* 6*d.*, it would have to pay 5 per cent. to the Government.

This view of the practical operation of the tax forcibly illustrates its extreme oppressiveness in relation to the poorer classes, who have not pounds nor even shillings, but only pence wherewithal to procure mental food. Publishers like Mr. Murray, and the readers of his costly books, are scarcely conscious of the restriction by which they are apparently unaffected; while it presses so

* *The Struggles of a Book against Excessive Taxation.* By Charles Knight. London. 1850.

injuriously upon the people as to forbid them that instruction which would otherwise be within their reach, and which enterprising men, whose efforts are now virtually paralyzed, would be eager to furnish in abundance, at a price commensurate with humble means. But the evil does not stop here; its pernicious vitality shows itself again in the unsaleable part of the publisher's accumulating stock. If he is to live by his business, it is clear that the money vested in unsaleable stock must be charged upon that which is saleable, the cost of which is thus increased to the consumer; and as a portion of the money sunk consists of the duty and the augment it occasions, the increased price of the saleable books is, in great measure, due to this multiplying cause. Another effect directly attributable to the same source, is the fear commonly felt by publishers, of printing large editions of their publications, lest, in the event of non-success, the cost of the paper employed, augmented so greatly as we have shown it to be by the tax, should entail losses too heavy for them to bear. In proportion as the edition of a work is small, does the price of each copy increase; hence in proportion as the tax heightens the cost of paper, and thereby the disinclination of the publishers to print large numbers, precisely in that proportion does it directly heighten the price of books to the public. The results of the duty, as experienced by Mr. Charles Knight, and by Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, are the best illustration that can be given of the truth and importance of what we have stated. Mr. Knight asserts that—"the total payment to the Excise by the 'Penny Cyclopædia' has been, 16,500*l.*;" and he clearly shows that this excessive burden upon the great work to which he has devoted seventeen years of toil and anxiety, has been the primary cause that the enterprise has not yet been remunerative.

But the 16,500*l.* actually paid by Mr. Knight to the Excise, will, as we have shown, only represent three-fifths of the increased price of the paper used by him for his great work. As we have already intimated, he views the proportion as still less, and points out that the additions made by the paper-makers and the stationers to the amount of the duty on the raw material, together with the accumulating interest on the duty actually paid upon dead stock, swelled up the sum originally exacted by the Excise to thirty-two thousand pounds. He further says:—

"Upon a tolerably accurate calculation I have, from my own unaided resources, expended, during the last twenty years, eighty thousand pounds upon Copyright and Editorial Labor. During the same period I have paid fifty thousand pounds Paper Duty, which sum has become a double charge to me by the inevitable operation of a tax upon raw material."

Mr. Knight may well ask, as he does, what, during these twenty years, the Government has done for the encouragement of learning and literature, equivalent to the sum which it has exacted from him in the shape of a tax upon knowledge? The *Miscellany of Tracts* of Messrs. Chambers was given up when it had a circulation of 80,000 copies. "Now, this little work, at the time of its conclusion, had paid upwards of 5000*l.* of paper duty. Had that sum remained with the publishers, the profit would have been more than sufficient to induce them to go on with the publication."* Such are the effects of indirect taxation!

We have not space to enter into the question—to what extent does the paper duty affect the circulation of newspapers in Great Britain? but from what has already been said, its great restrictive power will be readily inferred. The newspaper stamp and the ignorance of the masses, are, doubtless, additional obstacles to the circulation of newspapers, but the paper duty has an important share in determining the relative activity of our newspaper press and that of America. There are fifteen daily papers published in New York, the average aggregate issue of which is 130,000 copies. Two-fifths of these are circulated in the country, leaving three-fifths for the town, which is at the rate of rather more than one copy for every ten inhabitants of New York. There are ten daily papers published in London, the average aggregate issue of which is about 65,000. Only one-third of these is supposed to be retained for circulation in the metropolis, being in the proportion of rather less than one for every hundred inhabitants.

The second formidable barrier to the extensive circulation of books is the Duty on Advertisements. In the year 1850 the Government drew from this source 163,038*l.* 1*s.* It is difficult to form an accurate idea as to what proportion of this is borne by literature: a conjecture in "Chambers' Journal" fixes the probable amount at 12,000*l.* a year, which, in our opinion, is much below

* "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal."

the truth. In 1830, the tax on advertisements, when 3s. 6d. was levied on each, realized 178,821*l.*, of which a full third was supposed, by a writer in the "Edinburgh Review," to have been derived from publishers' announcements. It is of less importance, however, to estimate the amount of this tax, than to show how it operates on the publication of books.

The system of publishing in England involves a larger expenditure for advertising than is incurred in any other country; because here publishers depend more exclusively than elsewhere upon advertisements for making their works known to the public. The most extensive and systematic organization for publishing exists in Germany. There are several centres of activity. Berlin in the north, Nuremberg, Frankfort, Stuttgart, Vienna, and other towns in the south, have their numerous agents, who reciprocally forward the new works as they are issued, and still further distribute them to the booksellers within the spheres of their respective connections. But the chief emporium of the German bookselling world is Leipsic, where there is a Booksellers' Exchange (Deutsche Buchhändler Börse), the condition of admission to which is, that the applicant shall pay a certain entrance fee and annual subscription, show proof that he is established as a bookseller, and give a written assurance that he will adhere to and uphold the laws of the association, and, in case of dispute, will submit to arbitrators appointed by the committee of management. All the publishers in Germany, we believe, send a supply of their new publications to their agents at Leipsic, who again dispense them to the booksellers throughout Germany, "*a condition*," that is, with the privilege of returning them at the end of the half-year, if not sold, thus enabling the frequenters of all the respectable booksellers' shops to see the new works, and to form an opinion of their merits. It is obvious that good books have a better chance of being sold when seen, than when merely advertised as on sale.

No such organization exists in France, but we believe that some publishers have adopted a portion of the system. The principal partner of one of the greatest publishing firms in Paris informed us, that it is the practice of his house to send to every bookseller in the provinces with whom it may have an account, a single copy of each new work, when issued, with the privilege of returning it, if unsold. In America the same plan is partially practised, but the publishers there also advertise

extensively, besides which, they often barter their works with each other. In England various publishers have from time to time made the experiment of sending their works into the country on sale or return; it has not, however, been attended with any satisfactory results. One great objection alleged against the system is, the injury the unsold books sustain from their transit to and fro, and their long exposure in the country shops; but whatever may be the causes preventing the adoption of this system, the fact remains, that almost the only way in which readers become aware of the existence of new English books is by means of advertisements.

The chiefs of the trade are divided in opinion, both in respect to the extent to which it is desirable to advertise any given book, and to the relative values of the various media to be employed. Omitting for the moment the consideration of pamphlets, and books sold at a very low price, we shall not be far from the truth in stating, that 20*l.* is the minimum, and 150*l.* the maximum *usually* spent in advertising each new book; but there are not unfrequently cases in which the enormous sums of 200*l.* and even 300*l.* are hazarded in these costly experiments. Upon six books, the prices of which in no instance exceeded 1*l.* 11s. 6d., we have indisputable evidence that 300*l.*, 200*l.*, 200*l.*, 175*l.*, 150*l.*, and 140*l.*, were respectively expended in advertising. One house makes a practice of varying the amounts expended from 70*l.* to 150*l.*; another generally limits itself between 25*l.* and 100*l.*; and a third rarely exceeds 60*l.* But the most startling facts connected with this subject are the amounts *annually* spent in advertising by some of the principal publishers. The expenditure of the firm of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley during three years, viz., 1830, 1831, and 1832, reached to 27,000*l.*, or 9000*l.* a year; and we have authority for stating that at the present time the separate houses of Messrs. Colburn and Co. and Mr. Bentley disburse about 5000*l.* a year each. Another house, we believe, pays upwards of 3000*l.* a year, and it is probable, considering the relative number of works published by Messrs. Longman & Co. that they spend a larger sum than the publishers above mentioned. A knowledge of the extent to which the tax on advertisements affects the production and distribution of books, would be obtained most accurately, by calculating what is the proportion between the sum spent in advertising and the total amount of sales effected by the different London publishers. We have been informed by the principal of

one establishment, that, of the total sum realized from the sale of his publications during several years, he spent 21 per cent. in advertisements.

Under all circumstances, and in every form, literature is treated as one of the most legitimate subjects of taxation. Not only does the Government tax the material of books and the means of making them known, but, apparently desirous of maintaining our literary as well as our geographical insulation, it opposes, in the shape of a duty on foreign books, a formidable barrier to their importation. The amount thus collected in 1850 was 7,670*l.*; a sum utterly insignificant as a contribution to the revenue, but a serious obstacle to an international diffusion of knowledge. Germany, France, and America are the chief sources of the foreign books brought to England. The duty varies: on books published in those countries with which an international copyright law has been established, it is slight; on books published in countries between which and ourselves no such law exists, it is 5*2s.* 6*d.* per cwt., or about 6*d.* per lb. The remarks already made on the paper duty apply with double force to this heavy imposition. We shall here speak of it, therefore, only in reference to other still more important facts involved in our literary relations with America. Of all the causes capable of diminishing the price of books in England, we believe none would be so potent as that of an Anglo-American law of international copyright. Lord Campbell's recent decision—granting to American authors a copyright in England, before English authors have a corresponding right accorded to them in America—will doubtless defer, for a long period, the concession of this much needed boon. But in the meantime a step in the right direction might be taken by the reciprocal abolition of the import duties on English and American publications. Great benefits would arise from this step only. The books of American authors, beautifully printed, would be sent over in much larger numbers, and sold at a much cheaper rate than now, while English publishers, no longer terrified by a 10 per cent. duty, *ad valorem*, on the other side, would venture to send editions of their works to the American market, at such an advance on the cost of production as would enable them to compete successfully with the American reprints. They would be favored in this enterprise by the decided preference of American readers for English printed books. Were the market of the English publishers

thus extended, they would necessarily print larger editions of their works, and would be enabled to make a proportionate reduction in price to the English reader. America, then, finding she could, on such advantageous terms, be supplied honestly with what she now unblushingly steals, would undoubtedly encourage a system which would continue to provide her with a cheap literature superior to her own reproductions, both in paper and print, and which, at the same time, would give her sense of justice—in relation to her great benefactors, the literary men of England—some chance of growth. Such a system once adopted, and the benefit experienced and recognized, as we are assured it would be, the clamor in the United States against an international copyright law would soon be silenced, and whenever that law shall be established, English publishers, instead of thousands, will print tens of thousands of their publications, to be diffused on both sides of the Atlantic. Such a result would give an impulse to education in this country, greater than can be derived from all other sources put together. A literature so cheap as ours would then be, would supersede our wretched sectarian contests about national education, by becoming an engine of instruction, that not even Lord Derby's panacea for ignorance—"the parochial clergy," nor the Government itself could withstand.

But the duty of 10 per cent. on the *English trade price** of English books, levied when they reach the American ports, is not the whole difficulty they have now to contend with. There is one dark fact connected with this subject, which will seem incredible to Englishmen, and the statement of which even grates unpleasantly on American ears. We refer to the especial encouragement and protection of literary piracy which the American Government avowedly affords! In the tariff "approved by Congress, July 30, 1846," and which is now in force, will be found, under the head of "Books," the following:—"Books, printed magazines, pamphlets, periodicals, and illustrated newspapers, bound or unbound, not otherwise provided for, 10 per cent.;" but, "Books, periodicals, and other works in the course of printing and republication in the United States, 20

* This was clearly not intended by the framers of the tariff, unless—as we cannot suppose—they wish to exclude English books altogether; for many English publishers would be glad to sell their books retail in America at a lower price than that at which they are sold to the trade in England.

PER CENT.!" Or, in other words, the American Government virtually says to its citizen-booksellers and publishers—"We will only impose 10 per cent. duty upon such English books as you will not venture to reprint, but upon the English editions of all those, the copyrights of which you can successfully appropriate, we will impose a duty of 20 per cent., in order to encourage and protect you in your patriotic enterprises. English proprietors will then be utterly unable to compete with you in the sale of their own works." The anxiety of the American Government to make its subjects at least a "knowing" people, stands out in remarkable contrast with the indifference and apathy concerning education which our own rulers display.

We are enabled to close this part of our subject by the recital of two cases, which will well illustrate some of the smaller evils arising out of our anomalous literary relations with America. An American diplomatist, Mr. Wheaton, published, many years ago, a work on "International Law." On the assumption that by publishing in England first, he could secure a copyright here, he transferred to a London publisher the right to publish it in this country. Some years later Mr. Wheaton re-wrote the book, and published his improved edition in America. When it appeared (1848) two copies were sent from New York to a bookseller in London, *without his order*. *He, utterly ignorant that the work had been published in England before*, announced it for sale. By order of the English publisher, his solicitors bought one of the copies of the work; immediately afterwards, without the slightest caution or intimation of their intention, they caused the unhappy recipient of the two copies to be summoned to the Court of Chancery, for having infringed the English publisher's copyright. The offender at once called upon him, explained how unintentionally he had acted—how only two copies had come to England, but one of which had been sold—and begged him to stop the proceedings. He answered, in anger, "I can have nothing to say to you, Sir, I consider my property has been injured; I must refer you to my lawyers." After several communications between the delinquent's solicitor and these astute gentlemen, they finally consented to stay proceedings on condition that he would deliver up to them the other copy of the work, and pay their modest bill, which, for simply applying for an "Injunction," amounted to 42*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* The bill, which was duly paid, included 17*l.* 1*s.* for a clerk's attendance

to receive the money. Probably the secret and real cause of the vexation experienced by the London publisher was, that the English public should have been informed that an edition of the work in question, vastly superior to the one lying in his warehouse, now exists; and, we presume, his trade instincts were far too acute to mislead him. He would rightly augur that the knowledge of Mr. Wheaton's re-written book would effectually prevent him from resuscitating his dead stock on any terms. But his despair, it seems, only determined him the more resolutely, that the results of Mr. Wheaton's increased knowledge and prolonged studies should never become accessible to the English public.

The second case has reference to the mutilation and transformation of English books in America, which is as notorious as it is vexatious to English authors. Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates," and Latham's "English Language," are good examples, but we will dwell only on the former work, as the circumstances connected with the latter are explained in a letter below. This work is deprived of its unpretending name: its beginning and end are obliterated by preliminary and supplemental matter, either selected or from an American pen, and the book is then rebaptized, "The World's Progress," &c., &c. Haydn's name, though mentioned in the Preface, is exchanged for that of the American editor, in the title-page. An importer, expecting an important original work, ordered, during 1851, eleven copies. When making a catalogue last Christmas, he discovered the nature of the book, and immediately erased it from the catalogue, and withdrew it from sale. The publisher of Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" called on the importer in the beginning of February, and not finding him at home, stated to the clerk in attendance that the "World's Progress" was mainly a reprint of his book: having recently been in friendly communication with the publisher, and therefore anticipating no hostile measures, the importer returned the call, after the lapse of, he believes, two days, but found him not at home. On the 7th of the same month, without any previous notice, the publisher's brother personally served the importer with a summons to answer, in the Court of Chancery, for having sold copies of the "World's Progress."* The

* We are informed that, contrary to a general order, an apprentice in the importer's employ

importer explained to him the circumstances as detailed above, expressed his regret for the inadvertent error, offered to pay any legal expenses already incurred, and to remunerate the publisher for the supposed loss arising from the sale of the books in question, but begged him not to increase the expense by carrying the affair into court. On this point the prudent lawyer would not commit himself. The importer immediately applied to the publisher himself in the same terms, but with no better result. The needless injunction was moved for and granted. The importer then renewed the offer he had previously made, and further proceedings were generously put an end to on his payment of 46*l.* 3*s.* 10*d.* Thus our boasted English law is ready at any moment to lend itself to selfish, vindictive men as an instrument of rapacious oppression, against which its innocent victims have no protection and no redress. The motive for using it in the first case was clearly vindictiveness, and, we presume in the second, the desire to secure for two brothers—the one a barrister and the other a solicitor—a little professional employment.

The fiscal obstacles to cheap literature already enumerated are formidable enough, but a narrow and ignorant policy has aggravated them by the addition of self-imposed restrictions. As if Government were not sufficiently stringent in its measures of repression, the Trade itself lends its organized assistance to increase their rigor; so that of literature it may with truth be said, “its greatest foes are those of its own household.” Obstacles from without may have the virtue of stimulating activity by the resistance they create, but those from within, working at the very centre of action, must inevitably entail partial paralysis upon the system. Such, we believe, have been the effects of that unwise policy adhered to by the London booksellers, and now sought to be enforced throughout the country. The mere history of that policy will suffice to expose its absurdity. We have gleaned a few facts which cannot fail to indicate the unworthy motives, disgraceful proceedings, and ludicrous attitude of an Association, the avowed object of which is to “maintain the respectability of the trade.”

We shall carry the reader as far back as 1774, and introduce him to a Methodist

(ignorant that the work contained copyright matter), sold one of the eleven copies imported, in the month of February. This one was doubtless bought for the lawyer.

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shoemaker, who opened a small book-shop in a back street, with a stock in trade of a few Methodist books and magazines, which constituted his “private library,” and a bagful of old divinity, which he purchased from a “holy brother lately gone to heaven.” This was the famous James Lackington, “who, a few years back”—so runs the “superscription” on the effigy which adorns his “Memoirs”—“began business with five pounds, and now sells 100,000 volumes annually.” From his humble commencement, Lackington persevered and prospered, till he was deemed sufficiently “respectable” to be invited to attend the trade sales, where he was initiated into a mode of doing business which suggested to him the plan he afterwards adopted, and with which his name is indelibly associated:—

“When first invited,” he says, “to these trade sales, I was very much surprised to learn, that it was common for such as purchased ‘remainders,’ to destroy one-half or three-fourths of such books, and to charge the full publication price, or nearly that, for such as they kept on hand; and there was a kind of standing order amongst the trade, that in case any one was known to sell articles under the publication price, such a person was to be excluded from trade sales; so blind were copyright-holders to their own interest. For a short time I cautiously complied with this custom, but I soon began to reflect that many of these books, so destroyed, possessed much merit, and only wanted to be better known; and that if others were not worth six shillings, they were worth three, or two, and so on in proportion for higher or lower-priced books. From that time I resolved not to destroy any books that were worth saving, but to sell them off at half or quarter of the publication prices. This part of my conduct, however, though evidently highly beneficial to the community, and even to booksellers, created me many enemies among the trade; some of the meaner part of whom, instead of employing their time and abilities in attending to the increase of their own business, aimed at reducing mine; and by a variety of pitiful insinuations and dark innuendoes, strained every nerve to injure the reputation I had already acquired with the public, determined (as they wisely concluded) thus to effect my ruin; which, indeed, they daily prognosticated, with a demon-like spirit, must inevitably very speedily follow. This conduct, however, was far from intimidating me, as the effect proved directly opposite to what they wished for and expected.

I am still enlarging my business every year, and the more it is extended, the cheaper I can afford to sell; so that though I may be pursued, I cannot be overtaken, except I should (as some others have done) be so infatuated and blinded by prosperity, as to think that the public would continue their favors, even though the plan of business were reversed. But, as the first King of Bohemia kept his country shoes by him to re-

mind him from whence he was taken, I have put a motto on the doors of my carriage, constantly to remind me to what I am indebted for my prosperity, viz.,—'SMALL PROFITS DO GREAT THINGS.'¹⁹²

He then goes on to refute the charge of injuring other booksellers by his cheap system, observing that he has as much reason to complain of them for giving credit, as they of him for "selling cheap and giving no credit," *credit* being as great an inducement to many a purchaser as *cheapness*; and that as an equivalent for refusing the one, he both can give and *ought* to give the other. The case could not be more clearly stated than is thus done by Lackington; and though seventy years of general enlightenment and progress have elapsed, it is as applicable to present circumstances as if it had been written yesterday. Skeptical of the soundness of the principle, or of the possible success of the plan pursued by the spirited bibliophile, the trade in 1806 formed a combination with the view of extinguishing him; but it was doomed to be itself extinguished by his pointed arguments, withering sarcasm, and, above all, by the great fact of his ever-increasing success. Lackington was the first "cheap bookseller;" and no sooner did the public begin to speak about "cheap books" than the "Booksellers' Association" was called into being—an origin sufficiently indicative of its object.

In 1828-9, a number of poor but respectable men obtained a subsistence by purchasing periodical publications, which they sold to the trade at a distance from Paternoster Row, their profit being one copy out of every twenty-five. This laborious occupation interfered with the monopoly enjoyed in that vicinity. Other offenders made their appearance near the Royal Exchange, who were satisfied with smaller profits than the "select booksellers" deemed essential. A meeting of the latter was therefore convened, when the restoration of the old Anti-Lackington Association was determined upon by a self "Constituted Committee of the Book Trade," "with the avowed object," in the words of Mr. Pickering, "of protecting their own interests, at the expense of those of the public. By degrees, and under the influence of threats, the wholesale publishers were induced to join them; and certain regulations were prepared, which inflicted upon every bookseller who might refuse to subscribe

them, the penalty of being denied books at the usual trade price. This plan partially succeeded, and some of the wholesale vendors, who were on the Committee, actuated by envy, jealousy, or other unworthy motives, presumed, without even the courtesy of a letter, to exclude certain individuals from their just privileges. Several industrious and honest tradesmen have thus been severely injured."

Mr. Pickering himself became a victim. He excited the ire of the trade by the publication of better and cheaper editions of what are termed "trade books"—i. e., standard books, the copyrights of which have expired—than those the monopolists were then offering to the public. On the bare suspicion that *fourth* parties had procured books, which originally came from his shop, at a cheaper rate than was deemed proper, he was denied the privileges of the trade, and his name, with those of others, was placarded in all the publishers' and booksellers' shops in London. Yet, absurd as it may seem, the "Committee" prohibited a single copy of the Regulations from being circulated for the guidance of the members of the trade. The motives for this secrecy are sufficiently intelligible; but it is surely revolting to English ideas of justice, that a man should be subject to a penalty for disobeying laws of which he is studiously kept in ignorance.

At this time there was a bookseller in Paternoster Row, named Freeman, who lost a large portion of his custom "by the large publishers allowing gentlemen 25 and 30 per cent, as they were in the habit of doing, before they formed the monopoly in question." But after the enactment of the new laws, recourse was had to a trick we have not space to describe, but which had the economical recommendation of at once tempting and detecting him to be an "underseller;" he was accordingly put on the black list and ruined. He was unable to support himself and family, having been deprived of the power of executing the orders he received. Report says, that some time afterwards a poor man, in search of employment, was seen to sink lifeless on the pavement in Holborn from sheer starvation and wretchedness, and that this man was Daniel Freeman, late of Paternoster Row. It was at the instigation of a member of the Committee, a Mr. J. Duncan, that Freeman was victimized, for the simple reason that his shop was within a few doors of that of his persecutor. Of course it is no matter of surprise that selfish men, whether individually or in combination, should not be

* Lackington's Memoirs, pp. 219, 336, &c. Ed. 1792.

scrupulous as to the means by which they attain their ends; still we find it difficult to believe (what, however, is the fact, as published by Mr. Pickering) that a committee of "select booksellers" should allege, as their reason for systematically ruining a certain John Knox (aged 63), of George Street, Adelphi, that he supplied the trade from that locality (the exclusive privilege being confined, apparently, to the hallowed precincts of Paternoster Row), and that he did not keep a shop, thus rendering his expenses proportionately smaller; the result of which, in the words of the indefatigable Mr. Duncan, "was calculated to injure Mr. Marshall and Mr. Sherwood." The modest man was entirely forgetful of himself.

The Combination we have described being powerful enough to compel the small capitalist to subscribe its arbitrary laws, or suffer the destruction of his business, we are informed, by Professor Babbage, that "nearly the whole trade, comprising about 2,400 persons, signed the agreement." The chapter on "Combination of Masters against the Public," in the Professor's admirable work, dealt the Association a formidable blow, but unfortunately it was only stunned, for we have documentary evidence of its activity in 1833, '39, '40, and '46, though we believe that in the latter years it showed but a feeble vitality. But it seems to have recovered its strength at a meeting referred to in the following letter:

"October 3d, 1849. Gentlemen,—We have been informed by the 'Booksellers' Committee,' that you have recently been acting contrary to the regulations for the guidance of the trade, agreed to at the Albion Tavern, on October 3d, 1848. We beg to impress on you that it is the determination of the Committee to carry out these regulations, and that it is our intention to support them. It is, therefore, we conceive, obviously your interest to conform to these regulations; and we earnestly entreat you to take up your ticket, and to desist from acting in opposition to the generally expressed opinion of the trade.

"We are, Gentlemen, your obedient servants,
 "LONGMAN, BROWN & Co.,
 "SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co.,
 "WHITAKER & Co.,
 "HAMILTON, ADAMS & Co.

"Messrs. BICKERS & BUSH."

The important names attached to this document failed to induce the persons addressed to conform to the "Regulations." From causes we are unacquainted with, another general meeting was deemed necessary (we should like to know what number of

booksellers is understood to constitute a *general meeting*), the result of which was the following circular and form of bond, which each bookseller is called upon to sign, or suffer the threatened penalty:

"The Committee of the BOOKSELLERS' ASSOCIATION, appointed at the general meeting of the trade, held at Exeter Hall, on the 12th instant, beg to intimate, that a *new trade ticket* has been prepared, and will be ready for issue on Monday, the 5th of August next. It is requested that all entitled to the privileges of the trade will apply for their tickets as early as convenient, and not later than Thursday, August the 15th, as the regulations will be acted on after that day. The Committee beg to remind the trade that it is necessary to sign the Declaration agreed upon at the General Meeting before the tickets can be delivered. The Declaration lies for signature at the Secretary's.

SAMPSON LOW, Sec.

"169 Fleet Street, London, July 23, 1850."

"TRADE REGULATIONS AND DECLARATION,

Agreed upon by the General Meeting, held at Exeter Hall, on July 12, 1850.

"Moved by Mr. Murray, and seconded by Mr. Joseph Miles,—That the business of the Association be managed by a general committee of nineteen of the principal members of the trade, elected annually from the various classes of the trade, the said committee to report their proceedings to a general annual meeting of the trade; and that the members of the committee be eligible for re-election. An acting committee of seven to be elected out of the above by the general committee. A paid secretary to be appointed.

"Regulations.—All entitled to the privileges of the trade to be registered, and a list of the same to be printed; each bookseller to be numbered. A ticket, numbered according to the list, to be presented gratuitously to all so registered. List to comprise all booksellers and stationers keeping a shop in London, or within twelve miles of the General Post Office. The following declaration to be signed by each person on receiving his ticket:—

"We, the undersigned, do declare that we are booksellers, or booksellers and stationers, keeping a shop in London, or within twelve miles of the General Post Office, and that we admit the following to be the general principles on which our trade should be conducted, subject, however, to such occasional exceptions as may, in the course of trade, be found necessary; and that we will, to the best of our ability, and subject to such exceptions, conduct our business on the following principles, viz. :—

"1st. That we will not supply books, at trade price, except to those who are in possession of a ticket. Special trades, dealing occasionally in books, connected with their trade, may be supplied with such books, at trade price, at the discretion of each bookseller.

"2d. That, as a general rule, no greater al-

lowance than 10l. per cent., for cash, be made to private customers, unconnected with the trade, or with publishing.

"3d. That, as a general rule, no greater allowance than 15l. per cent. be made to Book Societies.

"4th. That we will not advertise, or ticket, at less than the publication price, copyright books, unless *bonâ fide* second hand, or unless depreciated by the publisher, or such as are notoriously unsuccessful.

"We mutually agree, that any one systematically acting contrary to these regulations, after remonstrance, shall be no longer considered entitled to the privileges of the trade."

(Signature) _____

"Moved by Mr. Churchill, and seconded by Mr. Shaw, that the following be the committee for the ensuing year:—

Bell, Mr. George.
Bentley, Mr. Richard.
Bain, Mr. James.
Bohn, Mr. H. G.
Dalton, Mr. W. H.
Gilbert, Mr. R. (Whitaker & Co.)
Griffith, Mr. W. (Grant & Griffith).
Hatchard, Mr. Thomas.
Highley, Mr. Samuel.
Longman, Mr. William.
Miles, Mr. J. (Simpkin & Co.)
Miles, Mr. Joseph J. (Hamilton & Co.)
Murray, Mr. John.
Olliver, Mr. John.
Parker, Mr. John W.
Rivington, Mr. Francis.
Seeley, Mr. R. B.
Smith, Mr. G. (Smith, Elder & Co.)
Watson, Mr. J. (Nisbet & Co.)

"Memorandum.—It is expected that all members will contribute, annually, a sum not less than half a crown, and not exceeding two guineas, to defray the necessary expenses of managing the trade concerns."

We beg our readers' attention to the words in the above "Declaration" which we have caused to be printed in italics. We presume he will infer that "*general*" rules, "subject to such occasional exceptions as may be found necessary," are capable of an interpretation and application very favorable to all who sign them. But, unfortunately, the interpretation of these laws is a privilege accorded only to those who made them. We know of no instance in which small booksellers have been permitted to interpret them favorably to their own interests with impunity.

Let us now briefly examine the influence of the "Booksellers' Association" on the public. A volume, the published price of which is 12s., is sold to the trade in single copies at 9s.; if four or six be taken, according to the rules of the respective publishers,

they are each charged at 8s. 6d. But should the purchaser take 25 copies at once, he is only charged for 24, at 8s. 6d. each, thus making a total discount allowed to the trade of 33 per cent., which is therefore the amount paid by the publisher for distribution, exclusive of the additional 10 per cent. retained by himself as his remuneration, when he is employed by an author. The very members of the Committee who affect the greatest concern for the interest of the small bookseller—resolved to decide for him upon the best rules for carrying on his business—are of opinion that even he may allow a discount of 10 per cent., which indicates that *they* too are not insensible that the price is too high. For facility of illustration, we shall consider the maximum discount *usually* allowed to the trade, 33 and $\frac{1}{3}$ d per cent., or one-third of the retail price. The larger discounts given at the trade sales previously alluded to, and by special arrangement, to the great houses, being optional with each publisher, should not be regarded as an essential part of the system. It appears, then, that when the nominal price of a book is 12s., the publisher really sells it for about 8s., leaving 4s. to remunerate the agents who place the book in the hands of the public. Now the intelligent and enterprising portion of these agents give incontrovertible evidence that they are willing to fulfil their office for the half, and even for a third of this sum, by doing so when they dare; so that in the one case the public pays 2s., and in the other 2s. 8d. more for the volume than is necessary. It is but a poor set-off against the loss of this advantage that booksellers are now *permitted* to allow 10 per cent. They are not permitted to ticket new publications under the published price; and as competition is forbidden, and their business scope consequently restricted within very narrow limits, the majority of booksellers endeavor to make the best of a bad case by getting the full price whenever they can.

The advantage derived by the public from the labors of the Combination Committee will be fully appreciated by our readers, if they will recall the fact, that during the short period of its relaxation, before the general meeting at Exeter Hall in 1850, the admirable works issued by Mr. Bohn, in his Standard Library, and published at 3s. 6d. a volume, could be seen ticketed throughout the metropolis at 2s. 9d.; and will then take the trouble of ascertaining the price they must pay for the same volumes now. The differences in price which they will discover is the direct consequence of a certain "threatening letter,"

dated Nov. 20, 1850 (a copy of it is before us), which was addressed by the Chairman of the Committee to Mr. Bohn, and which forced him, after long resistance, to sign the bond. At the same time it must not be forgotten that the Committee would have compelled the Christian Knowledge Society to raise its prices, had it possessed the power. When coercion fails of its object, the nonconformist is made the subject of petty persecution. If he should happen to be a publisher, an attempt is made to prevent the sale of his publications, by replying to customers who ask for them, that there are "none in town," "none bound," or that they are "out of print."

We are furnished with a further illustration from the experience of a certain importer of foreign books, who had been in the habit of allowing a discount of 25 and 30 per cent. off the advertised prices of the works he imported; but finding that these prices were a serious obstacle to extensive sale, and experiencing much difficulty in maintaining an uniform retail price in England, from the varying circumstances attendant on the purchase of books in the foreign markets, he determined to supply the public with the works he imported at the cost price of importation, with the addition only of a remunerative commission, which step involved a discontinuance of the usual discount to the trade. He announced this intention by public advertisement. To his surprise he was summoned before the Committee, and was threatened with excommunication if he did not suppress the obnoxious advertisement. Having signed the "Regulations" (under protest), he had faithfully adhered to them with respect to English books, and no charge was brought against him of having violated them; but now an attempt was made to extend the laws of the Combination, which when enacted had reference only to English books, to all works imported from abroad. This he felt bound to resist. While, however, declining the jurisdiction of the conclave, he furnished its members with the reasons which led him to act as he had done. They were of no avail. That he should be allowed to manage his own affairs to the best of his ability, or to adjust his arrangements to meet the exigency of circumstances, was a proposition altogether too heretical to be entertained. In fact, he was accused by the chairman of "violating all principle!" "Our ancient percentage, and no change," was the demand sought to be enforced. He was allowed ten days to consider and recant. In the interim he wrote to the Committee to the effect, that

as the distance of his house from Paternoster Row rendered it inconvenient for the wholesale houses to purchase from him, and as he was convinced that the nominal price of the books imported had been fixed much too high, merely for the sake of allowing a large discount to the trade, he determined on a former occasion to make such a reduction in the prices as, while enabling him still to allow 10 per cent., would be likely to result in an increased demand for the works in question; but that the proceedings of a competitor caused an immediate return to the old system, although he remained convinced of the soundness of the plan he had tried to establish. He further explained, that the works he deals in, being imported only in small quantities, are necessarily purchased through an agent to whom a commission is paid, as direct application to each publisher would be too laborious to be practicable when the number of copies required generally varies from 1 to 6, and only in rare instances reaches 12 or 20. Having added to the original charge the above commission, the amount expended in freight and duty, and the importer's profit, the total cost of the books is so augmented by the time they reach London, that if 25 or 30 per cent. more be added, in order that it may be taken off again as a discount to the trade, the retail price becomes almost a prohibitory one, and thus acts injuriously both on the public as consumers and on him as an importer, by preventing the growth of his business. These considerations, and the intention of guarding himself from the effects of the competition he had already experienced, had determined him, he said, to adopt the system of offering his books to the public at the lowest prices at which he could afford to import them; and, after mature deliberation, he had arrived at the conclusion that it would be inexpedient to change it. He concluded by stating, that several eminent publishers concurred with him in the opinion that the rules of the Association were not intended to refer to foreign books, but that, if the Committee entertained an opposite view, he should still feel that he owed it both to himself and the public to adhere to the resolution he had formed.

The reply to this statement was a communication from the Secretary of the Combination, informing him that his ticket had been "cancelled," and that the fact would be duly placarded in the shops of the metropolis; the result of which is, that the majority of the publishers now decline to supply him with their publications. To the honor of Mr. Bentley, it ought to be stated that, in

consequence of these proceedings, he has withdrawn his name from the Association, and that many years ago he exerted his influence in favor of a person whom the Combination likewise endeavored to crush.

It will doubtless occur to our readers, that though the members of the Combination may resolve to injure nonconformists to the utmost of their power, yet, in so numerous a body as the London booksellers, there must be many who concur with them, and who would be disposed to assist them in procuring privately such books as they require. There are, in fact, many who express sympathy, and still more who give it tacitly; but active help is not so easily rendered. We have no evidence that the spy-system is not still in force, but if not, another plan for detection, at once more refined and effective, has, we understand, been adopted; viz., to mark the copies of each work sold to the trade in such a manner that, when they are bought of the retail vendor, the publisher can by examination determine through what intermediate agent they were obtained. For instance, suppose a retail bookseller, A. B.,—having refused to subscribe the Regulations—were desirous of replenishing his stock, and were to induce a friend, C. D., standing well in the trade, to buy for him: the publishers, or wholesale dealers, before delivering the books to C. D. would put in each a private mark, representing his (C. D.'s) name, so that immediately on their being exposed in A. B.'s shop, the "paid secretary," by purchasing copies for examination, could at once detect the offenders. Such petty expedients would be simply ludicrous but for the seriousness of their results. To say nothing of the monstrous assumption implied in the attempt to dictate to thousands of men the terms on which they shall carry on their business, the palpable effect of that dictation is to heighten the price of works and thus prevent their diffusion; while the injury resulting to writers, though less obvious, is, as we shall endeavor to show, not less real and extensive.

Lying on our table is a printed copy, occupying two folio pages, of a circular which was signed by the Committee of the Combination, and then industriously carried round London for the purpose of signature by all the booksellers who could be persuaded or intimidated into lending their names to such a document. It is dated, "London, February, 1852," and the preamble runs thus;—

"The retail Booksellers of London and Westminster, speaking also on behalf of the other booksellers of the United Kingdom, having heard that

an appeal has been made to some influential authors against the regulations of the bookselling trade, begs leave respectfully to state the grounds of those regulations."

After a series of paragraphs, equally remarkable for their cogent reasoning and felicitous style, and admirably fitted to obfuscate the retailer in order to lure him into giving his signature, the document is wound up with this triumphant peroration;—

"The bookselling system of England is the growth of ages: it was defended by Dr. Johnson in the year 1756 (see his life by Boswell): it is superior to that of any other country, and better for all parties:—for the public, on account of the greater facility, convenience, and rapidity with which any book can be obtained in any part of the kingdom, and at a fixed price, which can always be known beforehand; such advantages do not, to such an extent, exist in foreign countries*: for the trade, on account of the fixed and regular rate of profit, although that profit is not larger, on the whole, than that of booksellers in any other country, or than any other trade in this: for authors, who are better paid in England than anywhere else, chiefly on account of this regular bookselling system, which enables a publisher to judge what he may calculate upon."

Authors of these favored isles, think of the blessings you enjoy! Hush your notorious murmurings, and be thankful! Is it not demonstrated that you are better paid in England than elsewhere, as a natural consequence "of this regular bookselling system, which enables a publisher to judge what he may calculate upon?"† Alas! we fear the

* This ignorant error is refuted by what is, from the protectionists point of view, the far more complete publishing organization of Germany already mentioned. The German publishers have also a regular system of fixed prices, which are advertised in the same way as those of the English publishers, and from which a discount of 25 and 33½ per cent. is allowed, even when books are distributed à condition, with a credit to the next fair, and sometimes longer; but if the books are paid for in cash, they occasionally allow seven copies as six.

† The following is extracted from a contribution by G. P. R. James, Esq., to the "Journal of the Statistical Society," for 1844. "Although it is impossible for us to state the number of copies of popular works that are sold in France, so as to make a comparison with the numbers sold in England, where perhaps it might be equally difficult to arrive at the facts, yet we have received from a source on which we can rely, such statements regarding the remuneration to French authors as will at once show that the sale of books in that country must be infinitely more extensive than our own.

"There are two ways, we are told, of remunerating authors in France. The first and most ordinary with writers of no great repute is to fix a certain sum per copy and volume printed, varying

sensibilities and perceptions of Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Gladstone are too hardened and obtuse to be affected by this touching appeal. And yet we have abundant ground for stating, that it was drawn up and signed for the especial behoof and edification of these gentlemen. They were known to have expressed their strong disapproval of the Combination, and it was felt that, if their views should become known, the weight of their reputation and influence would powerfully determine the current of public opinion. Six months ago Mr. Gladstone designated the association of monopolists as

"A combination alike in principle unjust, and in practice injurious, both to the public and those engaged in trade." He generously added—"I

from one to two francs. Thus for a work of one volume, of which an edition of 2,000 copies is printed, an author of no high repute would gain from 2,000 to 4,000 francs, or from 80*l.* to 160*l.*, and if of more than one volume at the same rate. These volumes are generally in 12mo, and it is necessary to remark that each volume in this calculation does not contain more literary matter than one-half an ordinary English volume, post octavo. Thus, for a composition equalling in extent one volume of an English romance, a French writer of the second or third class gains from 160*l.* to 320*l.*, as much, or more, than the most celebrated writers in England can obtain per volume for their works. At the first outset of their literary career, the famous Balzac and the no less famous George Sand, were paid at the rate of two francs per volume for every copy printed, yielding them a profit of about 8,000 francs for each work. But as their reputation increased and their fame spread this system was abandoned, and very large sums indeed have been given for the copyright of various works by each of these authors. Thus we are credibly informed, that for a work in two volumes, in amount of literary matter not more than one volume of an English romance, Balzac can at any time command the sum of 30,000 francs, or more, which is a much higher rate of remuneration than has ever been obtained by any English writer. We find that Chateaubriand, for the copyright of his complete works, after the first sale of many of them was past, received from the publisher, L'Advocat, the sum of 800,000 francs or 20,000*l.*, and we are assured he once asked 100,000 Prussian dollars, or about 15,000*l.*, for his memoirs alone. M. de Lamartine received from the publisher, Gosselin, 80,000 francs, or 3,200*l.*, for his "*Voyage en Orient*," or *Travels in the East*, and 20,000 francs, or 800*l.*, for his "*Harmonies Poétiques*." Victor Hugo's drama of "*Hernani*" produced 12,000 francs, or 480*l.*, by the sale of the first and second editions, besides all the profits derived from the representation on the stage, which have been calculated at about 2000*l.* "*Henri III.*" brought into Alexandre Dumas, a very inferior writer, 30,000 francs, or 1,200*l.* Besides these we might cite the celebrated work of Monsieur Thiers, the "*History of the French Revolution*," which was sold for a larger sum than any we have named; and also the "*History of the Consulate*," sold, before it was written, for more than the "*Revolution*."

would advise exhausting all the means of friendly persuasion before placing them in a position before the world which, whatever view they may now take, they would soon, I think, find to be damaging and disagreeable."

The reader will infer from the following extract (from a letter addressed to us a short time since), what answer the literary protectionists received, when they presented him with the circular above referred to:—

"I have made it known to more than one prominent publisher of my acquaintance in writing very recently, that only feelings of personal regard have restrained me, up to this time, from taking more public steps in the matter."

Mr. Gladstone has furnished a practical comment on his own words, by supplying certain nonconforming booksellers with his pamphlets on Italy, which his publisher—being a member of the Combination—could not sell to those persons.

But now let us examine the effects upon the author, "of this regular bookselling system." Mr. Babbage's analysis of the whole expense of conveying his own book into the hands of the public, shows that the retail price, 6*s.*, on 3,052 copies, produces 915*l.* 12*s.*; that of this sum 266*l.* 0*s.* 11*d.* was paid for printing, paper, and taxes on paper and advertisements; and 63*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* was deducted by the publisher as his commission, leaving the enormous sum of 279*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.* to be divided among the wholesale and retail booksellers, as the payment for their labor in distributing the work, and incurring the risks of debt incidental to the operation. But Mr. Babbage has omitted one important item, viz., that every twenty-fifth copy of the work is also given to the distributors; 25 being sold as 24. This makes a difference of 4 per cent. on the total amount realized by the publisher, and thus adds 25*l.* 8*s.* to the distributor's share, making it 305*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* while the author's share is diminished in the same proportion, minus the publisher's commission of 10 per cent.; so that, instead of being, as stated by Mr. Babbage, 306*l.* 4*s.*, it is only 283*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.* That gentleman had to pay to the wholesale and retail booksellers one-third of the amount realized by the sale of the whole edition of 3,052 copies, calculated at the retail price, in addition to the 63*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* deducted as commission by the publisher. The booksellers received 217*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.* more for distributing it than the author received for writing it! Will any man who is free from the trammels of an anti-

quoted system persist in affirming that the author is benefitted by such an arrangement as this? But if the immense difference between the published price and the price at which the book is sold, viz., one-third, must obtain, a great advantage could not fail indirectly to arise from the establishment of free-trade in the sale of books, for then an inevitable and legitimate competition would cause the vendors to offer to retail purchasers the work published at 6s. for 5s. 6d., 5s., and 4s. 6d., in proportions to the capital, enterprise, and skill employed; the certain result of which would be a larger sale, and therefore increased profit and reputation to the author. But let us suppose that, after liberating the booksellers, the shackles were removed from the publishers also, and that, being able to publish on any terms they pleased, one of them were to issue a volume the size of Mr. Babbage's, and at the same price, but with this difference, that he should charge the trade 5s. instead of 4s., and give no "twenty-fifth copy." The result would be a sale equally extensive with that secured by the present system, and assuming the edition the same as that of Mr. Babbage's work, the profit to the author would be 435*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.* instead of—as in Mr. Babbage's case—283*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.* To arrive at these conclusions we used no great concentration of arithmetical power, neither did we find it necessary to consult Mr. De Morgan's "Essay on Probabilities;" it would seem, therefore, that authors need not absolutely despair, even though "the regular bookselling system of England," which "is the growth of ages," should share the fate of other equally beneficent institutions, since we have shown that it is not quite indispensable to "enable a publisher to judge what he may calculate upon."

On the other hand, the positive advantages which would result from an abolition of this protective system may help us to bear the loss with becoming resignation. In the first place, the author would be more amply compensated for his works; secondly, their increased sale would give to the publisher a larger commission, and when speculating on his own account, a larger profit; thirdly, one of the much paraded but never accomplished objects of the Combination, "THE RESPECTABILITY OF THE TRADE," would be realized; for immediately that a healthy competition were possible, men of intellect and capital would become booksellers, and by their relative success would take rank among their brethren according to their

merit and intelligence, whereas the present system holds up the stupid and ignorant, and represses the enterprising and well-informed to one monotonous and indiscriminate level; and lastly, all readers would hail with satisfaction a reform by which they might obtain their books from 10 to 25 per cent. cheaper than they do now.

In view of these advantages it will very naturally be asked, "why is the old system maintained, since, if the publishers resisted it, it could not stand a single day?" A full answer to this question would demand more space than we can give to it. But we believe the chief reason is, that the great publishers shrink from the labor and responsibilities which are conditions essential to the management of their business on a sound and right basis. They find it most convenient to contract the sphere of their operations and risks as much as possible, and this they do by endeavoring to confine the sale of their publications to the large wholesale houses, which are tempted by terms far more advantageous than those offered to the mass of booksellers, both in reference to discount and credit, to buy in large quantities, and are thus enabled to supply the trade generally as cheaply as if application were made to the publishers themselves. Such a plan, of course, renders a thoroughly good understanding between the contracting parties extremely desirable; and hence if the book-merchant feels it necessary to fortify his position against the possibility of competition, it is to the publisher he makes his first appeal, compliance with which he demands in return for his valuable aid. The publisher is thus induced to support a scheme notoriously opposed to the interests of literature and to the diffusion of his own publications. The great publisher has a right to dictate his own terms, but he is only guilty of tyranny in conspiring with the monopolist book-merchants to impose them as a stereotyped system on the smaller houses. Moreover, while he is warranted in giving the enormous discounts of 40, 45, and even 50 per cent. from the published price of his own books, for the reasons alleged above, it is hard upon the author for whom he publishes "on commission" to diminish his profit by subjecting his book to the same system. We presume it is from a similar desire of concentration that English publishers manifest such reluctance to adopt the continental plan of sending their publications to the booksellers in town and country "à condition," or "on sale or return."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

CRETINS, AND THEIR BENEFACTOR.

ONE of the most remarkable triumphs achieved by science in any age, is the victory gained over that distressing and humiliating deformity of body and mind to which the term *cretinism* has been applied. A name, alas! but too familiar with those whom pleasure or science has led into the mountain wilds of Switzerland, or the not less wild districts of Styria. In many of the valleys of those countries, especially attractive by their natural beauty, the cretin has stood in all his hideous deformity like a blot upon creation, marring by his presence, and the associations inseparable from it, much of the pleasure which would otherwise be derived from the grand combinations of scenery. Almost every writer who has traveled in those parts, has mentioned this sad race.

Speaking of the village of Vaux, Professor James Forbes says, "there are several other villages, and Olloment itself, composed of but a few scattered houses, distinguished by a church, is pleasantly situated. But here, as at Aosta, the enjoyment of natural beauty is rendered impossible by the loathsome deformity of the inhabitants. We were really shocked to find that none of the villages through which we passed seemed to contain one reasonable human being,—goitres and cretinism appeared universal and inseparable; repeatedly, I tried to obtain an answer to a simple question from the most rational-looking of the inhabitants, but in vain. This astonished and shocked us, for we were still at a height of four thousand English feet above the sea, where these maladies commonly disappear; and we looked forward with despair to the prospect of obtaining a guide for the difficult and unknown country which we were next to traverse, from among such a population." Thus it is in Switzerland, and along the banks of the Danube. In Austria, according to Dr. Schausberger of Steyer, there are vast and populous parishes, where, in the annual recruiting, there cannot be found a single man capable of bearing arms; at Cros-Pechlaru, and in

the villages about Pechlaru and Brunn, not a single family can be found without at least one of these unfortunate beings; and many families are entirely composed of cretins, or semi-cretins.

Cox, in his travels in Switzerland, made many inquiries relative to cretins, and especially as to the point whether these unfortunate beings are held in regard by the people generally; for it has been asserted by some that they are considered positive blessings from heaven. He says, "upon my questioning some gentlemen of this country at the baths of Luck, they treated the notion as absurd and false; but whether they delivered their real sentiments, or were unwilling to confirm what might lower their countrymen in the opinion of a stranger, will admit, perhaps, of some doubts; for having since that time frequently inquired among the lower ranks, I am convinced that the common people esteem them blessings. They called them *souls of God without sin*; and many parents prefer these idiot children to those whose understandings are perfect; because, as they are incapable of intentional criminality, they consider them as certain of happiness in a future state. These idiots are suffered to marry as well among themselves as with others."

A similar condition to that which obtains in Switzerland, exists in that part of Tartary which borders on the great wall of China. Cretins and goitres are very common there; and their persons being considered sacred, they are maintained by their families with peculiar care.

Reisbach says that the number of those who have the goitre, and the size of it, is more remarkable in Styria than in Carinthia, Ukraina, or the Tyrol. By some the disorder is thought owing to the snow and ice-water, and to the particles of earth and stone with which the wells of the country are impregnated. Others will have it that it arises from the custom of seasoning the meat a great deal and drinking cold water afterwards; but the worthy Baron begs

leave to add a fourth cause, which is, cold. "You know," says he, "that the solar rays being reflected on all sides by the hills which encompass the valleys, occasion an extraordinary heat. I recollect, as I have been wandering through narrow valleys, to have breathed an air so glowing that it seemed to come from a furnace. Whenever, therefore, there is the least motion in the air, the pressure will make it more sensibly felt than on higher vales or hills, where it can expand more; the cold is consequently greater. Now, as these people commonly go with their necks and throats bare, whenever there is a cool current, the weak part of the throat is first attacked by the moisture, and the perspiration there is stopped." Reisbach adds a very extraordinary illustration of the bigotry of this part of the country where cretins are revered. A certain class, called the *Windes*, who are mixed with the Germans, distinguish themselves by a superstitious custom, which, he says with truth, does little honor to the human understanding, and would have been incredible if he had not had the most unequivocal proofs of the fact before his eyes. "Many years ago they set out, in company with some Hungarian enthusiasts, to Cologne on the Rhine, which is about one hundred and twenty German miles distant, to cut off the beard of a crucifix there. Every seven years this operation is repeated, as in this space of time the beard grows again to its former length. The rich persons of the association send the poorer ones as their deputies, and the magistrates of Cologne receive them as ambassadors from a foreign prince. They are entertained at the expense of the state, and a councillor shows them the most remarkable things in the town. I know not whether we ought to laugh most at the remote town of Cologne, or at those poor peasants. There is, indeed, some excuse for the former, as the farce brings in large sums of money at stated intervals, and may, therefore deserve political encouragement; but still, however, it is the most miserable and meanest way of gain that can be imagined. These *Windes* have alone the right to shave our Saviour, and the beard grows only for them. They firmly believe that if they did not do this service to the crucifix, the earth would be shut to them for the next seven years, and there would be no harvest. For this reason they are obliged to carry the hair home with them as the proof of having fulfilled their commission, the returns of which are distributed amongst the different

communities, and preserved as holy relics. The Imperial Court has for a long time endeavored in vain to prevent this emigration, which deprives agriculture of so many useful hands. When the *Windes* could not go openly, they went clandestinely. At length the Court thought of the expedient of forbidding the regency of Cologne to let them enter the town. This happened six years ago, and the numerous embassy was obliged to beg its way back again without the wonderful beard, which, without doubt, the Capuchins, to whom the crucifix belonged, used to put together from their own. I do not hear but that since this accident the corn has come up as well as before; but whether the beard is still growing or not, I cannot say."

In a recent number of an American periodical, there is a curious account, by Dr. Foote, of the prevalence of goitre and cretinism in South America. The goitre was a frequent disease in every part of New Granada visited by him, prevailing equally in the *Tierra Caliente ad Tierra Templada*. In some small towns full one half of the adult population were afflicted with it, in a greater or less degree. In some cases, the deformity was enormous. The old and now deserted city of Mariquita was terribly afflicted with it. This city was situated at the base of a low range of mountains, but the new town of Mariquita is on the plain, a league or more from the mountains: bright cool water runs through all the streets, the climate is delicious though warm, and the town is embosomed in the most luxuriant tropical vegetation. In the few hours spent there by Dr. Foote, he did not see one grown-up person of the common orders free from goitre! He ascribes its frightful prevalence to the innutritious and insufficient food, sleeping in close, ill-ventilated rooms, and intermarriage for more than a century. Much was said to him of the efficacy of a wonderful balsam gathered from the forests in the mountains on the confines of Ecuador and Peru. This substance resembled crude bees-wax, was slightly aromatic, with a pungency of taste, and became very soft with a little working in the hand. It was applied externally, and was said to act with great effect in diminishing the bulk of the goitres.

Whilst at Bogota he was told a very curious fact in natural history by Dr. Davoren, which, if true, is worthy of attention. Some years before Dr. Davoren had in his possession a handsome Newfoundland bitch, which was attacked with goitre. Whilst suffering

from it she had a litter of puppies, all perfectly well formed, but all canine cretins! As they grew up they showed no signs of intelligence, were harmless, and knew how to eat, but that was all. Every pains was taken with them, but without success, for they were as thorough idiots as could be conceived. The mother being very valuable, was placed under medical treatment, which speedily got rid of the goltre, and soon afterwards she bore another litter of puppies, every one of which displayed the characteristic qualities and keen sagacity which especially distinguished the mother.

It is not every one of our readers who has had the fortune, good or evil as it may be thought, to see one of these said cretins; and in order that an idea may be formed of them, we give a rather favorable portrait, drawn by an able observer, Dr. John Forbes. The patient was a boy thirteen years of age, the son of very respectable parents. "He is a heavy lumpish idiot, nearly deaf and quite dumb. He can drag himself about the room on his knees, but can neither stand nor walk. His head is large and angular, and of irregular shape, but his forehead is of fair size, and not stunted, as is so commonly the case in common idiots. He amuses himself with little playthings like a child of two years old, placing the pieces in line and figures and so forth. He manifests a certain degree of affection towards his mother and his brothers and sisters. He was exhibited to me without the least reserve, and his own mother spoke of his condition and doings with apparent unconcern, if not with positive levity."

The poet Juvenal alludes, in his twelfth Satire, to the prevalence of bronchocoele, or goitre, among the people at the foot of the Alps, and Pliny attributes it to the corruption of the water, an idea which, though erroneous, is still extensively entertained. Goltre, though not mentioned in reference to the cretin just described, is a usual accompaniment of the malady.

Until within the last ten years cretins had been abandoned as a set of mental and physical pariahs, outcasts beyond the pale of humanity and of skill. But there arose a man with the heart of Howard, and with talents well fitted to second his philanthropic wishes. To these miserable cretins he turned a pitying eye, and determined to devote his talents and his energies to the amelioration of their condition. Modest and humble though he be, simple in manners, disinterested in motive, the name of Dr. GUGGENBUHL will be

inscribed hereafter in the honorable list of benefactors to their race. It may, perhaps, add to the interest of his acts, if a slight sketch of the man is prefixed to his deeds.

The scene in which we most distinctly picture Dr. Guggenbuhl was at one of the fullest and most interesting of Lord Rosse's *conversaciones*,—meetings replete with interest, and crowded with men of every calibre, from the heaviest artillery to the lightest skirmishers; though such skirmishers must have fired a shot or two to some purpose.

Imagine in the crowd which swept through his lordship's suite of rooms, a small foreign-looking man, with features of a Grecian cast, and long, shoulder-covering black hair; look at that man's face: there is a gentleness, an amiability combined with intelligence which wins you to him. His dress is peculiar in that crowd of white cravats and acres of cambric shirt-fronts. Black, well-worn black, is his suit; but his vest is of black satin, double-breasted, and buttoned closely up to the throat:—it is Dr. Guggenbuhl, the mildest, the gentlest of men, but one of those calm, reflecting minds that pushes on after a worthy object, undismayed by difficulties, undeterred by ridicule or rebuff.

The mention of his peculiar style of vest recalls to our mind an anecdote now current, which is said to have had its origin in the divisions which at present agitate the Church; divisions giving rise to the peculiarities of costume, significant or harmless according to the mental capacity of the wearer.

The story goes, that not long since a severe-looking gentleman called upon a fashionable clerical tailor, and intimated his intention of patronizing him to the extent of a suit—"but," said he, as the man of tapes flourished those symbols, "I wish them made in a particular manner. The coat collar must be short, the waist long, the button-tops rather far apart. The waistcoat, which must be of the best black silk, must be double-breasted, to button close up to the neck, and —"—"Oh, certainly, sir," said the foreman, "I know your style precisely, sir!—Now, John! take down the gentleman's address. What name, sir?"

"THE REVEREND BARNABAS COWL,
Rector of Saint Blasius,
Little Peddlington."

"Very good, sir.—*Eleven, three,—four nine.*—Lightish about the neck, sir? Yes, sir; M.B. style. *Seven, Eleven.*"

"M.B. style!" said Mr. Cowl; "what d'ye mean by that?"

"Oh, nothing, sir! Mere term in trade, sir. *Well* over the hips, I s'pose?"

"Of course, but not too tight in the waist. But what do you mean by M.B. style?"

"Mere term, sir, I assure you. Head well up—thank ye, sir—*Seventeen four and clerical front—easy*. Pockets at side, sir? and watch-pocket—That'll do, sir!"

"But," said Mr. Cowl, whose curiosity was thoroughly aroused, "I insist upon knowing what you mean by M. B. style. What is it?"

"Well," said the knight of the shears, "if you really *must* know, sir, why, we calls those high doubled-breasted waistcoats and long frocks, the M. B. style, and M. B. stands for '*Mark of the Beast*.' That's it, sir!"

The Rev. Mr. Cowl departed with his curiosity thoroughly satisfied.

To return from this digression to the point whence we departed.

Dr. Guggenbuhl, having turned his mind to the investigation of cretinism, soon collected sufficient data to enable him to arrive at the conclusion, that the mind, though existing independently of the body, is dependent for its due manifestation on the healthy condition of that, its material envelope; and he traces the origin of morbid symptoms which exist in cretins to defective or improper nutrition in early childhood. The patients then deteriorate from year to year, until the human dignity becomes entirely degraded.

Among the causes of cretinism, local circumstances are the most powerful. Dr. James Forbes mentions the valley of Aosta as a great seat of cretinism. Now it has been shown by the researches of Dr. Foderé, that in this valley the atmosphere is maintained in a state of humidity by the exhalations from the marshes, and from the river which flows slowly through it; the lofty mountains by which it is surrounded serving at once to reflect the heat of the sun, and, with the curvatures of the valley, to retard the free current of air; and he further found that the most humid situations contained the greatest number of cretins. It was known that the progress of cretinism in the constitution can be arrested, by removing the individual to a locality where the air is drier, purer, fresher, and more favorable to a healthy nutrition.

Dr. Guggenbuhl, then, having satisfied himself on these points, determined to make an experiment to the utmost extent of his means,—and the means of a physician in Switzerland are not exactly those of a Roths-

child,—as to whether, by bringing to bear upon cretinism the whole battery of physical and mental cultivation, it might not be made as amenable to treatment as other bodily and mental infirmities. He, therefore, established a model institution on the Abendberg, of which we propose to give some particulars, principally derived from Dr. John Forbes' charming work.

Abendberg is one of the green barriers inclosing the plain of Interlachen; it lies to the south-west of the village, its northern base abutting on the eastern extremity of the lake of Thun. Its elevation above the level of this lake, and the plain of Interlachen, may probably be three thousand five hundred English feet, that is, about five thousand three hundred above the level of the sea. The cretin establishment of Dr. Guggenbuhl is situated on the southern slope of this mountain, within about a thousand feet of its summit; the mountain from its base to the hospital is completely covered by trees, chiefly fir and beech, which agreeably shade the steep zig-zag path.

The mule-path terminates at a small open terrace surmounted by a green slope, stretching a considerable distance up the mountain, and surrounded on all sides by the forest. It is on this small terrace, which looks like a step in the mountain, that the cretin establishment is built, and the green slopes above serve the double purpose of meadows for pasture and hay, and as an exercising ground for the patients.

On the green slopes, Dr. Forbes encountered some twenty of Dr. Guggenbuhl's patients, or pupils, climbing the hill for air, exercise, and amusement, under the superintendence of a well-dressed young man, and two of the Sisters of Charity, who belong to the establishment. They were all children, from the age of twelve or thereabouts down to three or four; one was carried by a servant, being incapable of walking. They were running, and waddling, and tumbling on the grass, and playing in their own way with the servants, with one another, and with a fine, good-natured dog, who made one of the party, and who was probably of nearly the same intellectual calibre as some of his poor biped companions. They were all neatly and cleanly, though plainly dressed, and, like most individuals of the pitiable class to which they belong, were cheerful and apparently happy. The motherly care shown to them by the excellent Sisters was delightful to witness. Sitting down in the sun on the beautiful soft grass, or trooping about with

that social instinct that seems so strong in idiots, with endless shaking of hands, and the same monotonous greeting repeated again and again, they renewed a scene which the narrator had witnessed—and which is daily to be witnessed—at the Asylum for Idiots at Highgate Hill.

In making his selection of the Abendberg, Dr. Guggenbuhl wisely bore in mind the importance of external influences in developing the slumbering faculties of his patients, and he therefore took into consideration, not simply its air and sun, its dryness, its sheltered exposure, and facilities for exercise, but also its local charms, and the grandeur of the scenes which surround it, and which force themselves incessantly on the senses of the pupils, without any effort on their part or that of others.

Besides these general influences, which are constantly and steadily at work, there is a steady employment of measures intended to act directly in developing the mental faculties, and which comprehend everything included under the term education. When of a fitting age, the pupils must attend the school-room for certain short periods of the day; and there they are carefully disciplined by teachers, and by the Doctor himself, in exercising their feeble faculties of thought, and in acquiring such small modicums of knowledge as their respective capacities can grasp. By this judicious combination of influences the result is in many instances arrived at, so happily described in the following lines of Wordsworth:

"Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe!

Thou soul that art the eternity of thought
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! Not in vain,
By day or starlight, thus from my first dawn
Of childhood did'st thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul:
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature: purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear—until we recognise
A grandeur in the boatings of the heart."

Through the kindness of a friend we are enabled to lay before our readers the latest information which has been afforded on the subject of Dr. Guggenbuhl's labors, and of the results which have sprung from them; but before doing so we must for a moment pause to pay a tribute to the memory of a dear friend, now no more, through whose zeal, and the liberal support of his family,

most important pecuniary assistance was rendered to Dr. Guggenbuhl, when his means were painfully cramped. The late Dr. William Twining—a member of a family ever distinguished by its generosity—visited the Abendberg in, we believe, 1845, and on his return to England wrote a pamphlet in which he earnestly and successfully advocated the cause. His valuable life was closed soon after, but his name ought never to be forgotten, as one of the earliest and staunchest supporters of the system of education of cretins and idiots.

The following is an extract from a very interesting Report made at the meeting of the Swiss Natural History Society at Glarus, in 1851, by Dr. Guggenbuhl:

"Since this Society first took into consideration the cause and cure of cretinism, in 1840, a strong impulse has been felt for this important cause throughout Europe. The King of Sardinia appointed a special commission to inquire into it. The Academy of Medicine in Paris brought the subject to a scientific examination, and the British Association has considered the cause of cretinism and the model Institution of the Abendberg at several of its annual meetings. It is one of the valuable results of the labors carried on in the Institution of the Abendberg during the last ten years, to have proved that *one-third* of the miserable cretins are curable, and the remainder capable of considerable improvement in mind and body. A period of ten years is, however, too short to obtain a complete knowledge of the subject; we must wait until the longer continuance of studies in this disease may enable us to effect a much larger and more favorable result. Cretinism, founded on a dormant state of body and mind, is obvious from its very commencement, and the treatment of it succeeds best in the earliest periods of life. The cretin possesses generally *feeling*, even when all other powers, mental and bodily, are wanting. Kindness and benevolence are, therefore, the chief means by which we can gain an influence over them, and endeavor to open the intellectual world to them. This is most practicable in the sphere of domestic life; for this reason we have adopted in the Abendberg the system of apportioning a small number of children to one of the religious Sisters who serve the Institution, and take the place of mothers to the afflicted little cretins.

"The necessity of erecting the hospital upon a mountain spot has lately been confirmed by the experiments of a French phy-

sician, Niepce, who applied all the remedies he had learnt to employ during a residence on the Abendberg, to the poor cretins in the Department of the Hautes Alpes. The attempts were entirely without success in the valleys. It was only when the children were removed to the mountains that the means used produced any good result. It is now to be hoped and expected that similar Institutions will be established throughout Europe, to lighten the darkness of the benighted cretins.

"The latest practical inquiries have taught us the true difference between cretins and idiots. The idiot is weak in mind without of necessity infirmity of body; the cretin suffers many bodily defects added to the weakness of the mind. The more regular the bodily formation of the child, the more difficult is the treatment for cure.

"A very interesting course of experiments has been carried on in different countries on the water fit for drinking. Dr. Grange, a Frenchman, has maintained that goitre and cretinism depend on the magnesia of the water. Chemical analysis, however, proves this to be an error. At St. Vincent, a village of Sardinia, where cretinism prevails to a fearful extent, the drinking water is perfectly pure and good. At Coire, in the French department of the Isère, there is a spring which is said to cause goitre, and yet contains no magnesia, and, on the contrary, one spring which cures goitre, is found to contain 0.052 of salts of magnesia.

"During a journey which I made through England and Scotland last year, I discovered some cretin children in several villages of Somersetshire and Lancashire. In the annual

meeting of the British Association, held at Ipswich this year (1851) the subject was again brought forward, and it is to be hoped that statistical and other inquiries will be established throughout the Kingdom of Great Britain."

We will conclude with a passage from Plato, so apposite, that we cannot resist the pleasure of laying before our readers one or two of the recorded thoughts of that wise and great philosopher."

"When a body that is large and superior to the soul in power is joined with a small and weak intellect—there being naturally two classes of desires in man, one of aliment on account of the body, the other of wisdom for the sake of our most divine part: in this case, the motions of the more powerful prevailing, and enlarging what is their own, but making the reflective part of the soul deaf, indocile, and oblivious, thus induce ignorance, the greatest of all diseases. There is one safety then for both: neither to move the soul without the body, nor the body without the soul; in order that, by mutually resisting each other, they may be equally balanced, and in perfect health. The mathematician, then, or any one else who ardently devotes himself to any intellectual pursuit, should at the same time engage the body in gymnastic exercises; and the man again who is careful in rightly forming his body, should at the same time therewith unite the motions of the soul in the exercises of music and all philosophy; if at least he intends to be one that may justly be called beautiful, and at the same time right good."

* Plato, Scripta. Timeus, lxi.

THE FRENCH UNIVERSITY.—Three prominent professors of the French University have recently been removed—Michelet, Edgar Quinet, and Mickiewicz. Jules Michelet had belonged to the University since 1821, and has professed successively the dead languages, history, and philosophy. His histories and biographies have given him a wide-spread and enduring reputation. His course of lectures was suspended on the 12th of March, 1851, by M. Giraud, Minister of Public Instruction, at the instigation of the Jesuits, against whom M. Michelet had waged a most unrelenting warfare. Since that period he has not resumed his functions. Quinet was made Professor of the Languages and Literature of Southern Europe in 1841, and in 1846 received a public censure from M. Guizot for his tendency to democratic opinions. His popularity with the students was so great that it was not judged advisable to molest him. He was elected to the Chambers in

1848, where he always voted with the Republicans. He wrote two pamphlets, one on the State of Siege, and one on the Expedition to Rome, which made a lasting impression. Adam Mickiewicz is a Lithuanian by birth, and a Frenchman by adoption. The publication of a *Hymn to Truth* drew upon him the attention of the Russian authorities, and he was requested to retire to the Crimea, and remain there till further notice. His friends, however, obtained his pardon, on condition that he should never return to Poland. He went to Germany, where he became intimate with Goethe. In 1841, he was appointed Professor of the Slavonic language and literature at the College of France. He is dismissed, like his colleagues, for his democratic opinions. A work written by him during his wanderings, entitled "Book of the Pilgrims of Poland," has been translated by M. de Montalembert.

From the Eclectic Review.

FENIMORE COOPER.*

THE literature of America is as yet comparatively young. Her progress in this respect has scarcely been co-extensive with her progress towards the highest political eminence. It cannot be denied, that in proportion to the development of talent in a nation will be her improvement in internal refinement. By the literature of a country we judge more than by any other sign of the height of civilization it has attained, and from the tone of thought breathing throughout, discover the spirit of a people, and what position it is content to occupy. When Greece had reached the highest point in its career of civilization, then also its literature most flourished, its poets were most honored, its philosophers most appreciated. The time, however, is not far distant when America will perpetuate the genius of her people in works worthy of the greatness of the position she is destined to occupy in the world's history. Already we have evidences that such will be the case, and if they are not numerous, and, compared with our own more gigantic accomplishments, are only weak and feeble efforts, yet there is scarcely a department of literature in which some of the citizens of America do not occupy a favorable position: Prescott, Stephens, Washington Irving, in history and travels; Channing as an essayist; Cooper as a novelist; Bryant, Dana, Pierpont, and Longfellow, as poets.

For whatever advantages America possesses, however, in this respect, she is almost entirely indebted to England. The want of a grand literature of her own is supplied by that of the mother country, and it must not be forgotten that she possesses the fruits of our research and knowledge—a knowledge which is the glorious production of centuries of indefatigable labor—without the necessity of translation or the expense of copyright, and that inventions of every kind are at her disposal without the restrictions of patents. Most of the popular publications, as well as

the more elaborate and scientific works of Europe, are imported for her use, reprinted at her presses, and rapidly dispersed throughout every portion of the republic.

We have some reason to fear, that the ease with which our friends across the Atlantic are enabled to supply their own deficiency of works and periodicals, tends greatly to retard the advance of literature. It is far more easy to adopt the thoughts and creations of another nation, than to create for themselves. The immense resources of England, and the rapidity with which such resources are available, almost before the first freshness has worn off, the versatile productions that issue from our press, capable of supplying materials for thought and reflection for many nations, seem to satisfy the people of America. They are as familiar with our novels as we are; they look on our poets with the same affection that we do ourselves; our school-books often furnish their educational establishments; and our histories frequently supply the students in their colleges.

These circumstances cannot but have some effect in retarding the progress of America, but it will not ultimately check it. She has poets among her writers of a very high order. Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with the name of Professor Longfellow, the author of "Evangeline," "Voices of the Night," and other little works. Under a quaintness of manner, and in some instances uninviting style, lurks a sweetness of thought and imagery infinitely pleasing. He has all the elements of a poet, though his efforts have been, as yet, small and timid. What he has written, however, is sufficient to assign him a place of the most distinguished kind amongst the literati of his country.

But if America profits so largely from our literature, she has, on the other hand afforded us sources of considerable pleasure, amongst the principal of which are the works of Fenimore Cooper. There are few amongst us who cannot recollect the intense pleasure with which we relished his early novels.

* *The Sea Lion; or, the Lost Sealers.* By James Fenimore Cooper. London: Bentley.

They burst upon us with singular freshness, for the author had struck out for himself a wholly new path, had created a combination of events which no one before had conceived. We knew nothing scarcely of the tribes, whose scattered habitations, singular dwellings, and strange laws, he describes. We had conceived an outline of the savage, were familiar with the cruelty of his practices, but of the nobler part of his nature we knew comparatively little. He was acquainted better, perhaps, with the habits of the painted men of the interior than any other writer who has ventured on a description of them; and so graphically, in many cases, has he brought them before us, that future ethnological and antiquarian writers will quote him as a historical authority on the character and condition of the lost tribes of America.

It is with a feeling of melancholy pleasure that we approach a sketch of what this author has done for the literature of America, because associated with our investigation must be the fact, that by his death she has lost one of her brightest ornaments. The loss is one that we share as well, for the name of Fenimore Cooper is as familiar in our mouths as household words, and it was with sincere regret that we heard of the decease of this great novelist at a comparatively early age. The character and vigor of his writings had, it is true, been for several years on the decline, but there was still a charm in his creations which it was impossible not to feel; the same enthusiasm, when he brought his beloved tribes into the field, or described the broad prairies, or the wooded glen, or buffalo hunts of the back woods, lingered over every page.

Perhaps no writer or public character that has lately quitted the great drama of life had less to fear from detraction than Cooper. The bent of his mind breathed forth in every work he penned; the highest tone of morality prevails throughout; the deepest interest is awakened without ever entering on topics which the ear of youth might not always understand. His writings, indeed, were peculiarly suited to young readers. Wild, adventurous, and stirring, full of the most romantic incidents, and abounding with situations of peril, the boy eagerly devoured the pages of the novel, absorbed by the narrative, and dreading to come to its conclusion. Indeed, we have seldom met with any person who took any delight in fiction at all, that was not capable of being interested in Cooper's novels. His genius was distinct and peculiar. It was adapted to a certain kind

of writing, and as often as he wandered from the track marked out for him by nature, he failed in producing the same effect. The attentive reader of his novels must have perceived this in several compositions which he attempted in a different style, but utterly without success.

Although American by birth and education, we can, undoubtedly, claim Fenimore Cooper as an Englishman by descent. He was born at Burlington, New Jersey, on the 15th of September, 1789. His father was Judge William Cooper, descended from an Englishman of that name, who settled at Burlington in 1679, during the troubles that afflicted this country under the despotism of Charles II. Fenimore passed the early portion of his career at Burlington, and here he received the first rudiments of his education. We know little or nothing of his capacities at this time, or whether he manifested any extraordinary sign of abilities, as is generally the case with those destined to occupy so important a position in the ranks of literature. It may fairly be argued that his tendencies and tastes were of a totally different character, since, after having received a classical and sound education at New Haven, and subsequently at Yale College, he entered the American navy as a midshipman, at the age of sixteen. For six years he remained at sea, and being possessed of rare powers of observation and a most retentive memory, he laid up in his mind those stores of knowledge concerning sea life, which were afterwards to prove of so much service in his future literary endeavors. His familiarity with life on the water has lent one of the most powerful charms to many of his fictions. He is always at home on the ocean, and is as intimate with her ever-varying moods and shifting temper as if he had been born there. The navy, however, does not seem to have taken sufficient hold on his mind to induce him to continue in it. There may have been other circumstances, also, which militated against his choice of so wandering a life. However this may be, certain it is, that in 1811 he quitted the sea, and retired into private life, and shortly after, when he was in his twenty-third year, married Miss de Lancey, sister of Bishop de Lancey, of the western diocese of New York, one of the oldest and most conspicuous families of the United States.

For the next ten years Mr. Cooper continued to lead a quiet and domestic life. He lived on his paternal property of Coopers-town. We hear of no endeavors made by

him to come forward into public. It is more than probable that this time was devoted to study and the enjoyments of literature, in preparation for the distinction he was afterwards to attain. How the idea of becoming an author first dawned upon his mind, nowhere appears. It is of little moment to determine the fact; suffice it, that in 1822 he published anonymously his first novel, entitled "Precaution." It professed to contain a picture of the domestic manners of the English. Though imperfect as a whole, and deficient in many of the requisite characteristics of a work of fiction, there was still sufficient ability displayed to give promise of future distinction for its author. Much of his inimitable dialogue and terseness of expression was evident, but the story was not of sufficient interest to create for it any circulation beyond the libraries, although republished in England as the work of an English author.

His next attempt, however, was infinitely more successful. The powers of his mind were rapidly developing themselves. He had thrown off the crude imaginings of his soul in his first production, but in the "Spy," he concentrated his genius into the procreation of a picture of life overflowing with interest. The characters are numerous, and sustained with extraordinary fidelity unto the end. For grouping and combination of events, for rapid narrative, for exciting adventures and perilous positions, this work is, perhaps, unsurpassed by any that Cooper has written. His success was undoubted. It was welcomed with avidity, and the reputation of the author was established as a man of genius. It has been translated into several languages, and even into the Persian. Yet, notwithstanding the power displayed in the pages of the "Spy"—a power of which its author could not fail to be in some measure conscious—it was with extreme diffidence that he placed it before an American public. The first volume had been printed some months before he set about completing the second, so distrustful was he of the manner in which it would be received. In one of his prefatory notices published some time after, he says, "Should chance throw this into the hands of an American editor twenty years hence, he will smile to think that a countryman of his hesitated to complete a work so far advanced, merely because the disposition of the country to read a book that treated of its own familiar interests was doubted."

The "Pioneer; or, the Sources of the Susquehanna," a descriptive tale founded on in-

formation derived principally from his father, who had an interest in extensive tracts of land near the sources of that river, was eagerly welcomed by all those who had been interested in the "Spy." There was no falling off in the new work. His creative powers were fresh and vigorous, and novel after novel came from his pen with wonderful rapidity. The "Pilot" was a tale of the sea, which attracted the notice of Walter Scott; for, in writing to Miss Edgeworth at the time of its publication, he says, "It is very clever; the sea scenes, in particular, are admirably drawn; and I advise you to read it as soon as possible." Sir Walter Scott's critique, though favorable, is somewhat cold when we consider the actual merit of the work. He brought all his own experience of a seaman's life to bear on his narrative; and in his descriptions, has succeeded in creating some that are, as pieces of descriptive writing, perhaps unequalled in any other novel. The breathless interest he awakens, the strong hold he contrives to take of the imagination, is an evidence of his consummate genius and skill.

"Lionel Lincoln" comes next in order in the train of Mr. Cooper's publications. The battles of Lexington and of Bunker's Hill furnish the foundations for this story. Few contests afforded a broader field for the fancy of the writer than these. The liberties of a great and growing country were at stake; and the bravery and determination with which the Americans disputed the battle with their adversaries, for ever redeemed them from the charge of cowardice with which they had been before assailed by their enemies in Britain. Cooper is faithful to the main features of his story. He spared no pains to obtain accurate information, and was so fortunate as to procure even a journal of the state of the weather at the time the battles were fought, and its entries were rigidly adhered to.

Many readers have preferred the "Last of the Mohicans," which next appeared, to others which have obtained a greater share of notoriety; and we ourselves are inclined to award it a higher place amongst Cooper's works than has generally been assigned it. It may be deficient in the intense interest that characterizes the "Pilot" or the "Spy;" but it possesses a peculiar charm in the more quiet but sustained tone of feeling that pervades it throughout. The characters are distinctive and new, and the description of nature and of men is beautiful in the extreme.

About the year 1826 he visited Europe;

and being at Paris, met with Sir Walter Scott at a party, who mentions the fact in his diary, and describes the curiosity of persons to behold the two greatest novelists of the day in the same room. We are among those who are inclined to accord to Cooper an equal degree of talent and power with that ascribed to Walter Scott, and are disposed to place the originality of the American author at as high a point as we do that of Scott. There is certainly in Cooper more power of concentration, a more epigrammatic style, and greater terseness of expression. But this is scarcely the place to enter into a comparison of these writers' merits. Both were undoubtedly great men, and both have their share of admirers.

Cooper traveled through various countries, and was for a considerable time in England, where he formed many lasting friendships, and gathered fresh stores for his further writings. The results of his observations are contained partially in his "Gleanings in Europe," "Sketches of Switzerland," &c.

Although Cooper published "A History of the United States' Navy," and the "Lives of Distinguished Naval Officers," he was more at home in fiction and in America. Almost in every instance where he has departed from his own track, he has lost some of his charm. His genius was peculiar, not universal; and he has mostly been content to devote his energies to one particular branch of fiction, though tempted occasionally to depart from it. It would be unjust to term anything that Cooper has written a complete failure; although the "Autobiography of a Pocket Handkerchief" approached nearer to such a charge than anything else he has produced. It was an attempt to portray a description of society and manners wholly at variance with his taste, genius, and natural ability; little interest is excited either by the story or the characters.

Some of those who have judged Cooper seem to think that, after his visit to Europe, his freshness of spirit deserted him. We are by no means inclined to acquiesce in this opinion. Perhaps some of his writings acquired a new tone, and had an admixture of European notions which destroyed many of the wild charms lingering around his earlier works; but it gave them novelty, and prevented us from tiring of a tone that might have grown monotonous. The spirit of Cooper's writings, however, is what will ever constitute their strongest hold on the public mind, and prevent their popularity from dying out with the present generation, precisely

because they appeal to no evanescent passions of the heart or hour; they are founded upon no series of events belonging to the day; but their chief interest consists in the faithfulness with which they have drawn nature, both material and human; in which they have portrayed the manners of men and tribes that exists for the most part only in the memory of man.

No one can peruse the works of Cooper without being convinced of the innate beauty of his own mind. His ethical notions are of the highest order, his morality is as pure as that of the men whose unaffected religion he is so fond of portraying—the Puritans. No affected displays, no assertions are necessary to convince his readers of the fact; it breathes through his pages. The philosophy of his mind is of a high order, and few can be unsusceptible of this. The most ordinary reader must be conscious of a superiority and elevation of thought while he peruses the writings of Fenimore Cooper. The gentleness of his own mind, its lofty appreciation of everything that was good, its innate poetry, breathed forth in his graphic description of nature, in the love with which he regards the forests, the broad prairies, and the sun-lighted valleys.

It is rarely that so many qualities are combined in one writer. With the highest excellence in creating original series of adventures and depicting new combinations of events, he united the power of conceiving characters, not every day to be met with, and not only of conceiving them, but carrying them out consistently to the end. Having once imagined them, he is faithful to their early conception, and each person seems to grow up under your eye with the progress of years and time. It is true that Cooper has painted few female characters. He has attempted few—but those that have been introduced to us are sufficient to indicate the author's power. Perhaps he has generally been less fortunate in this respect than in portraying his Indian manners, and that, in two or three instances we shall hereafter mention, he has been most successful. The experiment of connecting so many novels one with the other was new; or rather of making one character enact a part in so many scenes. There are creations of the writer's mind to which we feel as much attachment as if they were personal friends. He is loath to abandon them, still less to depict the termination of their career. This appears to have been especially the case with *Leather Stocking*, though he published the early part of his career subsequent to that which had

attracted so much of the public attention. There is not a boy scarcely, who reads at all, but is familiar with the name of "Natty," or Leather Stocking, or one of his numerous aliases. He is one of the most interesting characters we have ever seen sketched in a novel. From the first moment he comes before our notice until the end, he is the same kind, hardy, high-minded, useful, benevolent man, depending on none, but ever ready to risk life and health in the cause of others; the friend of man and woman, on terms of amity with the savage and the civilized man; known as well to the settler as to the camp of the tribes, and esteemed by them all. For the tongue of Leather Stocking was never known to palliate or falter, never to flinch from the sturdy truth; his faith in the power of God never wavered; his sympathies never died; he never harbored a selfish thought; but animated by the noblest feelings, felt himself at peace with all men. Even the animal creation loved him; and the faithful attachment of his dogs is one of the most touching among many others in the circumstances that surround the old man's life.

We have not space to enter into a minute investigation of the beauties or faults of all Cooper's writings; we must content ourselves first with giving a list of them, and will briefly notice one or two that possess the highest claims to our attention and regard. There is scarcely one of them which can be said to have no attraction, for it is not only the bustling and stirring narrative that so powerfully charms the young reader that we must regard now, but the evidences of mind and power that display themselves.

Besides those we have mentioned, Mr. Cooper published *The Prairie*, *The Red Rover*, *The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish*, *The Water-Witch*, *The Bravo*, *The Heidenmauer*, *The Headsman of Berne*, *The Monikins*, *Homeward Bound*, *Home as Found*, *The Pathfinder*, *Mercedes of Castile*, *The Deerslayer*, *The Two Admirals*, *Wing-and-Wing*, *Wyandotté*, *The Autobiography of a Pocket Handkerchief*, *Ned Myers*, *Ashore and Afloat*, *Miles Wallingford*, *Satanstoe*, *The Chainbearer*, *The Red Skins*, *The Crater*, or *Vulcan's Peak*, *Oak Openings*, *Jack Tier*, *The Sea Lions*, or *Lost Sealers*, *Notions of the Americans*, by a *Traveling Bachelor*, *Gleanings in Europe*, *Sketches of Switzerland*, &c.

The "Deerslayer" is one of the most remarkable of his novels. The same hesitation about publishing it beset its author, since he

entertained in his own mind misgivings about the policy of putting before the public the history of the same individual under so many different circumstances, and in so many different positions. But the favorable manner in which the more advanced career and the death of Leather Stocking were received, created in the mind of the author a sort of necessity for giving some account of his younger days. Yet, even while he wrote, discouraging thoughts at times beset him, concerning the policy of venturing the "Deerslayer" into print. He was several times on the point of burning his MS. and turning to some other subject, when a singular encouragement reached him. He received an anonymous letter from England, written, as he supposed, by some lady, urging him to do what he had more than half accomplished. He now no longer hesitated, but set about completing his task, and the "Deerslayer" was placed before the public. Had Cooper been betrayed into the destruction of his MS., one of his most beautiful creations would have been lost to the world; for there is an expanding power betrayed in the pages of the novel. The characters, of course, are all fictitious, but the scenery is as true to nature as an intimate knowledge of the region could supply. For description there is none of his works more prolific.

"On a level with the point lay a broad sheet of water, so placid and limpid, that it resembled a bed of the pure mountain atmosphere compressed into a setting of hills and woods. Its length was about three leagues, while its breadth was irregular, expanding to nearly a league, or even more, opposite to the point, and contracting to less than half that distance more to the northward. Of course its margin was irregular, being indented by bays, and broken by many projecting low points. At its northern, or nearest end, it was bounded by an isolated mountain, lower land falling off, east and west, gracefully relieving the sweep of the outline. Still the character of the country was mountainous; high hills, or low mountains, rising abruptly from the water on full nine-tenths of its circuit. The exception, indeed, only served a little to vary the scene, and even beyond the parts of the shore that were comparatively low the back-ground was high, though more distant.

"But the most striking peculiarities of the scene were its solemn solitude and sweet repose. On all sides, wherever the eye turned, nothing met it but the mirror-like surface of the lake, the placid view of heaven, and the dense setting of woods. So rich and fleecy were the outlines of the forest, that scarcely an opening could be seen; the whole visible earth, from the rounded mountain-top to the water edge, presenting one unvaried hue of unbroken verdure. As if vegetation were not

satisfied with a triumph so complete, the trees overhung the lake itself, shooting out towards the light; and there were miles along the eastern shore, where a boat might have pulled beneath the branches, dark Rembrandt looking hemlocks, "quivering aspens," and melancholy pines. In a word, the hand of man had never yet defaced or deformed any part of this native scene, which lay bathed in the sunlight a glorious picture of affluent forest grandeur, softened by the balminess of June, and relieved by the beautiful variety afforded by the presence of so great an expanse of water."

The "Deerslayer," however, is remarkable on another account. The character of Hetty Hutter, the imbecile girl, which is exquisitely delineated, and powerfully conceived. Her deep affection for her father is beautifully and pathetically told.

The most masterly, however, of all Cooper's works remains yet to be mentioned, and this is "The Borderer; or, the Wept of Wish-ton-Wish." Here, however, the interest is prolonged and maintained with power through three volumes, simply by the force of Mr. Cooper's high creative faculties. The beauty of the work commences at the very opening. The pitching of the camp, as it were, of the new settlers, their choice of ground, the uprearing of their dwellings, the fortifications by which they encircled themselves against the attacks of the wild enemy, their precautions, but, above all, the peace and harmony of the Puritan family, are exquisitely touched off. The characters of Content, as the father of the family, and the old patriarch, are admirably depicted. The bond of brotherhood and love by which the domestic tribe are united, awakens a powerful interest. There are several domestics and followers, and soon a little colony of children spring up around the aged Puritan. But our author has done far more than all this. He has conceived the finest picture of a wife and mother ever depicted in the pages of fiction. We admit no exception to this assertion. We challenge the whole circle of literature to produce a female character like that of Ruth. In general, writers of fiction imagine it their duty to paint wives and mothers in colors little to be admired, or if they fail to do this, they imagine that by heaping upon them a load of adulation and fine epithets, they make up for the deficiency in their own power of imagination. But Cooper has done nothing of all this. In a few words, unimportant in themselves, he has introduced to us the gentle Ruth. But few as they are, these words are sufficient to interest us ever after in every scene where she

makes her appearance, either as the faithful or affectionate wife, or the loving mother. All the depth and intensity of feeling which belong to such a being beam forth from every act of her life. The sweetest virtues are gathered round her, and form part of herself. Wherever she treads, there follow patience, gentleness, resignation, and love. Even when time has withdrawn from Ruth the charm of the youthful wife and mother, we find in her a character still more to be venerated and respected. Sorrow has fallen upon her, but the matron, aged by suffering before her time, is no less interesting. She is Ruth still, with all her fortitude, her courage, her love, divested, perhaps, of some of her youthful energy, but beautiful and loveable still. Nothing has deserted her but her youth's bloom and her favorite child. Through years she seems to be ever listening to catch its glad laugh come back, or to perceive its form emerge from the dark forest where it dwells far off in some stranger home. Until the end Ruth preserves all her attributes. There is a tenderness and pathos about her, a striking individuality which renders her in every respect an extraordinary creation. The adventures of the "Borderer" are indebted greatly for their interest to the domestic links and ties which the Puritan and his son had to guard. The scenes are full of intense interest from the moment when, under apprehension of the danger that may arrive to him, the faithful Ruth watches her husband from the postern go forth on his night-errand into the dark forest. From that moment the reader is kept in suspense and terror. The presence of the savages is felt, and soon the peaceful home of the settler is invaded, and a description of the destruction follows, which is vivid in the extreme:—

"A moment of suspense succeeded this summons. The whole valley was then suddenly lighted, as if a torrent of the electric fluid had flashed across its gloomy bed; a sheet of flame glanced from the attic of the block, and then came the roar of the little piece of artillery, which had so long dwelt there in silence. The rattling of a shot among the sheds, and the rending of timber, followed. Fifty dark forms were seen by the momentary light, gliding from among the out-buildings, in an alarm natural to their ignorance, and with an agility proportioned to their alarm. The moment was propitious. Content silently motioned to Reuben Ring; they passed the postern together, and disappeared in the direction of the barns. The period of their absence was one of intense care to Ruth, and it was not without anxiety even to those whose nerves were better

steeled. A few moments, however, served to appease these feelings, for the adventurers returned in safety, and as silently as they had quitted the defences. The trampling of feet on the crust of the snow, the neighing of horses, and the bellowing of frightened cattle, as the terrified beasts were scattered about the fields, soon proclaimed the object of the risk which had just been run.

"Enter," whispered Ruth, who held the poster with her iron hand. 'Thou hast given liberty to every hoof, that no living creature perish by the flames?'

"All, and truly not too speedily—for, see, the brand is yet at work."

With one more extract from the novel, showing Ruth in her motherly attachment, we conclude our notice of this most interesting of our author's productions. All must recollect the captive boy, Miantonimo; Ruth has just confided her children to his care:—

"Miantonimo; I again leave you with a charge to be their protector," she added, quitting her daughter, and advancing towards the youth.

"Mother!" shrieked the child; 'come to me, or I die.'

"Ruth turned from the listening captive with the quietness of instinct. A glance showed her the jeopardy of her offspring. A naked savage, dark, powerful of frame, and fierce in the frightful masquerade of his war-paint, stood winding the silver hair of the girl in one hand, while he already held the glittering axe above a head that seemed inevitably doomed to destruction.

"Mercy, mercy!" exclaimed Ruth, hoarse with horror, and dropping to her knees as much from inability to stand, as with intent to petition. 'Monster, strike me, but spare the child.'

"The eye of the Indian rolled over the person of the speaker, but it was with an expression that seemed rather to enumerate the number of his victims, than to announce any change of purpose. With a fiend-like coolness, that bespoke much knowledge of the ruthless practice, he again swung the quivering but speechless child in the air, and prepared to direct the weapon with a full certainty of aim. The tomahawk had made its last circuit, and an instant would have decided the fate of the victim, when the captive boy stood in front of the frightful actor in this bloody scene. By a quick forward movement of his arm, the blow was arrested. The deep guttural ejaculation which betrays the surprise of an Indian, broke from the chest of the savage, while his hand fell

to his side, and the form of the speechless girl was suffered again to touch the floor."

We have spoken of some of Fenimore Cooper's novels, but it would be impossible to place them vividly before the reader in our short limits. His reputation as an author, however, is so well established, that most of our readers are already familiar with his works. We have but taken the opportunity afforded by the melancholy occasion of his death, to afford our tribute to the genius of a man of whom America has every reason to be proud. He will not be forgotten in his country, for his name is endeared to many, and his productions will hand it down to posterity with undiminished lustre.

He was eventually attacked by an illness which hung long about him, and on the 14th of September, 1851, died just one day before he had completed his sixty-second year. His mental powers, it is said, were somewhat decayed before his death, but they had flourished in unimpaired vigor until very lately.

Fenimore Cooper's political opinions have been by some doubted, but from the whole tenor of his works, there can, on examination, exist but one opinion, viz., that his tendencies were highly democratic. These opinions he has steadfastly maintained. They were his earliest, and continued with him to the end of his life. It is true that he admits men of all shades of politics into his writings, and paints each consistently, but the general tone of feeling to be gathered from his works is decidedly liberal, though it was a subject from which he rather shrank than otherwise.

But in a writer of fiction, political opinions are of small moment. His aim was evident; it was to portray a series of exciting, thrilling, and heart-stirring narratives, which should attract readers of all ages and countries, possess a charm for the boy, and for the man; and we venture to assert, that perhaps no writer which this century has produced has better carried out his aim. Cooper's novels will be standard works as long as fiction continues to excite an interest in the admirers of literature.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

A NAPOLEONIC PICTURE-GALLERY AT BOLOGNA.

THE following sketch of a "Napoleonic Picture-gallery at Bologna," is from the pen of an accomplished German writer; and, in addition to its own graphic merit, derives peculiar merit at the present moment for the description it contains of one of those family portraits in which the painter, by a happy instinct, seems to have foreshadowed at a very early period the future success of Louis Napoleon, at present the absolute ruler of the French Republic:—

Far from the busy market-place of Bologna, through the long and silent streets, where only a few foot-passengers are seen walking along beneath the arcades of the houses, and where the young grass is springing up between the stones of the pavement, one enters upon an open square, ornamented in the mediæval style; and there presents itself to our view a palace, erected by the creative genius of Palladio. No restless, fiery steeds, no busy retinue of servants, no sound of joyous life beneath the noble porticos,—upon the light and airy staircase,—within the splendid saloons!

At the porter's lodge we requested admission into the Palazzo Camerata, belonging to the Countess Camerata of Ancona, the daughter of Eliza Baciocchi, the niece of the Emperor. The grey-haired domestic led us up a flight of stairs, and opened the door of a princely saloon. It was five o'clock in the afternoon. The variegated light of a September setting sun fell in glowing rays through the lofty windows, whose curtains had been drawn back by our aged guide. A solemn stillness reigned throughout the apartment. We stood before the pictures and statues of the Napoleon family; like Medici, a true race of kings. Here they are gathered together, and the whole poetry of their appearance, the marvellous uprising of their splendor from out of the wild chaos of the revolution, which the emperor, with Titanic might, reduced into form and order, all penetrates the soul of the beholder, as he gazes around him in this apartment. On the wall at the left-hand side of the entrance,

hangs a portrait of the emperor in his coronation robes, resembling the portrait in the Dresden gallery, only that the head here is drawn with more spirit than is there. The moment of the coronation is not, however, that in Napoleon's life which one desires most to see preserved, for it is not his greatest deed. He readily presents himself to our imagination as a young hero, mounted upon a fiery steed, and climbing the Alps, while he points onwards with his uplifted sword to the path of undying fame. One beholds him in spirit, within the plague-hospital of Egypt, before the pyramids, at the bridge of Arcola, or in any of those places where he, a conquering genius, rushed onward in all the fiery confidence of victory, comet-like, throughout the world. One thinks upon him only as the born monarch, on whom nature in her bounteous mood had conferred the diadem; not as the prince who receives his crown with solemn ceremonial, and surrounded by all the empty pomp which so often stamps a hollow grandeur upon official dignity.

On the right-hand of the Emperor is seen Pauline Borghese, upon a crimson velvet seat of antique form, placed before a dark green velvet hanging. She bears a strong resemblance to the emperor. Her white satin dress, embroidered with gold, is confined around the waist with a golden girdle. Her arms and bust are very beautiful. Beneath the diadem of the princess flows a long veil, and around her fair brow are waving locks of a dark glossy hue. From her full, drooping, almond-shaped eye, she looks forth languishingly upon the beholder, kindling and yet cold, as if she would command as well as beseech the homage of the heart, in the full consciousness that hers was a sovereign beauty. Upon the other side is Joseph in the uniform of a French general. He is standing in the open air with a decree in his right hand.

Next to him is Caroline Bonaparte, the wife of Murat, who stands upon the terrace of a garden. She wears a flame-colored

robe over a white under-garment, a gold embroidered scarf, and scarlet flowers in her hair. She is less of a brunette than Pauline, looks much less oriental, and has far less physiognomy than her sister; a soft, smooth skin, a very fresh complexion, with blue eyes and rich dark hair, the fitting queen of gay and life-loving Naples. Jerome is represented in white uniform with long military boots, leaning against a tree, beneath whose shadow sits his spouse, a Princess of Wirtemberg. She is very beautiful, and, with her German physiognomy, looks like a stranger among all the Italian faces around her. This royal lady is very like Queen Louisa of Prussia. She wears a white satin dress, with pearl ornaments and scarlet roses beneath her veil. Jerome, the only one of Napoleon's family who has small, insignificant, contracted features, looks as if he were her attendant.

Louis Bonaparte holds his son,* whose age may be about twelve years, by the hand. He has a thorough Bonaparte countenance. He points with his left-hand upwards to a rock which he is beginning to ascend, while he turns a fond gaze upon the boy whom, with his right-hand, he is drawing after him. Both are in military costume. The boy has a sort of Hussar dress, red trowsers, blue spencer, and holds in his hand the *calpack* with the heron's feather in it. Louis resembles the Emperor only in a few of his features, but the boy is altogether extremely like him.

Then comes Letitia, in crimson gold-embroidered velvet, a diadem of brilliants upon her brow, a true Roman woman; the mother of a world-ruler. She has rich black hair, clear bright eyes, strongly defined features and form; in the lower part of the cheek may be observed that soft fulness which is so often seen among the older Italian women, but no traces of those minute wrinkles which are the silent tell-tales of declining years. Her whole countenance is frank, full and proud. Letitia is conscious of the strength of her own character. It seems natural to her that Napoleon, who was born of her blood, who first drew his breath from beneath her proud heart, should be the ruler of the world. It seems to her quite in the order of things that all her children should be kings, because she and Napoleon had imparted to them so many rays of their own light, that the planets shone as if they themselves were fixed stars. She has assuredly never thought within herself: "My

son has heaped honors upon my head!" Letitia has never received a favor. She has born her son into the world, whose business therefore it is to thank her for this favor. She has given life to Napoleon; consequently he remains her debtor, even though he were to lay the sovereignty of the world at her feet. The expression of this peculiar, tranquil self-consciousness of supremacy, which confers upon itself the crown, pervades her whole aspect. A wonderful woman!

On the opposite wall hangs a large picture, descriptive of the Court of Lucea. Eliza Baciocchi, the Duchess of Lucen, is seated with her daughter on a throne-like seat. Her husband, in full uniform, stands on one side, contemplating Gerard and Canova, who are engaged in painting and modeling his wife and daughter. Gerard, in a black frock coat, wears the Order of the Legion of Honor. Young and pretty court ladies, young military men, diplomatists and artists, all of them portraits, fill up the sides and background. This picture is full of vivid and animated expression. All the faces and forms are youthfully fresh; there are no old, worn-out physiognomies—a true symbol of the age and race of Napoleon. They seem to reach onward into the spring-time of a new order of things, breathing a glowing life, bearing rich fruit of many a sort, and disappearing from the midst of us, without ever having faded away. Besides the well-known statue of the Emperor by David, and a lovely group by Canova,—Eliza with her infant daughters in her arms, who are clinging to their mother—and a charming statuette of the same children by Bartolini, there are several busts in the collection, among which are the Emperor's sisters and wives; Murat, Hortense, and Eugene; not forgetting the Emperor's father, who is represented in the prime of life, and bears the aspect of a youthful Nero. I had, however, the conviction that this head was an ideal one, and placed there by way of completing the collection. It had only a typical, but no personal truth.

The sisters of Napoleon resemble him far more than do his brothers. Among the latter, Lucien is the most like him. He has a prominent nose, and a good profile, and there is much manly beauty in the expression of his head. Jerome's features are, as has been already said, very insignificant; but as for the sisters, their heads are like those of finely-chiselled antique statues.

Josephine is uncommonly lovely, without, however, any real beauty. A short, delicately formed nose, and the sweetest expres-

* The President of the French Republic.

sion about her mouth and eyes. Hortense is almost German in her form, and has much more decision and seriousness of aspect than her mother. Eugene's bust conveys the same agreeable impression that one receives on meeting with a worthy good man. While gazing upon his noble features, his clear open brow, and the calm bearing of his carriage, one exclaims involuntarily, "That was a noble man!" Murat presents a perfect contrast to him—the true model of a handsome but rude Italian peasant; thick, curly hair, a full beard, a coarse, broad nose, a wide thick-lipped mouth, such as is not uncommon among the people at Naples. Murat might have made a good Massaniello, and so also might a hundred of the Neapolitan *Marinari*. Spirited, daring and impetuous, indeed, but at the same time rude and common-place in feature and aspect. Far other blood flows in his veins than in those of Napoleon's family. Even the distinguished appearance of Jerome's wife, the Princess of Wirtemberg, does not reach in some sort the noble expression conveyed to us by Letitia, Lucien and Napoleon. It is the inborn nobility of intelligence and genius, contrasted with that which has descended from a long line of distinguished ancestors, and which at its spring-head gushed from the same source,—the people.

Nearest to the door stands the bust of Maria Louisa. She is not worthy of a place

in this apartment. All of those who are destined to live on here in their portraits, were great either through their own souls, or at least through the love which they cherished alike in adversity as in success. Maria Louisa is the only traitress in this circle. I know nothing more unworthy than a woman so placed that she must either prove an angel or a wretch, proving mean and unworthy of the lofty fate which had been assigned to her. To be worthy of the love of a Napoleon was no common vocation. When Napoleon married Maria Louisa, it was with the hope of obtaining an heir to his name and empire; and yet, when informed by Corvisart that either the mother or the child must be sacrificed, he exclaimed, "Save the mother!" Surely, from that moment forward, he had the fullest claim upon his wife's devoted love; he, to whom an heir was everything, and a woman's love of so little value. Maria Louisa ought to have abandoned neither her husband nor her child in the hour of need. By the side of the dethroned Emperor, and with her son in her arms,—that was her fitting place; the barren rock of St. Helena, the loftiest throne she could have ascended, from whence her name would have gone down to futurity with imperishable glory, instead of sinking, as it has done, into forgetfulness and contempt.

I did not perceive any picture of the Duke of Reichstadt in this collection.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE CAREER OF PRINCE SCHWARZENBERG.

THIRTY years ago Prince Felix Schwarzenberg was the spoiled child of London society. He was an *attaché* of the Austrian Embassy; these embassies, and all appertaining to them, were much more looked up to than they are at present. The scion of a family of the first rank and wealth, young, handsome, and with more brain than was necessary in his position, no wonder he was a favorite. He was much blamed for his conduct with regard to a lady, the then wife of one of our statesmen; but Prince Felix was little more than twenty. The lady went to him at Chandos House, not he to the lady,

as was proved on the trial, and every one knew that A—n was the first lover, and the juvenile Schwarzenberg more a seduced boy than a veteran Lothario.

The family were originally Lords of Sensheim. Its chief became a favorite of the Emperor Sigismund, and married his sister. He was created Baron of Sensheim by that monarch in 1417; and having purchased the more extensive territory of Schwarzenberg, adopted that title. The family were declared princely in 1670; and were sovereign princes in Kletgau, which they held immediately under the Emperor. They were mediatized,

however, in 1814 and 1815. Schwarzenberg is a province, extending five square German miles, and counts ten thousand inhabitants. The possessions of the family extend over twenty-three square German miles, contains three hundred and thirteen villages, and yield an annual revenue estimated at six hundred thousand florins.

It was not, however, the head of the family, and the owner of this large property, which, of its members, occupied the most consideration either at the Court of Vienna, or in the politics of Europe. The Prince Schwarzenberg, to whom the world looked up, was the Field-marshal of the name. He, however, was but of a younger branch of the family, or rather he was the younger brother of Prince Joseph, who, in 1802, made over to him large estates in Bohemia, a property augmented in 1815 by the generosity of the Emperor, with several estates in Hungary. This officer, so renowned in his latter days, rendered so by the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, had been all his life a kind of Cassandra in the military councils of Austria. He began his martial career against the Turks before the French Revolution, and even at that time had been in every war, and in every action.

But, though always employed in subordinate command, he had never been entrusted with the lead. He served under Mack at Ulm, and when that renowned commander surrendered, Schwarzenberg disdained to be a party to it, and cut his way through the French army with some regiments of Dragoons. Again, at Austerlitz, he was opposed to the giving battle, and the mode of giving it. In 1814 and 1815, however, his services were thought entitled to supreme command, and how he proved himself worthy of it, Leipzig and other fields sufficiently attest.

Yet Marshal Schwarzenberg, of all the Austrian Court, was considered the man most favorable to Napoleon, and most inclined to the French alliance. In this sentiment the elder branch of the family joined. A great part of their domain was in Franconia, included in the Confederation of the Rhine, so that any permanent disagreement or hostility between the partizans of Austria and of France or Germany, must have proved highly inimical to the interests of the family. When it was determined that the Archduchess Marie Louise should espouse the Emperor Napoleon, Marshal Prince Schwarzenberg was the envoy chosen by the Court of Vienna to conduct the Princess. He was at the same time appointed ambassador in

Paris. What he felt most likely to want was the presence of the high-born, the French *noblesse* remaining in dudgeon. To supply this want, the elder and princely branch of the Schwarzenbergs accompanied the Marshal, and aided in doing the honors of the embassy.

On the occasion of the marriage of Louis the Sixteenth with Marie Antoinette, an immense number of lives were lost in the crush, produced by the crowd in the Rue Royale and the Place Louis Quinze. It was considered as a most lugubrious omen, and those who afterwards marked the fate of that hapless king and queen, looked back upon the dread omen as verified. What, then, were the forebodings and dismay, when a still more fearful catastrophe attended the *fêtes* consequent upon the marriage of Napoleon and Marie Louise.

The Prince-Marshal took a house in the Rue Mont-Blanc, or Chaussée d'Antin, as it used to be, and was subsequently called. He selected the quarter for his residence, as if on purpose, far from the quarter of the old *noblesse*, where he might have found large palaces and spacious apartments. But Napoleon did not like driving into the Faubourg St. Germain. Prince Schwarzenberg therefore took a house in the new quarter, and no sooner had taken it, than he found he had not space for the first *fête* he intended to give. He remedied the narrowness of the space, however, by taking in the garden, and converting it into a temporary ball-room. It was fitted up with boards somewhat hastily, and then covered over as hastily with draperies and gay colored calicoes and silks. This splendid *fête* was a cruel blow to the old French *noblesse*, who saw an Austrian envoy and a Schwarzenberg giving a sumptuous *fête* in honor of the new sovereign, sprung from the Revolution, espousing a princess of the House of Austria, and a niece of Queen Marie Antoinette. Whatever bitter feelings were excited by the circumstance, and by revived recollections, the bitterness was more than gratified by the way in which the *fête* ended.

The crowd of guests had poured in and filled the brilliant rooms; the dancing had for some time commenced; the Emperor entered with the Empress, and the gala was at its height, when a gust of wind happened to blow from its place one of the festoons of the drapery adorning the *improvised* apartment, it floated over a lamp, caught fire, and in an instant the entire drapery of the room was in a blaze. The wood work of the roof and walls

was not many seconds in taking fire from the muslin and calico, and the edifice was on fire before the greater number of the guests were aware.

Word of the accident was instantly brought to Napoleon, who thought of the infernal machine, and of this as a pendant to it. His lowering countenance, of course, added to the anxieties of his host, and Prince Schwarzenberg, after a few hasty directions respecting the fire, turned all his attention to the Emperor and Empress, and to seeing them out of danger, before he looked to the safety even of his own family. The Emperor's carriage was procured and drawn up at a side door, for the way to the front led through the burning hall. To this the Prince directed his steps, as soon as Napoleon and Marie Louise had driven away, but it was no longer possible to penetrate into it, or pass it. It was a sheet of flame, and, isolated from the staircase, it was impossible for the Prince to make search there. His own family, relatives, and principal guests, were safe. There seemed little reason to doubt of this, until after a time the names of those saved were known, and the Princess, wife of Prince Joseph, was not amongst them.

The Emperor having deposited the Empress at the Tuileries, had by this time returned, and under his orders prompt measures were taken to put down the flame. It was some time ere this was effected, and before they could penetrate into the improvised ball-room, the roof of which had fallen in. Here the worst fears of the anxious family were realized, by the discovery of the calcined body of the Princess Schwarzenberg, recognizable more by the quantity of jewels and ornaments, half melted upon her person, than by identity of any other kind. The body lay in a hole of the burnt floor, about which the quantity of water thrown upon it had formed a pool, and was still smoking. It was extraordinary that so eminent a personage should thus, and indeed almost alone, have perished, amidst hundreds of guests who would, any of them, have risked life for her.

Amidst this scene of ruin and death, on which the day was breaking, not the least striking object was a large gilt clock, that had stopped going in the height of the conflagration, but had not been destroyed; its hands pointing out the time of the catastrophe.

We mention, that when Field-marshal Schwarzenberg had come to Paris as ambassador, the elder branch of his family, to do

him honor, had accompanied him. This was the Prince Joseph. He had espoused the Princess Pauline of Ahrenberg, who lost her life in the melancholy way which we have narrated. The cause of her destruction was her anxiety for the safety of her daughter, Elenora; she had been carried off to a place of safety at the commencement of the conflagration, a circumstance of which it was found impossible to apprise her mother. She accordingly penetrated into the burning ball-room in search of her daughter, and perished in the act.

The death of the Princess Elenora, the daughter of Pauline, took place in a manner equally tragic. She was married to Prince Windischgratz, well known as the captor of Vienna from the insurgents, and the commander on the first invasion of Hungary. At the time of the revolution, he commanded the Austrian troops in Bohemia, and was, whilst at their head, assailed by an insurrection at Prague. The Princess was with him at the time, and unfortunately ventured near to a window of the hotel in which she was staying. She was struck by a ball from the insurgent ranks, and instantly expired, in June, 1848. This was amongst the many causes that rendered Prince Felix so inveterate against the insurrectionists.

Besides the Princess Elenora, Prince Joseph and Pauline had three sons. The eldest, Prince Joseph Adolf, born in 1799, succeeded to the title in 1833. The second, Prince Felix, born in 1800, forms the subject of this memoir. The third, Frederic, entered the church: of him we may say a few words before proceeding to narrate the career and fortunes of his brother.

In Austria there are but two professions for gentlemen, diplomacy and the army. For the church, it is but very exceptionable; Prince Frederic of Schwarzenberg did, however, enter holy orders, and was made Archbishop of Salzberg at the early age of four or five and twenty. He was a remarkably handsome youth, and all the dames of the Salzkammergut were in loud admiration of the beauty of the prelate. We wish that we could say as much of his wisdom or his toleration; but, unfortunately, he was no other than the prelate who commenced and continued the persecution of the unfortunate families of the Zillertal in the Tyrol, which were under his episcopal jurisdiction. All travelers, and most readers, have heard how about three-fourths of the families of the Zillertal thought fit to turn Protestants. They were, for the most part, landed pro-

prietors, as the Tyrol peasants generally are. Complaints were made to Salzburg; and the Archbishop, saying, that the law of the country tolerated existing Protestants, but would not tolerate future or converted ones, obtained a decree, sentencing the Protestants of the Zillerthal either to return to the bosom of the church, or to quit the dominions of Austria. They to a man preferred the latter. A short space was allowed them to sell their properties, which, as they could only be bought by the peasants of the region, were disposed of for little or nothing. The King of Prussia welcomed these exiles for conscience sake, and gave them lands and a village in the only district of his dominions that boasts a mountain. He located them at the foot of the Riesenberge, where they can have neither their vines nor their Indian corn, but where in recompense they come to church or chapel as they like, without fear of persecution.

The exiled Zillerthalers preserve their national costume, and seem happy, and in really a prosperous and thriving region.

So much for the ecclesiastical polity of the Schwarzenbergs when under old Ferdinand, the grandfather of the present Emperor. The handsome and intolerant Archbishop of Salzburg has since been promoted to Prague.

There is no denying the great talents of Prince Metternich, who governed Austria down to the year 1848, and who kept so many discordant and uneasy elements from breaking into disorder for so long a time. There was not a province or a district of the empire that did not in that time make immense progress in material development and prosperity. The fault of Metternich was, not that he checked the Austrians from growing prosperous and rich, but that he knew not how to make the government share in their prosperity. As individuals grew wealthy or vicious, the treasury grew poorer and more indebted. In vain did he summon and consult his council; the routine of Austrian *employés* could not help him; once he took courage, and consulted an Englishman, who gave him excellent advice, and Metternich proceeded to follow it. But it created some jealousy, and created such a riot amongst the place-men, great and small, that Metternich himself was obliged to abandon it. Routine universally triumphs in Austria, and promotion goes by seniority; the prime minister had none but old men about him. If this rendered everything stationary in Austria during the lifetime of the old Emperor, it ac-

complished complete stagnation when his son, in a state of almost idiocy, succeeded.

Metternich gave no place at Vienna to high nobles like Schwarzenberg. They might come to please the Court, the Emperor, or the Archduchesses, and so obtain a position to profit by intrigue. So that a capable man, like Schwarzenberg, was kept in London or Naples or with his regiment.

The Revolution of 1848 then arrived. It has been considered an uprising of the people; but the first uprisings of the people of Vienna were no more formidable than any London riot. The true insurrection was that of the courtiers and *employés* against Metternich, whom all wanted to get rid of; and all, instead of aiding to put down the popular insurrection, fanned and encouraged it. This *émeute* of the courtiers against Metternich was headed by the Archduke John, who turned the Prince out of office, much against his will, by making the people cry for his dismissal under the court windows, the Archduke appearing on the balcony to grant their request. The courtiers' object thus gained by means of the popular insurrection, the object became to put down the insurrection after it had served their own purpose. But it was too late. They had raised the evil spirit, and could not lay it. The revolution treated them as they had treated Metternich.

The most melancholy circumstance of these revolutionary days was certainly the imbecile state of the mind of the Emperor. The courtiers around him made the most nefarious use of the imperial imbecility. It enabled them to make his majesty promise everything to his subjects, and they, holding the reins, of course went in a sense directly contrary to that promise. This led to a series of most abominable treasons, some of which gave rise to the civil war in Hungary, often to massacre at home. It is to Prince Felix Schwarzenberg's credit, that he at once saw through the vile and unsatisfactory nature of such a government as this; and that on his very first view of affairs he declared the indispensable preliminary to anything like a resuscitation of government and of imperial authority must be the resignation of the Emperor, and the elevation to the throne of a young and capable scion of the family, such as Europe and the army could respect. The Emperor Ferdinand set aside, the next in succession was his brother, the husband of the Archduchess Sophia, a princess of great ability and influence. None dared to propose that her husband also should be set aside, and their son, Francis

Joseph, be proclaimed Emperor; but Schwarzenberg had the courage at once not only to propose, but to insist upon this, and he carried it, to the surprise of all, to the restoration of the Empire, and to the consolidation of his own power as Prime Minister.

Previous to his appointment, Prince Felix had been studying politics in the camp of Radetsky. Austrian ambassador at Naples, when the troubles broke out, he withdrew by order of his Court from that country, when the revolutionary general there marched back to take part in the war north of the Po. And when General Pepe left Naples to take the command in Verona against the Austrians, Prince Schwarzenberg joined Radetsky's force in Verona. He thus made one of the combatants at the battle of Custoza. The Marquis d'Azeglio, the constitutional minister of Piedmont, served in the opposite ranks to Schwarzenberg on that day, and both statesmen received severe wounds, fighting each for the principles he professed, for the cause, and the sovereign that he revered.

The great *desideratum* at Vienna towards the close of 1848, became thenceforth a politician and a minister, not a military commander, yet having the confidence of the army and its generals. Felix Schwarzenberg with all the *eclat* of his wound at Custosa and his intimacy with Radetsky, fulfilled these conditions. He became Minister for Foreign Affairs, and his first decisive acts have been already mentioned. His brother-in-law, Prince Windischgratz, was then marching into Hungary with hopes of succeeding, as Radetsky had done, Schwarzenberg having provided him with the same ample means of equipment, provisions and artillery. The Bohemian Prince failed, however, before the stubbornness of the Hungarians, and he was driven back upon Vienna in discomfiture and rout. It was then that Schwarzenberg sought Russian aid, with the result that we all know. All the councillors of the Emperor Nicholas were most averse to his engaging in it, and more than one declared the severance of Hungary from Austria was the best thing that could happen for Russia. But Nicholas deemed the cause of hereditary monarchy more precious than even Russian aggrandizement, and he ordered the advance into Hungary.

Meantime the insanity of Stadion, which had forced that statesman to retire to Pritznitz, left the domestic, as well as war administration of Austria in the power of Schwarzenberg, and he proceeded gradually to undo all the progress that had been made towards con-

stitutional government. He declared the constitution abrogated, suppressed even those local privileges which the provinces had before enjoyed, set at defiance and at naught the rising pretensions of the territorial aristocracy, just as much as he destroyed the privileges of the lower classes. In fact, he Russianized Austria, and in reality established the same system and spirit of government from the Sea of Archangel to the banks of the Tiber. An Englishman, be he Tory or be he Whig, can have but one idea of such an alliance of absolutism, which he cannot but consider likely to defeat its own ends by the violent means employed, the innumerable extremities proceeded to, and the inveterate reactions and resistance it sooner or later produces. But driven into such an alliance, Schwarzenberg at least made the most of it, and that not only to crush Hungary, but also to humiliate the old rival of Austria, Prussia. For the three years previous, the King of Prussia had been animated by the almost one idea, that of making himself and his crown independent of, and superior to, Austria in the councils and politics of Germany; Schwarzenberg made the most adroit use of the Russian alliance to defeat and destroy them, to humble Prussia and its king, not only in reality but in public appearance and estimation, to the second rank, and to deprive it not only of the political and military equality with Austria, which it pretended to, but even to dethrone it from that commercial superiority, which the industry of its people, the talent of its statesmen, and the advantages of its territorial and maritime position, had enabled Prussia to assume.

To those who are so truly German as to take a paramount interest in the rivalry between Prussia and Austria, and to prefer the ascendancy of Austria, the conduct of Prince Felix Schwarzenberg must appear the very perfection of good and able statesmanship. We can by no means venture to take this circumscribed and local view; but still we cannot but admit the skill and perseverance with which the Prince followed out his idea and attained his aim. The King of Prussia must have breathed more freely on hearing of the death of the greatest enemy of his house that even Austria ever produced.

Felix Schwarzenberg was not, however, without his domestic enemies, the friends of the old Emperor; and those, who like M. De Bombelles, made use of him and were intimate with that monarch.

On passing through some town where the people thronged to the coach door with ac-

clamation, the wife of the dethroned Emperor put her head out of the window to ask the people, in what they were better off under the new Emperor than under the old. Even the Archduchess Sophia, the mother of Francis Joseph, might ask the same question. Schwarzenberg contrived to dominate the court, which was the more easy as Francis Joseph thought merely of the camp. The chief enemies of Schwarzenberg were the old noblesse. They looked to the restoration of their old supremacy in Hungary and elsewhere, and they deprecated the absolutism and centralization of Schwarzenberg. They were powerless for want of a mouthpiece, until Prince Metternich's return. But no sooner was that veteran politician re-established in the Rennweg, than he opened his batteries against the young Prime Minister.

When Metternich was in London and in Brussels, he invariably spoke of public affairs in the same tone, and not an illiberal one. He said he had always perceived the necessity for a change in a liberal direction, but had found it impossible to remove one stone of a building so old, without the old pillars threatening to fall out. When events and revelations had, however, undertaken to do what no statesman durst have ventured, it was necessary to take advantage of the co-operation of events instead of seeking to resist them and set them at defiance. There were no

democratic interests in Austria, but there were strong landed and manufacturing interests, both conservative, and both should be called to the support of the throne, instead of having a sponge passed over their names, and a rolling stone run over their importance and their pride. Such was the language of Metternich,—language that Schwarzenberg stigmatized as democratic. And he was preparing a triumph for himself over Metternich, by winning for the commercial interests of Austria that ascendancy in Germany, by means of a new and sound commercial union, akin to the political ascendancy which the empire had already acquired.

How far Schwarzenberg would have succeeded in his schemes, or how far Metternich will succeed in his, fate has left us in uncertainty, by the paralytic stroke which has just carried off Prince Felix. He had come from the cabinet council, where he had met some contrariety, it is believed, from Kubeck. He had gone home to dress, in order to dine with his brother, Prince Adolf, when the stroke of death levelled him to the earth, at the early age, for a statesman, of fifty-two.

Prince Felix died unmarried. His elder brother, who married Princess Eleanor of Lichtenstein, has a family. Field-Marshal Schwarzenberg also left a son, Prince Frederic, who has somewhat distinguished himself with the pen.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

TALES OF THE COAST-GUARD.

THE LAST REVEL.

WHEN I was quite a lad, a servant lived with us by the name of Anne Stacey. She had been in the service of William Cobbett, the political writer, who resided for some years at Botley, a village a few miles distant from Ithen. Anne might be about two or three and twenty years of age when she came to us; and a very notable, industrious servant she was, and remarked, moreover, as possessing a strong religious bias. Her features, everybody agreed, were comely and intelligent. But that advantage in the matrimonial market was more than neutralized

by her unfortunate figure, which, owing, as we understood, to a fall in her childhood, was hopelessly deformed, though still strongly set and muscular. Albeit, a sum of money—about fifty pounds—scraped together by thrifty self-denial during a dozen years of servitude, amply compensated in eyes of several idle and needy young fellows for the unlovely outline of her person; and Anne, with an infatuation too common with persons of her class and condition, and in spite of repeated warning, and the secret misgivings, one would suppose, of her own

mind, married the best-looking, but most worthless and dissipated of them all. This man, Henry Ransome by name, was, I have been informed, constantly intoxicated during the first three months of wedlock, and then the ill-assorted couple disappeared from the neighborhood of Itchen, and took up their abode in one of the hamlets of the New Forest. Many years afterwards, when I joined the Preventive Service, I frequently heard mention of his name as that of a man singularly skilful in defrauding the revenue, as well as in avoiding the penalties which surround that dangerous vocation. One day he was pointed out to me when standing by the Cross-House near the Ferry, in company with a comparatively youthful desperado, whose real name was John Wyatt, though generally known amongst the smuggling fraternity and other personal intimates, by the *soubriquet* of Black Jack—on account, I suppose, of his dark, heavy-browed, scowling figure-head, one of the most repulsive, I think, I have ever seen. Anne's husband, Henry Ransome, seemed, so far as very brief observation enabled me to judge, quite a different person from his much younger, as well as much bigger and brawnier associate. I did not doubt that, before excessive indulgence had wasted his now pallid features, and sapped the vigor of his thin and shaking frame, he had been a smart, good-looking chap enough; and there was, it struck me, spite of his reputation as a 'knowing one,' considerably more of the dupe than the knave, of the fool than the villain, in the dreary, downcast skulking expression that flitted over his features as his eye caught mine intently regarding him. I noticed also that he had a dry, hard cough, and I set down in my own mind as certain that he would, ere many months passed away, be consigned, like scores of his fellows, to a brandy-hastened grave. He indicated my presence—proximity, rather—to Wyatt, by a nudge on the elbow, whereupon that respectable personage swung sharply round, and returned my scrutinizing gaze by one of insolent defiance and bravado, which he contrived to render still more emphatic by thrusting his tongue into his cheek. This done, he gathered up a coil of rope from one of the seats of the Cross-House, and said: "Come, Harry, let's be off. That gentleman seems to want to take our picture—on account that our mugs are such handsome ones, no doubt; and if it was a mildish afternoon, I shouldn't mind having mine done; but as the weather's rather nippy like, we'd better be toddling, I

think." They then swaggered off, and crossed the Ferry.

Two or three weeks afterwards, I again met with them, under the following circumstances:—I landed from the *Rose* at Lymington, for the purpose of going by coach to Lyndhurst, a considerable village in the New Forest, from which an ex-chancellor derives his title. I had appointed to meet a confidential agent there at the Fox and Hounds Inn, a third-rate tavern, situate at the foot of the hill upon which the place is built; and as the evening promised to be clear and fine, though cold, I anticipated a bracing, cross-country walk afterwards in the direction of Hithe, in the neighborhood whereof dwelt a person—neither a seaman nor a smuggler—whose favor I was just then very diligently cultivating. It was the month of November; and on being set down at the door of the inn, somewhere about six o'clock in the evening, I quietly entered and took a seat in the smoking-room unrecognized, as I thought, by any one—for I was not in uniform. My man had not arrived; and, after waiting a few minutes, I stepped out to inquire at the bar if such a person had been there. To my great surprise, a young woman—girl would be a better word, for she could not be more than seventeen, or at the utmost, eighteen years old—whom I had noticed on the outside of the coach, was just asking if one Dr. Lee was expected. This was precisely the individual who was to meet me, and I looked with some curiosity at the inquirer. She was a coarsely, but neatly attired person, of a pretty figure, interesting, but dejected cast of features, and with large, dark, sorrowing eyes. Thoughtfulness and care were not less marked in the humble, subdued tone in which she spoke. "Could I sit down anywhere till he comes?" she timidly, asked, after hearing the barwoman's reply. The servant civilly invited her to take a seat by the bar-fire, and I returned, without saying anything, to the smoking-room, rang the bell, and ordered a glass of brandy and water, and some biscuits. I had been seated a very short time only, when the quick, consequential step, and sharp, cracked voice of Dr. Lee sounded along the passage; and after a momentary pause at the bar, his round, smirking, good-humoured, knavish face looked in at the parlor-door, where seeing me alone, he winked with uncommon expression, and said aloud: "A prime fire in the smoking-room, I see; I shall treat myself to a whiff there presently." This said, the shining face vanished, in order, I

doubted not, that its owner might confer with the young girl who had been inquiring for him. This Lee, I must observe, had no legal right to the prefix of doctor tacked to his name. He was merely a peripatetic quack-salver and vender of infallible medicines, who, having wielded the pestle in an apothecary's shop for some years during his youth, had acquired a little skill in the use of drugs, and could open a vein or draw a tooth with considerable dexterity. He had a large, but not, I think, very remunerative practice amongst the poaching, deer-stealing, smuggling community of those parts, to whom it was of vital importance that the hurts received in their desperate pursuits should be tended by some one not inclined to babble of the number, circumstances, or whereabouts of his patients. This essential condition Lee, hypocrite and knave as he was, strictly fulfilled; and no inducement could, I think, have prevailed upon him to betray the hiding-place of a wounded or suffering client. In other respects, he permitted himself a more profitable freedom of action, thereto compelled, he was wont apologetically to remark, by the wretchedly poor remuneration obtained by his medical practice. If, however, specie was scarce amongst his clients, spirits, as his rudicund, carbuncled face flamingly testified, were very plentiful. There was a receipt in full painted there for a prodigious amount of drugs and chemicals, so that, on the whole, he could have had no great reason to complain.

He soon reappeared, and took a chair by the fire, which, after civilly saluting me, he stirred almost fiercely, eyeing as he did so the blazing coals with a half-abstracted and sullen, cowed, disquieted look altogether unusual with him. At least wherever I had before seen him, he had been as loquacious and boastful as a Gascon.

"What is the matter, doctor?" I said. "You appear strangely down upon your look all at once."

"Hush—hush! Speak lower, sir, pray. The fact is, I have just heard that a fellow is lurking about here—You have not, I hope, asked for me of any one?"

"I have not; but what if I had?"

"Why, you see, sir, that suspicion—calumny, Shakspeare says, could not be escaped, even if one were pure as snow—and more especially, therefore, when one is not quite so—Ahem!—you understand!"

"Very well, indeed. You would say, that when one is not actually immaculate—calum-

ny, suspicion takes an earlier and firmer hold."

"Just so; exactly—and, in fact—ha!"

The door was suddenly thrown open, and the doctor fairly leaped to his feet with ill-disguised alarm. It was only the bar-maid, to ask if he had rung. He had not done so, and as it was perfectly understood that I paid for all on these occasions, the fact alone was abundantly conclusive as to the disordered state of his intellect. He now ordered brandy and water, a pipe, and a screw of tobacco. These ministrants to a mind disturbed somewhat calmed the doctor's excitement, and his cunning gray eyes soon brightly twinkled again through a haze of curling smoke.

"Did you notice," he resumed, "a female sitting in the bar? She knows you."

"A young, intelligent-looking girl. Yes. Who is she?"

"Young!" replied Lee, evasively, I thought. "Well, it's true she is young in years, but not in experience—in suffering, poor girl, as I can bear witness."

"There are, indeed, but faint indications of the mirth and lightness of youth or childhood in those timid, apprehensive eyes of hers."

"She never had a childhood. Girls of her condition seldom have. Her father's booked for the next world, and by an early stage too, unless he mends his manners, and that I hardly see how he's to do. The girl's been to Lymington to see after a place. Can't have it. Her father's character is against her. Unfortunate; for she's a good girl."

"I am sorry for her. But come, to business. How about the matter you wot of?"

"Here are all the particulars," answered Lee, with an easy transition from a sentimental to a common-sense, business-like tone, and at the same time unscrewing the lid of a tortoise-shell tobacco-box, and taking a folded paper from it. "I keep these matters generally here; for if I were to drop such an article—just now, especially—I might as well be hung out to dry at once."

I glanced over the paper. "Place, date, hour correct, and thoroughly to be depended upon you say, eh?"

"Correct as Cocker, I'll answer for it. It would be a spicy run for them, if there were no man traps in the way."

I placed the paper in my waistcoat-pocket, and then handed the doctor his preliminary fee. The touch of gold had not its usual electrical effect upon him. His nervous fit

was coming on again. "I wish," he puffed out—"I wish I was safe out of this part of the country, or else that a certain person I know was transported; then indeed!"

"And who may that certain person be, doctor?" demanded a grim-looking rascal, as he softly opened the door. "Not me, I hope?"

I instantly recognized the fellow, and so did the doctor, who had again bounded from his chair, and was shaking all over as if with ague, whilst his very carbuncles became pallid with affright. "You—u—u," he stammered—"You—u—u, Wyatt: God forbid!"

Wyatt was, I saw, muddled with liquor. This was lucky for poor Lee. "Well, never mind if it *was* me, old brick," rejoined the fellow; "or at least you have been a brick, though I'm misdoubting you'll die a pantile after all. But here's luck; all's one for that." He held a pewter-pot in one hand, and a pipe in the other, and as he drank, his somewhat confused but baleful look continued levelled savagely along the pewter at the terrified doctor. There was, I saw, mischief in the man.

"I'd drink yours," continued the reckless scamp, as he paused for breath, drew the back of his pipe-hand across his mouth, and stared as steadily as he could in my face—"I'd drink your health, if I only knew your name."

"You'll hear it plainly enough, my fine fellow, when you're in the dock one of these days, just before the judge sends you to the hulks, or, which is perhaps the likelier, to the gallows. And this scamp, too," I added, with a gesture towards Lee, whom I hardly dared venture to look at, "who has been pitching me such a pretty rigmarole, is, I see, a fellow-rogue to yourself. This house appears to be little better than a thieves' rendezvous, upon my word."

Wyatt regarded me with a deadly scowl as he answered: "Ay, ay, you're a brave cock, Master Warneford, upon your own dunghill. It may be my turn some day. Here, doctor, a word with you outside." They both left the room, and I rang the bell, discharged the score, and was just going when Lee returned. He was still pale and shaky, though considerably recovered from the panic-terror excited by the sudden entrance of Wyatt.

"Thank Heaven, he's gone!" said the doctor; "and less sour and suspicious than I feared him to be. But tell me, sir, do you intend walking from here to Hythe?"

"I so purpose. Why do you ask?"

"Because the young girl you saw in the bar went off ten minutes ago by the same road. She was too late for a farmer's cart which she expected to return by. Wyatt, too, is off in the same direction."

"She will have company then."

"Evil company, I fear. Her father and he have lately quarrelled; and her, I know, he bears a grudge against, for refusing, as the talk goes, to have anything to say to him."

"Very well; don't alarm yourself. I shall soon overtake them, and you may depend the big drunken bully shall neither insult nor molest her. Good-night."

It was a lonely walk for a girl to take on a winter evening, although the weather was brilliantly light and clear, and it was not yet much past seven o'clock. Except, perchance, a deer-keeper, or a deer-stealer, it was not likely she would meet a human being for two or three miles together, and farm and other houses near the track were very sparsely scattered here and there. I walked swiftly on, and soon came within sight of Wyatt; but so eagerly was his attention directed ahead, that he did not observe me till we were close abreast of each other.

"You here!" he exclaimed, fairly gnashing his teeth with rage. "I only wish!"

"That you had one or two friends within hail, eh? Well, it's better for your own health that you have not, depend upon it. I have four barrels with me, and each of them, as you well know, carries a life, one of which should be yours, as sure as that black head is on your shoulders."

He answered only by a snarl and a malediction, and we proceeded on pretty nearly together. He appeared to be much soberer than before: perhaps the keen air had cooled him somewhat, or he might have been shamming it a little at the inn to hoodwink the doctor. Five or six minutes brought us to a sharp turn of the road, where we caught sight of the young woman, who was not more than thirty or forty yards ahead. Presently, the sound of footsteps appeared to strike her ear, for she looked quickly round, and an expression of alarm escaped her. I was in the shadow of the road, so that, in the first instance, she saw only Wyatt. Another moment, and her terrified glance rested upon me.

"Lieutenant Warneford!" she exclaimed.

"Ay, my good girl, that is my name. You appear frightened—not at me, I hope?"

"O no, not at you," she hastily answered, the color vividly returning to her pale cheeks.

"This good-looking person is, I daresay, a sweetheart of yours; so I'll just keep astern out of ear-shot. My road lies past your dwelling."

The girl appeared to understand me, and, reassured, walked on, Wyatt lopping sullenly along beside her. I did not choose to have a fellow of his stamp, and in his present mood, walking behind me.

Nothing was said that I heard for about a mile and a half, when Wyatt, with a snarling "good-night" to the girl, turned off by a path on the left, and was quickly out of sight.

"I am not very far from home now, sir," said the young woman, hesitatingly. She thought, perhaps, that I might leave her, now Wyatt had disappeared.

"Pray go on, then," I said; "I will see you there, though somewhat pressed for time."

We walked side by side, and after awhile she said in a low tone, and with still downcast eyes: "My mother lived servant in your family once, sir."

"The deuce! Your name is Ransome, then, I suspect."

"Yes, sir—Mary Ransome." A sad sigh accompanied these words. I pitied the poor girl from my heart, but having nothing very consolatory to suggest, I held my peace.

"There is mother!" she cried in an almost joyful tone. She pointed to a woman standing in the open doorway of a mean dwelling at no great distance, in apparently anxious expectation. Mary Ransome hastened forwards, and whispered a few sentences to her mother, who fondly embraced her.

"I am very grateful to you, sir, for seeing Mary safely home. You do not, I daresay, remember me?"

"You are greatly changed, I perceive, and not by years alone."

"Ah, sir!" Tears started to the eyes of both mother and daughter. "Would you," added the woman, "step in a moment. Perhaps a few words from you might have effect." She looked, whilst thus speaking, at her weak, consumptive-looking husband, who was seated by the fireplace with a large green baize-covered Bible open before him on a round table. There is no sermon so impressive as that which gleams from an apparently yawning and inevitable grave; and none, too, more quickly forgotten, if by any resource of art, and reinvigoration of nature, the tombward progress be arrested, and life pulsate joyously again. I was about to make some remark upon the suicidal folly of

persisting in a course which almost necessarily led to misery and ruin, when the but partially-closed doorway was darkened by the burly figure of Wyatt.

"A very nice company, by jingo!" growled the ruffian; "you only want the doctor to be quite complete. But hark ye, Ransome," he continued, addressing the sick man, who cowered beneath his scowling gaze like a beaten hound—"mind and keep a still tongue in that calf's head of yours, or else prepare yourself to—to take—to take—what follows. You know me as well as I do you. Good-night."

With this caution, the fellow disappeared; and after a few words, which the unfortunate family were too frightened to listen to, or scarcely to hear, I also went my way.

The information received from Dr. Lee relative to the contemplated run near Hurst Castle proved strictly accurate. The surprise of the smugglers was in consequence complete, and the goods, the value of which was considerable, were easily secured. There occurred also several of the ordinary casualties that attend such encounters—casualties which always excited in my mind a strong feeling of regret, that the revenue of the country could not be assured by other and less hazardous expedients. No life was, however, lost, and we made no prisoners. To my great surprise I caught, at the beginning of the affray, a glimpse of the bottle-green coat, drab knee-cords, with gaiter continuations, of the doctor. They, however, very quickly vanished; and till about a week afterwards, I concluded that their owner had escaped in a whole skin. I was mistaken.

I had passed the evening at the house whither my steps were directed when I escorted Mary Ransome home, and it was growing late, when the servant-maid announced that a young woman, seemingly in great trouble, after inquiring if Lieutenant Warneford was there, had requested to see him immediately, and was waiting below for that purpose. It was, I found, Mary Ransome, in a state of great flurry and excitement. She brought a hastily-scribbled note from Dr. Lee, to the effect that Wyatt, from motives of suspicion, had insisted that both he and Ransome should be present at the attempt near Hurst Castle; that the doctor, in his hurry to get out of harm's way, had attempted a leap which, owing to his haste, awkwardness, and the frosty atmosphere and ground, had resulted in a compound fracture of his right leg; that he had been borne off in a state of insensibility; on recovering

from which he found himself in Wyatt's power, who, by rifling his pockets, had found some memoranda that left no doubt of Lee's treason towards the smuggling fraternity. The bearer of the note would, he said, further explain, as he could not risk delaying sending it for another moment—only he begged to say his life depended upon me.

"Life!" I exclaimed, addressing the pale, quaking girl; "nonsense! Such gentry as Wyatt are not certainly particular to a shade or two, but they rarely go that length."

"They will make away with father as well as Dr. Lee," she shudderingly replied: "I am sure of it. Wyatt is mad with rage." She trembled so violently, as hardly to be able to stand, and I made her sit down.

"You cannot mean that the scoundrel contemplates murder?"

"Yes—yes! believe me, sir, he does. You know the *Fair Rosamond*, now lying off Marchwood?" she continued, growing every instant paler and paler.

"The trader to St. Michael's for oranges and other fruits?"

"That is but a blind, sir. She belongs to the same company as the boats you captured at Hurst Castle. She will complete landing her cargo early to-morrow morning, and drop down the river with the ebb-tide just about dawn."

"The deuce they will! The cunning rascals. But go on. What would you further say?"

"Wyatt insists that both the doctor and my father shall sail in her. They will be carried on board, and—when at sea—you know—you understand!"

"Be drowned, you fear. That is possible, certainly; but I cannot think they would have more to fear than a good keel-hauling. Still, the matter must be looked to, more especially as Lee's predicament is owing to the information he has given the king's officers. Where are they confined?"

She described the place, which I remembered very well, having searched it not more than a fortnight previously. I then assured her that I would get her father as well as Lee out of the smuggler's hands by force, if necessary; upon hearing which the poor girl's agitation came to a climax, and she went off into strong hysterics. There was no time to be lost, so committing her to the care of the servant, I took leave of my friends, and made the best of my way to Hythe, hard off which a boat, I knew, awaited me; revolving as I sped along, the best mode of procedure. I hailed the boat, and instructed one of the

men—Dick Redhead, he was generally called, from his fiery poll—a sharp, clever fellow was Dick—to proceed immediately to the house I had left, and accompany the young woman to the spot indicated, and remain in ambush, with both eyes wide open, about the place till I arrived. The *Rose* was fortunately off Southampton Quay; we soon reached her, shifted to a larger boat, and I and a stout crew were on our way, in very little time, to have a word with that deceitful *Fair Rosamond*, which we could still see lying quietly at anchor a couple of miles up the river. We were quickly alongside, but, to our great surprise, found no one on board. There was, however, a considerable quantity of contraband spirits in the hold; and this not only confirmed the girl's story, but constituted the *Fair Rosamond* a lawful prize. I left four men in her, with strict orders to lie close and not show themselves, and with the rest hastened on shore, and pushed on to the doctor's rescue. The night was dark and stormy, which was so far the better for our purpose; but when we reached the place, no Dick Redhead could be seen! This was queer, and prowling stealthily round the building, we found that it was securely barred, sheltered, and fastened up, although by the light through the chinks, and a confused hum, it seemed, of merry voices, there was considerable number of guests within. Still, Master Dick did not show, and I was thoroughly at a loss how to act. It would not certainly have been difficult to force an entrance, but I doubted that I should be justified in doing so; besides, if they were such desperadoes as Mary Ransome intimated, such a measure must be attended with loss of life—a risk not to be incurred except when all less hazardous expedients had failed, and then only for a sufficient and well-defined purpose. I was thus cogitating, when there suddenly burst forth, overpowering the howling of the wind and the pattering of the rain, a rattling and familiar chorus, sung by at least a dozen rough voices; and I had not a doubt that the crew of the *Fair Rosamond* were assisting at a farewell revel previous to sailing, as that Hope, which tells so many flattering tales, assured them they would, at dawn.

Such merriment did not certainly sound like the ferocious exultations of intending assassins; still, I was very anxious to make ten or a dozen amongst them; and continuing to cast about for the means of doing so, our attention was at length fixed upon a strange object, not unlike a thirty-six-

pounder red-hot shot, not in the least cooled by the rain, projecting inquiringly from a small aperture, which answered for a window, half-way up the sloping roof. It proved to be Master Dick's fiery head, but he made us out before we did him. "Is that Bill Simpson?" queried Dick, very anxiously. The seaman addressed, as soon as he could shove in a word edgewise with the chorus and the numerous wind-instruments of the *Forest*, answered that "it *was* Bill Simpson; and who the blazes was that up there?" To which the answer was, that "it was Dick, and that he should be obliged, if Bill had a rope with him, he would shy up one end of it." Of course we had a rope: an end was shied up, made fast, and down tumbled Master Dick Redhead without his hat, which, in his hurry, it appeared, he had left behind in the banquetting-room. His explanation was brief and explicit. He had accompanied the young woman to the present building, as I ordered; and being a good deal wrought upon by her grief and lamentations, had suggested that it might be possible to get Dr. Lee and her father to a place of safety without delay, proverbially dangerous. This seemed feasible; inasmuch as the fellow left in charge by Wyatt was found to be dead-drunk, chiefly owing, I comprehended, to some powerful ingredients infused in his liquor by Dr. Lee. All was going on swimmingly, when, just as Dick had got the doctor on his back, an alarm was given that the crew of the *Fair Rosamond* were close at hand, and Dick had but just time to climb with great difficulty into the crazy loft overhead, when a dozen brawny fellows entered the place, and forthwith proceeded to make merry.

A brief council was now held, and it was unanimously deemed advisable that we should all climb up to Dick's hiding-place by means of the rope, and thence contrive to drop down upon the convivial gentlemen below, in as convenient a manner as possible, and when least expected. We soon scaled the loft, but after-proceedings were not so easy. The loft was a make-shift, temporary one, consisting of loose planks resting upon the cross rafters of the roof, and at a considerable height from the floor upon which the smugglers were carousing. It would, no doubt, have been easy enough to have slid down by a rope; but this would place the first three or four men, if no more, at the mercy of the contrabandists, who, I could see through the wide chinks, were all armed, and not so drunk but that they tho-

roughly knew what they were about. It behoved us to be cool, and consider well the best course to pursue. Whilst doing so, I had leisure to contemplate the scene below. Wyatt was not there; but around a table, lighted by two dip-candles stuck in the necks of black bottles, and provided with abundance of liquor, tobacco, tin pannikins, and clay-pipes, sat twelve or thirteen ill-favored fellows, any one of whom a prudent man would, I am very sure, have rather trusted with a shilling than a sovereign. The unfortunate doctor, pale and sepulchral as the death he evidently dreaded to be near at hand, was sitting propped up in a rude arm-chair; and Ransome, worse, I thought, than when I had seen him a few weeks previously, was reclining on a chest, in front of which stood his wife and daughter in a condition of feverish excitement. There at first appeared, from the temper of the roisterers, to be no cause for any very grave apprehension; but the aspect of affairs soon changed, and I eagerly availed myself of a suggestion of Dick Redhead's, and gave directions that preparation for its execution should be instantly and silently commenced. The thought had struck Dick when perched up there alone, and naturally looking about for all available means of defence, should he be discovered. Let me restate my position and responsibilities. It was my duty to rescue Lee, the agent of the Customs, from the dangerous predicament in which he was placed; and the question was, how to effect this without loss of life. It would, no doubt, have been easy enough to have turned up one or two of the loose planks, and have shot half the smugglers before they could have made their escape. This, however, was out of the question, and hence the adoption of Dick's proposal. It was this: in the loft where we lay, for stand upright we could not, there was, amongst several empty ones, one full cask, containing illicit spirits of some kind, and measuring, perhaps, between forty and fifty gallons. It was wood-hooped, and could be easily unheaded by the men's knives, and at a given signal, be soused right upon the heads of the party beneath, creating a consternation, confusion, and dismay, during which we might all descend, and end the business, I hoped, without bloodshed.

This was our plan, and we had need to be quick about it, for as I have said, the state of affairs below had suddenly changed, and much for the worse. A whistle was heard without; the front entrance was hastily unbarred, and in strode Wyatt, Black Jack,

and well did he on this occasion vindicate the justice of his popular designation. Everybody was in a moment silent, and most of those who could stood up. "What's this infernal row going on for?" he fiercely growled. "Do you want to get the sharks upon us again?" There was no answer, and one of the men handed him a pannikin of liquor, which he drank greedily. "Lee," he savagely exclaimed, as he put down the vessel, "you set out with us in half an hour at latest."

"Mercy, mercy!" gasped the nerveless, feeble wretch: "mercy."

"Oh, ay, we'll give you plenty of that, and some to spare. You, too, Ransome, prepare yourself, as well as your dainty daughter here."—He stopped suddenly, not, it seemed, checked by the frenzied outcries of the females, but by a renewed and piercing whistle on the outside. In the meantime, our fellows were getting on famously with the hoops of the huge spirit-cask. "Why, that is Richards' whistle," he exclaimed. "What the furies can this mean? Unbar the door!"

This was instantly done, and a man, a sailor by his dress, rushed in. "The *Fair Rosamond* is captured, and the preventive men are in possession of her."

My "Quick! quick!" to the men, though too loud, from the suddenness of the surprise, was happily lost in the rageful outburst of Wyatt. "Hell-fire!" he roared out. "But you lie; it cannot be."

"It is true," rejoined the man. "I and Clarke went on shore about an hour ago in the punt, just to get a nip of brandy this cold night, as you won't let us break bulk on board. When we returned, Tom went up the side first, was nabbed, and I had hardly time, upon hearing him sing out, to shove off and escape myself."

We were now ready, and two of the planks

just over Wyatt's head were carefully turned over. He seemed for a moment paralysed—for a moment only.

Suddenly he sprang towards Mary Ransome, grasped her hair with one hand, and in the other held a cocked pistol: "You," he shouted—"you accursed minx, have done this. You went out two hours ago!"—

I lifted my hand. "Hurra! Take that, you cowardly lubber!" roared Dick Red-head; and down went the avalanche of liquid, knocking not only the pistol out of Wyatt's hand, but himself clean off his legs, and nearly drowning Mary Ransome, her mother, and half-a-dozen others. A rope had been made fast to one of the rafters, down which we all quietly slid before the astonished smugglers could comprehend what had happened. Resistance was then out of the question, and they did not attempt it. I took Wyatt and one or two others into custody, for having contraband spirits in their possession; and the others were permitted to make themselves scarce as quickly as might be—a license they promptly availed themselves of.

I have a few words to add. Henry Ransome died, I heard, not long afterwards, of pulmonary consumption, brought on by the abuse of alcoholic liquors, and his wife and daughter ultimately got into respectable service. Mary Ransome married in due time, and with better discretion than her mother, for she does, or did, keep one of the branch post-offices in Bermondsey. Dr. Lee disappeared from the neighbourhood the instant the state of his leg enabled him to do so, and I have never seen him since. John Wyatt, alias Black Jack, was transported for life, under the alias of John Martin, for a highway robbery near Fareham, in the year 1827. Lately I saw him on board the convict hulk at Portsmouth.

THE WIDOW OF MARSHAL SOULT.—The Duchess of Dalmatie, widow of Marshal Soult, died at Soultberg, on the 12th instant, aged 81. The deceased Duchess was born and bred a Protestant, but on her death-bed became a Roman Catholic, having requested the clergyman of the parish to attend her and administer the sacraments of his church.

Her illness was very short, and a day or two before she expired there was no serious apprehension that her end was so near. Her last moments were cheered by the presence of her son and daughter, the Marquise de Mornay, who, in fact, had not quitted her since the death of their father.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

UNSUCCESSFUL GREAT MEN.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

Τὸ μὲν γὰρ Πέρας ὡς ἂν ὁ δαίμων βουλευθῇ πάντων γίγνεται· ἡ δὲ Προαίρεσις αὐτῇ τὴν τοῦ συμβούλου διάνοιαν ὀηλεῖ.—DEMOSTHENES, *De Corona*.

Careat successibus opto
Quisquis ab eventu facta notanda putat.
OVID. *Heroid.*

NO. V.—THE GRACCHI.

It may fairly be doubted whether the writings of Cicero have not been far more prejudicial than useful with respect to our knowledge of the Constitutional history of Rome. The affectionate admiration with which we justly regard him as an orator, as a philosopher, and as a moralist, blended with the esteem which we feel for his personal purity and probity in an age of foul corruption, make us prone to adopt his opinions as a politician, and to echo his eloquent revilings or eulogies of the statesmen who were his contemporaries, and also of those who had preceded him in the Roman Commonwealth. A more unsafe guide it would be difficult to select. Not only did Cicero carry into politics the loose-tongued disregard of facts, and unmeasured malignity of invective, which have in all ages been the discreditable privileges of the bar; but he was so completely a party man, he was so thoroughly imbued with all the prejudices of the senatorial faction, as to be incapable of doing justice to any one, who either in the Ciceronian age, or in former ages, had opposed the Roman aristocracy; and in particular he was judicially blind to the high qualities and wise statesmanship of the two illustrious tribunes of the people, who had perished in the attempt to reform the Roman republic, at the commencement of its final century of revolution. Moreover, Cicero, after his Consulship, was painfully conscious that he himself was open to attack for having put Roman citizens to death without a legal trial (however much the notorious guilt of Cataline's accom-

plices might have clamored for such punishment): and he therefore eagerly seized every opportunity of eulogizing the slayers of the Gracchi, and of citing the conduct of Nasica and Opimus as laudable precedents for his own. The Roman rhetoricians and moralists of succeeding ages took up the same strain; and whenever a sonorous common-place about sedition was to be rounded off, the Gracchi were sure to be introduced as the very types of the character of the factious demagogue. Hence, and also from the portentous blunders which long prevailed among mediæval and modern scholars, about the nature of the Agrarian laws, a cloud of unmerited obloquy has for nearly two thousand years rested on the memories of two of the purest patriots that the world ever saw. The same evil fortune that preyed on them while living, has persecuted them beyond the grave. It is one of the highest honors of modern German scholarship, that it has redressed this flagrant iniquity. Until about fifty years ago, the belief was almost universal, that the Gracchi in their celebrated reforms attacked the rights of private property; that their object was to confiscate the landed estates of the rich, and to parcel them out among the populace. They were regarded in fact, as the first levellers and socialists.

It was about the close of the last century that Heyne and Heeren pointed out the real object of the Agrarian laws; but the knowledge circulated slowly and imperfectly before the appearance of the great historical treatises of Niebuhr. But the subject is now well understood; and at the same

time, the assertions of Cicero about the manner in which the Gracchi sought to effect their reforms, his insinuations that they wished to aggrandize themselves at the expense of their country's constitution, and his panegyrics on those who slew them, have come to be valued at their true worth. Cicero, as a witness, is now cautiously scanned. The French historian Michelet (whose eloquent voice in the University of Paris has lately been silenced by the present usurper of France), has done good service here. In Michelet's "*Histoire Romaine*" the great orator of Rome is depicted in his true colors when viewed as a politician; and generous justice is done to those whose fame has so long suffered under Ciceronian misrepresentations. There will soon be few educated men, or even children, who will regard the Gracchi in any other than their true light;—that of constitutional reformers, who respected the rights of property, and who sought to renovate, not to destroy, the institutions of their country.

The condition of Rome at the time when the elder Gracchus first came forward (about 132 B.C.) is admirably described by Heeren,* and it must be thoroughly understood in order to judge the Gracchi fairly. We must not be deceived by the appearance of tranquillity which we meet with when first looking to that epoch. The favorite maxim of one of our own statesmen "*Quæta ne moveat*," is only conditionally wise. It depends on whether the placidness of the political body is that of healthy action, or whether it is the stillness of decay, and the silent engendering of corruption. There is unfortunately far more truth in Montesquieu's expression respecting the Roman Commonwealth in its best times. "*Un gouvernement libre, c'est à dire toujours agité.*"

When Tiberius Gracchus proposed his first Reform Bill at Rome, she had already reached her seventh century. After a long series of wars she had made herself mistress of all Italy; and then engaging in the life-or-death struggles of the Punic wars, she had crushed her great rival Carthage,—a conquest which placed within her grasp the dominion of the ancient world. Eight provinces beyond Italy were actually annexed to Rome about the time when Carthage perished. These were Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, Spain, Illyria, Macedonia, the best part of Greece, under the title of Achaia, and the fertile North African coast, which had once been the territory of Carthage. The legions had already been

victorious in Asia; and the Senate had formed political connections with numerous Asiatic and other states, which became completely dependent upon Rome, under the title of "Allies of the Roman People." Abroad Rome saw no rival; at home she felt no feud. The old dissensions between the Plebeians and Patricians had long died away; ever since the time when the Plebeians obtained an equality of civic rights; and the Patriciate, though not abolished, became a mere title.

But though thus fair and promising at first sight, the condition of Rome had in reality become fraught with the direst perils. The sovereign Roman people was a very small portion of the human beings that inhabited the territories of the Roman Republic. The dominant minority was in imminent danger, from the jealousy of those whom it excluded from power; and it was also itself becoming rapidly divided into two antagonistic classes of paupers and millionaires. It was in Italy that these evils were peculiarly developing themselves. The natives of the provinces (which have been enumerated) had been too recently and too effectually conquered, and the terror of the name of Rome was too heavy on their hearts, for any serious insurrection there to be probable. But the Italians had all formed portions of the conquering armies. They supplied and continued to supply the largest part of the troops whom the Roman consuls and prætors led forth to incessant campaigns. They were trained in the same discipline, and most of them spoke the same language with the Romans. So many generations had passed away since their subjugation by Rome, that all feeling of inferiority had worn off, and had been succeeded by a sense of conscious merit, and by jealous impatience at a system, which, while it compelled them to lavish their treasures and their blood in furtherance of the ambition of Rome, denied them all honor, rank, and power; which subjected them to the capricious tyranny of every Roman officer in war, and every Roman magistrate in peace.

So also (to adopt the just and eloquent words of Heeren*), "*As the external condition of Rome was calculated to cause alarm, did her internal state threaten the speedy outbreak of commotion.* Notwithstanding their brilliant conquests, notwithstanding the plunder of so many rich territories and towns, the lot of the larger portion of the sovereign Roman people was far from enviable. On the contrary, the conquerors of the world were, as far as the great majority were con-

* Geschichte der Staatsunruhen der Gracchen.

* Geschichte der Staatsunruhen der Gracchen.

cerned, much poorer and worse off than their forefathers had been, whose whole territory only extended over a few miles. The diligent culture of their lands secured to the early Romans the means of subsistence; but a career of conquest destroyed that early industry; and the moral which experience has so often verified, was taught here also—that conquerors are not benefitted, but impoverished through their conquests and plunderings. The facility of obtaining booty weans men from regular habits; and causes indigence instead of superfluity, because it at once creates a multitude of new wants.

“In this wise, a class of men had formed itself at Rome, possessing neither property nor industry—a numerous populace. So, too, as single families acquired enormous wealth through official employments, and especially through the governments of provinces, did this mass become more and more pauperized; and the hideous phenomenon which a great city often displays, *extreme poverty by the side of excessive wealth*, began to manifest itself at Rome. And there were peculiar causes, that lay deep hidden in the internal constitution of the state, which we must comprehend, in order to form a right judgment of the political effects that were their consequences. The riches of the great families consisted, in a great degree, of landed possessions, which were not, strictly speaking, their property;—not family estates, but state domains, occupied under singular circumstances. As the Romans gradually extended their victories over Italy, they had taken from the conquered nations either the whole of their lands or the greater portion; these being considered the most valuable part of the booty, and the legitimate acquisition of the victors. They then used to plant colonies in the subjugated states, allotting to them a certain portion of the conquered territory as their property. Still, by far the largest part of it, especially the uncultivated districts, became the property of the state, or common land. These state domains were underlet to single citizens, subject to the payment of a quit-rent, which was required to be paid up every five years, for the good of the Republic. But these principles had long been lost sight of. The better the lands were, the more did the rich families crowd to them. The quit-rents were irregularly paid; and the boundaries of public and private estates universally confused. Thus had the great in Rome obtained immense landed possessions; which, although they were, strictly speaking, common property, yet became, as it were, fiefs, the posses-

sion of which no one could forcibly take away from those who had once settled in them. Though this abuse, which had placed the possession of almost all the lands in Italy in the hands of a small body of men, was in itself destructive to population and to industry, it must be rated a much greater evil, that these lands were tilled, not by free laborers, but by bond-slaves. This was considered the most advantageous mode; because this class might be harder used, and especially because there was no fear of their being pressed for military service in war-time. It is easy to calculate the effects which this must have produced through Italy. The land became depopulated of its native inhabitants, and the number of freemen was diminished as that of slaves was increased. In Rome itself, the numbers of the unemployed and needy populace grew larger and larger; and there was a perpetual influx of the destitute inhabitants of the country into the capital city, tempted by the display of the constantly increasing profusion of the wealthy.

“This numerous populace wanted only a leader, and a definite leading principle, to form themselves into a democratical party; and by the side of them stood, fully arrayed in opposition, a completely organized aristocracy. During the long period of quiet which had prevailed since the expiration of the brawls between the Patricians and Plebeians, the supremacy of the senate had gradually become so firm and unlimited; that one must properly treat it as *the Roman Government*.

“That administration of the senate so long and so brilliant—those wars so gloriously carried on, and brought to still more glorious conclusions—those conquests, those political connections in all parts of the world, had given the senate a dignity in the eyes of the people; had hallowed its power; made reverence to it more than a matter of opinion, made it a religion: for without her senate could Rome have become what they beheld her? The very elections, which were almost the only modes in which the people exercised their rights, seem to have then become almost empty forms. Moreover, during the long and undisputed domination of the senate, a family aristocracy had gradually sprung up, not indeed based immediately upon birth, but upon participation in the high offices of the state, of which a seat and a vote in the senate were the legal consequences; but it was an aristocracy which had gradually obtained the firmness and consistency which usually characterizes an hereditary nobility. It had gradually come to this, that a number of families

had exclusively appropriated to themselves the high offices of state, and thereby also the seats in the senate; so that, as neither Patrician nor Plebeian origin conferred any right to them, it was almost impossible for a man to attain any of these posts, unless he was a member or intimate connection of one of the chief families, that already styled themselves 'the Nobility.' These houses alone had reaped the fruits of the victories and conquests of the Romans—theirs were the commands and administration of provinces; for them were kingdoms and empires heaped together, as the spoils of war, by the devastating legions of Rome.

"Such was the real internal condition of Rome. And who sees not that a fire was smouldering in her, certain sooner or later to break out? There needed but a leader, who would rouse the masses, and place himself at the head of the movement; and a mighty democratical element must start from chaos into action, to commence a struggle with the senate and the ruling families, the results of which none could foresee.

"The usual lot of states thus circumstanced is, that some wild and ambitious spirit springs forward as the chief of the oppressed, with the desire, not to help them, but to aggrandize himself. Rome was in this respect more fortunate. Two brothers, of pure hearts and high patriotism, came forward as the originators of this enterprise; and though their efforts failed, their history is doubly interesting for their own sakes."

The family of the Gracchi (though not Patrician) was one of the Great Houses of the Roman commonwealth. It was illustrious for the achievements of many of its members in war; it was connected with the still more renowned Houses of the Scipios and the Claudii; and its scions, if they only adhered to the party-interests of their order, had wealth, power, civil and military rank prepared for them as by hereditary right. This is to be carefully borne in mind in estimating the characters of the Gracchi. Had they been susceptible of a selfish, or a sordid impulse, they never would have become the martyrs of the people's cause.

Despite of all the mass of evils that now were rankly germinating in Rome, there was yet much to justly boast of in the name of Roman, and the republic was one in which a great and good spirit might wish to live, and for which it would be willing to die. The celebrated mother of the Gracchi, Cornelia, had in youth preferred a Roman home to a sovereign's crown, when sought in marriage

by the Egyptian king. She was the daughter of Scipio Africanus; and in Sempronius Gracchus she found a husband worthy of her exalted and enlightened spirit. After his death, she lived only, as it seemed, for the purpose of educating his children "in the love of their name, the honor of their country, and the resolution to avert the evil days that were at hand. Proud as she was of her father and her illustrious race, she was prouder still of the hopes which were yet to be fulfilled in her sons; and to the two who survived, when one after another had been taken away, she clung with an affection that watched every moment of their youth, as though it were the beginning of an age of usefulness or fame. The people, who looked up to her as to a queen, caught something of her enthusiastic confidence in her children; while those who were admitted to her house, or were trusted to complete the education she began, appear to have been persuaded, as of themselves, that the mother of the Gracchi was, as she deserved to be, the mother of sons, who would grow to be heroes as naturally as they grew to be men."

There was a considerable difference in the ages of the two brothers, which isolated them in their careers, and prevented the co-operation which perhaps might have ensured their success. The elder of the two, Tiberius, first signalized himself by his gallantry in the military service, to which, according to national custom, he was sent at the age of seventeen. When Carthage was stormed, he was the first Roman that mounted the wall. He afterwards held the rank of Quæstor in the Roman army before Numantia. He there acquired the esteem both of friends and foes; and when the incompetency of the Roman general Mancinus had placed his legions at the mercy of the Numantines, it was chiefly the personal influence of Tiberius Gracchus which induced the Spaniards to grant a lenient convention, and to spare the lives of their invaders, on condition of a promise of peace between themselves and Rome. The Roman senate, with its usual haughtiness and bad faith, refused to satisfy this convention; and ordered Mancinus, the general who had signed it, to be given up to the Numantines. It was proposed that his chief officers should also be given up with him. This would have involved Tiberius Gracchus; but the feeling of the Roman

* See the admirable chapter on the Gracchi in Eliot's "Liberty of Rome:" a work that reflects the highest credit on the scholarship of the United States.

people in favor of saving the young *Quæstor*, was so strong, and so vehemently expressed, that he and the other subordinate officers were rescued from this peril, which fell upon the unfortunate commander alone.

The Roman people seemed thus to have laid *Tiberius Gracchus* under a personal obligation to devote to their service the life which they had preserved. This may have stimulated him to come forward in their behalf, to rescue the Roman Commonalty from their increasing misery, and to pour into the state the life-blood of a renovated middle class. But he is known to have formed the outline of his measures at an earlier period. It was on his journey through Central and North Italy, when about first to join the army in Spain, that he had been struck by the growing evils of his native land, and had resolved to attempt their remedy.

In that journey of many days, he looked around him in vain for the homesteads and little holdings of the yeomanry, and the free agricultural peasantry, who had long formed the staple of the strength of Italy. Far and near he saw nothing but the overgrown estates of rich absentees, on which the only human residents were gangs of slaves in chains, with their overseers and the armed patrols that guarded them. Such were the sights, that, in the words of *Bishop Thirlwall*, "moved the holy indignation of the elder *Gracchus*;" they had been present to his spirit in the camp; and now, on his return to Rome, every hour brought with it some fresh proof of the awful condition of the country, but showed him also that the means still existed of arresting it, if promptly and vigorously applied.

It was necessary, in order to carry out his plans, that he should be clothed with some constitutional character; and for this purpose he sought the office of tribune, which gave the power of convening the people together, and laying measures before them, which, when voted, became laws: an office which would also render his person inviolable. The people elected him enthusiastically, and he then laid before them his celebrated Agrarian Bill, which he had designed as the engine for saving the state.

It was in the Domain Lands (the nature and tenure of which have been already explained) that *Tiberius* believed he had found the means for raising the pauperized lower orders from their debased and debasing condition, and restoring to Rome her "gallant yeomen" and her "bold peasantry, their country's pride." In limiting the amount of

domain land which should be in the tenure of any individual, he proposed no innovation, but merely revived the ancient law of the celebrated *Licinius Stolo*, which forbade any man to be the tenant of more than five hundred jugers (about three hundred and twenty acres) of public land. This law had never been repealed, though it had become a dead letter. For the Roman nobles who coveted the occupation of those lands, were also the censors who leased them out, and the judges of the supreme courts, before which any accusation for illegality in such matters must have been brought.

Tiberius Gracchus sought to make these high-born land-sharks give up what they had unrighteously grasped. His bill reenacted the clauses of the old *Licinian* law, limiting the state-land in any one man's tenure to five hundred jugers, with two hundred and fifty more for each of two sons. He reckoned that by these means a large amount of territory would be surrendered to the state's disposal, out of which he proposed to make allotments to the poorer citizens. These allotments were to be inalienable, so as to prevent the new class of small proprietors, who would thus be called into existence, from depriving their families of them, by their own extravagance, or in consequence of the legal chicanery of their opulent neighbors.

Such were the main provisions of the Bill, which, even if they could be called harsh towards vested interests, certainly violated no law, but asserted the law over those who had long defied it. No man's property was taken from him. The wealthiest of the *Metelli* and of the other great houses were left in undisturbed enjoyment of the thousands of acres, which, by inheritance or lawful purchase were their own. They were merely told that the state, their landlord, required them to quit the excess of state lands, of which they were unlawful and fraudulent tenants. Perhaps the best way of impressing on our minds the true idea of the Agrarian law of the *Gracchi*, is to suppose that our own transmarine possessions, such as Australia, Canada, and New Zealand, were either parts and parcels of Great Britain, or that they were so close to this country, that an Englishman could use land in them without becoming an emigrant. The crown lands (*i. e.* the state domains) in those countries would then of course be extremely valuable, and grants of them would be eagerly desired by men of all classes.

Now let us suppose that an old law existed, limiting the amount of Crown lands to be

granted to any one person, defining the rent he was to pay, and strictly prohibiting slave labor;* but a clique of our aristocracy had contrived to secure the management of these Crown lands, and to make grants of enormous districts on easy terms to members of their own body, so that these ample territories were monopolized by a few great families. Let us suppose also that they employed, instead of English free labor, Hill-coolies or Negro slaves to cultivate them. Let us suppose the masses of our own population to be even in a worse state of misery and want, than is unhappily too often the case. Finally, let us suppose a popular statesman coming forward with a Bill for the resumption of all illegal Crown grants, for more strictly defining the amount in future to be held by each grantee, and for making allotments among the deserving poor of this country out of the lands which would thus be surrendered to the Crown. Such would be in the main a counterpart of the celebrated measure of the Gracchi. And it is to be remembered that the spirit of the old Roman law was far stricter and sterner than that of the English.

The indulgent treatment which in modern times is generally shown to long-continued occupation, even when originally wrongful, was wholly alien to ancient opinions. And even in England, until very recent times, it would have been held that no period of limitation could bar the rights of the Crown, as chief representative of the state. But the mild and equitable character of Tiberius Gracchus is strikingly shown in the clauses of compensation which formed part of his original measure. The dispossessed tenants of the state domains were to be paid out of the public treasury the value of their buildings, their crops, and their agricultural improvements; and the three hundred and twenty acres which they were permitted to retain, were to become theirs in absolute ownership. Certainly Plutarch is right in saying, that never was there proposed a law more mild and gentle against iniquity and oppression.

It is the peculiar curse of aristocratic bodies, that those who compose them, lose, when met together, the kindness and the regard for public opinion by which each individually might have been influenced. At the same time, all their harsh and sordid feelings grow ranker by mutual encouragement. The worst of tyrants and the worst

of mobs are sometimes susceptible of a generous impulse; the best of aristocracies never is. The Roman nobility (with the exception of a few purer and more far-sighted spirits) rose in remorseless rancor against Tiberius Gracchus, and poured forth their invectives on his head, as an agitator and disturber of the public peace, for thus attacking their order, and menacing their pecuniary interests. The excitement of the people in favor of their Tribune grew equally high, and Tiberius was soon hurried, by the violence of his supporters, beyond the limits which his own gentle and just spirit would fain have preserved. The Senatorial party induced Octavius, one of the colleagues of Gracchus in the tribunate, to put his veto on the bill, which thus necessarily fell to the ground. The popular party retorted by a second bill, more severe than the first, for the clauses of compensation were struck out. As Octavius persisted in his opposition, Tiberius Gracchus convened the Assembly of the Tribes, and proposed that the obstructive Tribune should be deposed from his office. This was done, and the Agrarian Bill was forthwith passed. This act of Tiberius in deposing Octavius was certainly unconstitutional, if we adopt the definition which a great historian of our own country gives of an unconstitutional act, "one that is a perilous innovation on former usages." Cicero is copious and vehement in his censures of it; yet the same Cicero eulogises precisely the same conduct when practised in behalf of Cicero's party by the Tribune Gabinius, towards his colleague Trebellius. Such measures are unquestionably to be lamented, on account of the dangerous precedent they set, and the extent to which they impair that reverence for the path of ancient ordinance, which Mr. Grote has so well designated constitutional morality. Their excuse must be found (if found at all) in the nature of the emergency which dictates them. There is still extant part of a speech of Tiberius Gracchus wherein he justified himself for what he had done towards Octavius. He urged that the sanctity which hedged a tribune was conferred on him *by* the people, and existed only so long as he availed himself of it *for* the people. He asked whether a tribune who sought to burn the capitol and destroy the arsenals, would be permitted to do so with impunity, out of regard to his tribunitian character. He argued, that if the majority of the tribes had power to make a tribune, surely the whole body of the tribes must have power to unmake one. The whole of this fragment of ancient oratory is well

* The old Licinian law requires a certain number of free laborers to be employed for every acre.

worth studying; but perhaps the fearful problem which Tiberius Gracchus strove to solve when he deposed Octavius, may be best stated in the words of the French Girondin Vergniaud,—Is a magistrate to be suffered constitutionally to ruin the constitution?"

When the Agrarian law was passed, Tiberius succeeded in nominating the three Commissioners who were to carry it into execution; but the Senate, though they had lost the battle, maintained the war. An aristocracy frequently wins back in detail all, and more than all the advantage wrested from it by the popular party in a crisis of excitement. The duty which the land commissioners had to perform was eminently difficult and invidious; and the Roman nobles threw every possible embarrassment in their way, and lost no opportunity of deriding them as inefficient, or inveighing against them as tyrannical. At the same time the usual reaction in the feelings of a popular party towards its chiefs, that follow a triumph, was taking place. Exaggerated hope was succeeded by unjust and unreasonable dissatisfaction. Tiberius felt that his favor and power were waning fast; and looked forward with anxiety to the close of his year of office, when his person would cease to be inviolable, and he would be at the mercy of any prosecutor who chose to impeach him before a tribunal composed of his inveterate enemies. He sought, therefore, to be again elected, and strove by all means in his power to recall his wavering partizans around him. The election on the first day was broken off, in consequence of violent rioting, and on the second day, Scipio Nascia, one of the chief men in the senate, and who was a large holder of public lands, led a band of senators and their attendants, armed with bludgeons, to the attack of Tiberius Gracchus and his party. No resistance was attempted, and Tiberius and three hundred of his friends and adherents were brutally massacred. The dead bodies were stripped by the exulting slayers, dragged in savage triumph through the streets, and then flung with ignominy into the Tiber.

The man of the people had fallen; but his law survived, and there survived also the brother of the murdered man, the young Caius, who was silently maturing a resolution equal to that of his brother, and intellectual powers of a far higher order.

Caius Gracchus was in Rome when Tiberius was killed, and begged in vain of the aristocratic assassins for his brother's body,

to pay it the last sad honors. Almost broken-hearted at the misery that had come upon his house, Caius sought to retire for a time from the forum and the dread memories by which it was haunted.

Tiberius had sought to initiate him into public life by nominating him one of the land commissioners; but such functions were now insupportable. He required a breathing space to nerve himself for his own scene in the tragedy of civic strife. He had already served with distinction in the army of Spain, and he now sought and obtained a subordinate command as *questor* in Sardinia, where a revolt had broken out, and some active service might be expected.

In Sardinia he confirmed the high opinion already formed among all who had seen him, of the purity of his morals, his courage, his administrative capacities, and his marvellous power of swaying the will of those with whom he came in contact. The senate watched him like a tiger's whelp, and sought by artifices to prolong his term of office in Sardinia, so as to keep him away from Rome; but Gracchus felt that the Hour was come, and the senate soon felt that the Man was come also.

Caius had long believed himself to be destined to his brother's fate. He often used to tell his comrades of a dream that he dreamed while seeking the *questorship*, and that never ceased to haunt his soul. One night, when fatigued by the toils of canvassing, and saddened by the thoughts that such scenes recalled, he had retired to rest, he saw in a vision the spirit of his slain brother, and heard Tiberius's well-remembered voice upbraid him for his doubts and delays. "Why linger, Caius?" said the vision; "why shrink back from the appointed path? My fate must be thy fate, and thou must die the death by which I perished." There can be no doubt of the reality of this remarkable dream;* and it proves how deeply Caius Gracchus had brooded upon his brother's melancholy career, and how thoroughly he was convinced that his own life would be the forfeit of his endeavoring to do his duty. But he woke from that dream with pure unclouded soul, "he woke not indeed to joyful hope of future triumph, but to the far more marvellous resolution of employing aright and fervently the life that yet remained before the coming of its mournful end."†

* See the evidence of it in Cicero's "De Divinatione," l. i., sec. 26.

† Elliot, "Liberty of Rome," vol. ii., p. 245.

Ten years after Tiberius Gracchus was made tribune, Caius Gracchus came forward at Rome to demand the same fatal honor. His appearance in the eloquent war of the forum was like that of Achilles emerging from inaction to sway the storm of battle before Troy. So immeasurably did Caius Gracchus exceed all his competitors in eloquence, in strength of mind, and in the prestige which can only be given by the acknowledged union of genius with generous self-devotion. Like Achilles, he knew himself to be a Doomed Man, and voluntarily chose a brief, bright career, that soon was to set in blood, rather than desert his mission for a long life of inglorious ease.

His election as one of the tribunes, and his re-election for a second year of office, were rejoicingly accorded by the admiring people, who sought in idolizing him to extinguish their remorse for having betrayed his brother.

It is truly said by the American historian of the liberty of Rome, that the labors of the Great Tribune are run together on the ancient canvas in masses so confused as to represent a different work to almost every eye. But though the details may be doubtful, we can discern some leading groups, and the hand of a master is visible in them all. One class of the measures of Caius had relation to making his brother's Agrarian law more efficient. Another provided for the improvement of the great roads and other public works of utility and magnificence in Italy. A third sought to relieve part of the needy Roman populace, by sending them out as colonists. A fourth regarded the better administration of justice, and, in particular, Caius sought to create a new constitutional order in the state, by transferring the right of judging in the principal tribunals from the senators (who had grossly abused it) to men of the equestrian class. Another law provided for the sale of corn at a low price to the poorer citizens of Rome. This law has been severely censured, but Niebuhr's observations on it are worth attention, both with regard to the character of Gracchus, and for the sake of the allusion which this great German writer makes to one of the institutions of England. Niebuhr says of Caius Gracchus:—

"His subsequent legislation embraced every branch of the administration, and is of the most varied nature. Those who infer from his legislation that he was a demagogue, are greatly mistaken; the laws themselves contradict such a view. The measure against which most has been said,

is that which ordered that corn should be sold at a low price to the inhabitants of the city. In order to understand this law, we must remember that Rome was a republic with immense revenues, a great part of which belonged to the sovereign, that is, to the people, and that a vast number of them were as poor in our own days. What should such a population of free men do? Were they to beg? or should the state support them? The idea of the dignity of a free state lies at the bottom of many things, and this is, to a certain degree, the case with the poor's rates in England. With a barbarous people this idea has no meaning; but with a free and proud nation it is a duty to provide for those members of the community who are unable to provide for themselves. The number of real paupers at Rome must have been immense; many of them were not included in any tribe, and others belonged to the *tribus urbanae*, but all were descended of free parents;—and were these people to be allowed to starve? Both the Gracchi entertained the idea of turning as many of them as possible into industrious husbandmen; but this was not practicable in every instance. If, in our days, a part of the revenue of a capital town were set apart to pamper the poor, it would indeed be culpable, although capitals are in most cases more favored in this respect than other towns. But C. Gracchus had no intention of giving away the corn for nothing; he only gave it at so low a price that, with some labor, the poor might be enabled to support themselves and their children."

But the most important of his political schemes was his design to remove the discontent of the Italian tribes, and to pour fresh blood into the exhausted commonwealth, by gradually giving the Roman franchise to the Allies. This was essentially a return to the old principles by which the early commonwealth had continually recruited and augmented her strength. In the olden ages of Rome, the best and most meritorious of the Italian allies were from time to time, admitted to the citizenship, and it was to them that Rome owed the bulk of her population, and many of the bravest and sagest of her generals and her statesmen. Gracchus sought to revive this wise and general policy, which had now been neglected ever since the interval between the first and second Punic wars, the date of the formation of the last new tribes. There can be no doubt respecting the wisdom of this proposal of Caius Gracchus. It is demonstrated by what happened some years after his death, when the very measures for enfranchising the Italian allies, which, if passed at the time when Gracchus proposed them, would have given Rome a new population of grateful citizens, were extorted from her at the sword's point, after a war which menaced her very existence, wasted the fairest regions of Italy, and almost exterminated

some of the hardiest and bravest Italian tribes.

It was, however, probably this very measure, the wisest of all that Caius Gracchus formed, which was made use of by his enemies to injure his power with the Roman populace. The lowest portion of the Roman mob looked on the scheme for making them share their franchise with the Italian allies in the same spirit as the corrupt part of the old voters in one of our boroughs, regard a proposal for comprehending the neighboring districts in their electoral boundary. Emboldened by this symptom of decay in the popularity of the Great Commoner, the Roman Senate now skillfully availed themselves of his absence from Rome while superintending the founding of a new colony, to set up one of their own body to supersede him in the leadership of the people, and to outbid him by lavish promises of boons, far surpassing those which the Gracchi had ever proffered. This unprincipled but subtle policy was successful; and Caius, on his return to Rome, found himself no longer the man of the people, who were wild in their acclamations of Drusus, the crafty agent of the Senate, and the pretended thorough-going champion of the mob.

Plutarch's narrative of the last days of Caius Gracchus, and of the circumstances of his death, is eminently beautiful; but it is too well known and too long for insertion here. When he failed in obtaining the Tribune a third time, and when he saw Opimius, the most bitter and unscrupulous of the senatorial chiefs, made consul, he knew that his hour was come. Some of the more violent of his friends would have essayed resistance, but Caius refused to shed Roman blood even in self-defence. The principle which animated the Gracchi was that which the Girondins of France expressed in their motto, "*Mori quàm fœdari.*" When the

high military courage and ability which both the brothers had displayed is remembered, we can only attribute the passiveness of Caius as well as of Tiberius Gracchus in the closing scenes of their career to the noblest and purest of all earthly motives, to a degree indeed of self-sacrificing virtue, of which the heathen world offers no other example.

When the consul Opimius and his armed band of assassins had slain Caius Gracchus and three thousand of his adherents, when the savage proscription which had followed the fall of Tiberius had been renewed with tenfold cruelty; when the people were terror-struck into submission; the Senate easily procured the passing of laws which evaded or nullified the chief measures of the two great Tribunes, and restored to the nobility their ill-gotten gains. But Republican Rome never afterwards knew tranquility. The stain of bloodguiltiness rested on the conquering senatorial party. They had introduced the appeal of battle into political controversy, and the populace retaliated when opportunity came, and learned to look on insurrection as a right. When the Roman nobles were cowering before the ferocious Marius, the Gracchi were fearfully avenged; but the Commonwealth, for which they had died, perished at last herself amid the strife of armed factions, in which (as the greatest of all historians remarks*) "bloody provocations are followed by still bloodier retaliations; and men in their violence set the example of doing away with those common laws of humanity which all parties alike would fain appeal to in their adversity; and, by their own previous conduct, put themselves out of the pale of those laws, when they themselves might have occasion to solicit their protection."

* Thucydides, 3d book, 82d section.

THE late Tom Moore was one of the earliest and most generous encouragers of the young Disraeli—

"The beautiful boy
Who wrote that wondrous tale, '*Alroy*.'"

Moore was not at all sensitive concerning his diminutive stature. He rather liked to joke

about it. At a horticultural show at Devizes, about five years since, we witnessed an amusing encounter between the poet and a military friend who is considerably above the ordinary stature—"How are you, captain," said Moore, his countenance looking peculiarly droll, "it is rather cold down here—how do you find it up your way?"

From the Critic.

FRAZER'S MAGAZINE.

It is not easy now to fix the day in the autumn-winter of 1829-30, on which destiny directed the steps of a couple of projecting literary gentlemen to Regent-street, and so determined the site and name of *Fraser's Magazine*. The one of them was a Mr. FRASER, a barrister and a man about town, of no great standing in Grub-street. The other, a slightly-stooping person verging towards forty, of slender build, with blue eyes, hair already greyish, and of modest and scholarly aspect, was WILLIAM MAGINN, whose name falls familiar on every literary ear, and who had for years been an eminent inhabitant of that august and productive locality. In conjunction with the unfortunate GILLIES (whose plaintive *Reminiscences* some of our readers may remember as a product of last year's literature) FRASER had helped to start the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. But the two fell out, and FRASER taking with him SOUTHEY and CARLYLE, set up the *Foreign*. Alas! in spite of these illustrious contributors, the *Foreign Review* was on the verge of extinction, and on that unknown day of the autumn-winter of 1829-30, FRASER saw the near approach of the moment when he must doff the editorial robes, and lay down the editorial sceptre. As an editor of *The Standard*, unfurled some three years before that the Abdiels of Toryism might rally under its daily folds, MAGINN had one string to his bow. But a good and strong one, a lucrative connection, namely, with *Blackwood's Magazine*, had lately snapped through over-tension; and surely he wanted another, for his appetite was keen, and the game was plentiful around. CODDEN, indeed, was still a bagman, BRIGHT still spun coarse yarns, crowing obscure upon his native dunghill; the organizing genius of WILSON was still doomed to superintend the manufacture of starch; and the urchin-face of the little HAWORTH DIXON was still shiny with the grease of the cotton-mill, all unconscious of its future moustache! But it was the hey-day of JEREMY BENTHAM and the philosophical radicals, of HENRY BROUGHAM and the diffusion

of useful knowledge; the joyful spring-tide and budding-time of TOM MACAULAY, of Doctor DIONYSIUS LARDNER, and (O fortunate era!) of the future baronet of Knebworth. *John Bull* was subsiding into decorum; the *Quarterly* could load and fire only once in the three months; was all this to roam at large undisturbed save by a stray spent shot from the Frith of Forth? Could the brilliant literary population of the metropolis of the world not send out a periodical equal to *Blackwood*? MAGINN and FRASER surveyed each his intellectual dimensions, and inwardly mustering their men, answered confidently, Yes. Revolving these things in their minds, and with some select manuscript in their pockets, the two strolled forth into wide London, in search of a publisher. As they wended their way down Regent-street, the name of FRASER, over a bookseller's door, caught the blue eye of MAGINN. "Come," he said to his companion, "here is a namesake of yours, let us try our luck with him." They entered, and as the fates would have it, the stranger-bibliopolist was in a listening, a bland, a hopeful, nay, a speculative mood. The Doctor and his friend unfolded their plan; forthwith the bargain was struck, a double sponsorship fixed the name, and on the 1st of February, 1830, appeared No. I. of *Fraser's Magazine*.

BILLY MAGINN was a Cork man, and opened his blue eyes to the light in the year 1794. His father kept a thriving school for young gentry in that "Athens of Ireland," and BILLY, under these favorable circumstances, so took to learning, that when sent to Trinity College he soon grew to be one of its foremost scholars, and became a Doctor of Laws at twenty-four, which, they say, is a surprising phenomenon. He was a fellow not only of infinite classical and general literary acquirements, but with a wonderful gift of improvising either verse or prose, and withal of a blithe genial humor, which his bigoted Orangeism and Toryism might convert into reckless and potent but never deadly or ferocious sarcasm. To such a man, in the last

years of the reign of GEORGE III., a periodical like *Blackwood* was full of invitation, and while studying at Dublin, or teaching at Cork, he was a regular and a favorite contributor. At last, in 1823, he came to London (with a wife) to push his way as a literary adventurer. Perhaps LOCKHART had taken a fancy to him, or thought him likely to be useful, and introduced him to JOHN MURRAY, who sent him abroad as a foreign editor of *The Representative*, and for whom he was nearly editing BYRON's letters. Then he scribbled for *John Bull*, who was glad of such an ally, wrote for the annuals, and was an editor of *The Standard*, when *Fraser* began its career. Editor of *Fraser* he cannot be called, for indeed *Fraser* never had an editor, being a republic or ochlocracy rather than a monarchy, limited or absolute. But no doubt whatever function of supervision or selection was exercised, the doctor had a principal share in. No one grudged to look upon him as the central point of the Fraserian circle. His genial Irish mind, which had taken a trip into many departments of literature, and was intimately acquainted with some of them, understood and sympathized with most of the contributors, and held them lightly together.

Poor MAGINN! People who knew him like to speak of him, and to speak of him kindly, in spite of all his faults and foibles. Did the reader ever hear a story of him on the Thames, which, whether true in its details or not, marks the character he had for generally influencing his fellowmen? From the first, BILLY had a trick of spending his money as fast as he got it; but latterly he spent it much faster, and with the usual result. Often, the "human face divine," as exhibited by the hurrying throngs of the Strand, it was forbidden him to behold; often the busy hum of Fleet-street, which JOHNSON loved so well, it was forbidden him to hear. Through "back elums" and the labyrinthine intricacies of the Temple he was condemned to slink (seeing a bailiff in every shadow,) towards Bridge-st., Blackfriars, whither newspaper-business called him. Once, on such an occasion, the shadow proved a reality, and MAGINN had to take to his heels, making for the water's edge. Arrived there, he found one solitary skiff, into which he darted, and loosening the rope that bound it to the shore, he struck Father Thames with sounding oars, and passed the mid-stream, beyond which the bailiff, panting on the water's edge, even had he procured a boat, could not seize him, him uncatchable within the watery limits of Surrey. A huge barge (so runs the story,)

waiting for the tide, was moored just beyond the welcome limit, and into it MAGINN, leaping, found a score of men, smoking pipes and quaffing liquor from pewter pots. Easily adjusting himself, the doctor soon made friends with them, took his pipe and drank from his pot, harangued them on our glorious constitution in Church and State, and on the institutions of our forefathers, and gradually working them to a pitch of enthusiasm, declared that he was a martyr to the cause of loyalty, that because of it he had lost his all, and that because of it on yonder shore, a bailiff waited to arrest him for a few paltry pounds. The bargemen were taken captive by the eloquence of the Irishman, and actually (it is said) subscribed the money with which MAGINN, rowing to shore, dismissed the bailiff and pursued his devious way to the office of *The Standard*.

Such was the man who frequently, about middle, and always towards the end of the month, entered Mr. FRASER's, the bookseller, No. 215 Regent-street, and calling for a bottle of sherry, set to work on *Fraser's Magazine*. A strange lot, you may be sure, he had about him; for literary Toryism, like literary Liberalism, has (or had) its unfathomable deeps of disrespectability. WESTMACOTT would be there sometimes, no doubt, the editor of *The Age*, and afterwards of *The Argus*, the *enfant perdu* of Tory journalistic. And thou, with thy ever active quill, O FRANK CHURCHILL, ready to knock off squib or criticism, or essay, or whatever else was wanted, why hast thou gone without thy biographer? One would cheerfully exchange a volume about the virtuous and respectable PENN for one good sheet descriptive of thy life, O FRANK! Wast thou among the friends of ELIA, that ragged regiment whom he has celebrated? Surely he would have made thee free of his pipe and gin and water, in preference to many a respectable Scotchman with mouth full of toad and extraneous saliva. For though illegitimate, O FRANK! thou wast of noble birth, and didst reckon for thy ancestor the greatest of CHURCHILLS, the conqueror of Blenheim, whom in port and swelling demeanor thou didst imitate; nor in satiric talent wast thou inferior to PARSON CHURCHILL of the by-gone century. Strange stories they tell of thee, O FRANK, that unlike ordinary mortals, never didst thou lay thy head o' nights on pillow, never was thy body swathed in sheets. Thou wast of the nomads of the great Babylon, and didst live perpetually in cabs. Say, Muse (for thou knowest), did FRANK once run up

a cab-bill of twenty pounds, a bill to his cablandlord, who put him into gaol for it? ERNEST of Hanover liked this CHURCHILL, and had him over to his court, where long he might have remained, had it not been for inebriation, and the sad spectacle of the pensioner unconscious in a wheelbarrow rolled before the royal windows. And now, while the respectable PENN has his paragraphs and review articles, thou, O FRANK, art urged (haply in a cab), unwept and unknown, through the long night, because thou hast had to go without a celebrating DIXON (*vate sacro*).

These two were of the disrespects, but other Tory writers of a respectable kind availed themselves of *Fraser*. LOCKHART saw here a famous opportunity for scarifying men whom he did not care, or did not like, to attack in *The Quarterly*; and, provided the victim was "Liberal," he was fair game in MAGINN's eyes. Let it be added, however, of LOCKHART, that, although a Scotchman, he befriended MAGINN's widow after he could get nothing more out of her husband;—striking generosity to those who know aught of the race that comes from beyond the Tweed. GALT, the sly and pawky, contributed a good deal of fiction. So, likewise, the stalwart ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and the Shepherd hight of Ettrick. Poor L. E. L., too, a close friend of MAGINN's, was a tale-writer for *Fraser*, and, indeed, it was a chivalrous resentment of a grievance of hers that produced the famous review of Mr. BERKELEY's novel, the duel between MAGINN and that honorable gentleman, and the castigation of FRASER, the bookseller, resulting in his premature death. A few Irishmen, of course, where an Irishman was a principal, were to be found; chief among them Father PROUT, the Mahony of *The Globe*, whose "Prout Papers" rival MAGINN's in geniality, wit, scholarship, curious learning, and metrical skill; and who, in the higher qualities requisite for the conduct of life, seems to belong to another country than that which sent forth the unfortunate Doctor.

These were Tories, or of the MAGINN connection; but FRASER, of the *Foreign Review*, furnished his quota of contributors. SOUTHEY, CARLYLE, and HERAUD were all writers in *The Foreign*, and something from all the three of them is to be found in the first number of *Fraser*. SOUTHEY asked for fifty pounds an article, and was (naturally enough) soon dispensed with. HERAUD wrote transcendentalism of the Coleridgean kind occasionally, for many a long year, until the cruel

THACKERAY massacred him in *Punch*, and he performed the descent which one of his own epics celebrates. CARLYLE, among his "healthy wildernesses," saw the "possibilities" of *Fraser*, and was soon in London, with *Sartor Resartus* in his pocket. Many were the complaints from the subscribers to *Fraser* against the continued insertion of that celebrated work. But, strange to say, FRASER, the bookseller, himself rather a commonplace person, stood up for the startling book, and would have it inserted—let the country clergymen say what they liked. CARLYLE contributed many others of his now classical pieces to *Fraser*, and still sends to it any little straggling essay he cares to throw off. His friend EDWARD IRVING wrote a few articles, and drank more glasses of punch in FRASER's back-parlor, expounding to MAGINN the doctrine of the unknown tongues. Nor, as complement to all the contributors, let MACLISE be forgotten, the sketcher of the portraits for the well-known gallery to which MAGINN furnished the letter-press.

Champagne and even ginger-beer may be excellent liquors to discuss, metaphorically as well as literally, provided the bottles containing them have been newly uncorked. But who would taste them to talk about their qualities, if they had long been exposed to the air and deprived of their brisk carbonic? So it is with the early half of *Fraser's Magazine*; "Carlyle's Essays," "the Prout Papers," and "Maginn's Homeric Ballads" have been decanted off and permanently bottled; the rest are now unpalatable and uncriticisable. Aim in *Fraser* there was none, save and excepting the flagellation of people MAGINN disliked, and the laudation of people he liked or cared to like. Among the former the two principal seem to have been Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart., and Mr. ALARIO ATILLA WATTS; and in neither case, perhaps, could MAGINN have given any distinct reason for hostility. Such game once started, however, all and sundry joined in the pursuit, and even the great CARLYLE, who in general stood aloof, fired a shot at Sir EDWARD in his *Sartor Resartus*. Mr. ALARIO ATILLA WATTS, the sentimental poet, whose affecting "Old Arm-Chair" moved the stout Lancashire heart of Sir ROBERT PEEL, fared still worse; and the action which he brought successfully, after MACLISE's portrait of him, with surreptitious pictures under his arm, hovers in the memory of literary scandal-mongers. Capricious in their likes and dislikes, the Fraserians were the steady friends of Mr. HARRISON AINSWORTH! 'Tis said

that their praises of him originated in a sportive suggestion of LOCKHART's to try how far *Fraser* could gull the public by making a reputation where none was deserved. Thenceforth the *mot d'ordre* was to praise HARRISON AINSWORTH, and the author of *Rookwood* found himself, nothing loth, a celebrity! In a journal started jointly by MAGINN and THACKERAY, the joke was kept up, and AINSWORTH, by dint of hearing it, came to believe himself the equal of Sir WALTER SCOTT, and far, very far, the superior of BULWER. Thus it is that reputations are made.

FRASER, the bookseller, died in 1841, in consequence of GRANTLEY BERKELEY's thrashing, and a coolness which had recently subsisted between him and MAGINN having thus sadly ended, the latter renewed his contributions to the magazine. But in another year the Doctor followed FRASER to the grave, dying at Walton-upon-Thames, with *Homer* on his pillow, and a Homeric Ballad freshly dictated from his lips. The magazine now passed into the hands of Mr. NICKISSON, FRASER's successor in the shop, and has languished ever since. Yet, a few years before FRASER's death, a "new contributor" of curious and peculiar merit had made his appearance in the person of THACKERAY. This nineteenth century FIELDING and HOGARTH rolled into one, and with something ethereal in him, too, that neither FIELDING nor HOGARTH possessed, was reputedly and even opulently born, educated at Cambridge, and leaving it, lost his money in a way which gave him painful experience of certain commercial mysteries of which many of his fictitious characters have a singularly accurate knowledge. A clever sketcher, by nature and practice, THACKERAY had for years a belief that he was meant to be an artist, and with this view he studied hard at home and abroad. Not altogether fruitless have his efforts in this department been, witness many

a little drawing introduced into his works; and those pictorial criticisms in *Fraser* on the annual exhibitions, which sadly provoked the London artists. Among the most striking of his early contributions to *Fraser* was the *Yellow Plush Correspondence*, which, as well as *The Great Hoggarty Diamond*, he has since republished. But it is not generally known that a longish novel, the *Luck of Barry Lyndon*, also printed in *Fraser*, is his. 'Tis a poor novel, which he has rightly deemed not worth republishing. Let young novelists who do not come up to their ideal take courage by remembering THACKERAY's failure.

By 1847, most of the old "hands" had gradually dropped off from *Fraser*, and no new ones of mark, under Mr. NICKISSON's management, had taken their place. The magazine was "toned down," as the trade phrase is, and had come to be looked upon as a respectable but by no means remarkable publication. In 1847, it became the property of Mr. PARKER, the well-known publisher in the Strand, and for a short time, while in his hands, it seemed likely to be the organ of the "Christian Socialists," with MAURICE and KINGSLEY at their head. It was now that KINGSLEY began to publish in it his remarkable novel of *Yeast*; and is not his *Hypatia* appearing in the *Fraser* of these months? But that sort of thinking was presently abandoned, and the tone of the magazine adapted itself for a little to persons of the COBDEN and BRIGHT kidney. This, too, has been dropped, and the present tone is one of neutral and judicious dulness. Some pleasant zoological sketches, by Mr. BRODERIP, the police magistrate, and some lively but vulgar ones, of American society, by a Mr. BRISTED, are the only other contributions that have of late years attracted any special notice to *Fraser*. The "coming magazine," like the "coming man," is more wished for than expected to arrive.

WONDERS.—Punch enumerates among many other extraordinary articles found in the stomach of the American Sea Serpent, a Pennsylvania Bond with "paid" at the bottom; a New Orleans paper without an advertisement of a runaway slave in it; the ruler with which Britannia ruled the waves before she was beaten by the Yankee yacht, America; por-

traits of the 250,000 British ladies that were kissed by General Tom Thumb; and "Cheque-books of the American publishers who have ruined themselves with the enormous sums of money they have given to English authors for their works—very curious."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

POPULAR FRENCH AUTHORESSES OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE is nothing so unjust as prejudice, and it cannot but be worth while, in order to dissipate that feeling as much as possible, to read what is really good in the works of our neighbors, by which simple process the English reader may become convinced that all foreign female writers are not George Sands, but that the purity and right feeling natural to the feminine mind may be traced in many a page, once enjoying deserved popularity, in spite of the absence of highly colored scenes or sentiments only calculated to excite impure aspirations, such as have of late years been given to the public and allowed to pass for a picture of French literature in general.

All the female writers mentioned in these pages were the fashion of their day, and were courted, read, and admired, which is enough to prove that in France, as in England, perversion of manners and immorality of thought are only accidental, not necessary evils.

Madame de Sevigné, Madame Dacier, Mademoiselle de Scudéry, and some others, are to well known to require the slight notice which is here introduced of female writers, but there are many others whose merit makes the task of chaperoning them delightful, and who have been left so long in obscurity that they will no doubt appear as perfect strangers to the English reader, who need not regret making their acquaintance.

MADAME DE LAMBERT.

The Marquise de Lambert was the daughter-in-law of a writer named Bachaumont, known to French literature by agreeable travels, and what is called in France poetry, though scarcely understood as such on the other side of the Channel. He discovered the merit of his daughter-in-law, and notably encouraged her to avow her writings, a false sense of her own dignity having caused her to publish them anonymously in the first instance. She married, became a widow, and addressed to her

children several works which possess great moral value.

Her house was a rendezvous of all that was elegant and well-informed, and, to be received there, gave the stamp of condition and refinement.

The style of her writings may be judged of by a few extracts, which show the general tenor of her mind.

"Twice in our lives truth appears to us in a useful form: in youth to instruct us, in age to console us. During the reign of the passions truth abandons us altogether."

"High birth possesses less honor than it bestows: those who boast of their birth praise the merit of another."

"The true use of speech is to serve the cause of truth. When a man has attained the reputation of truthfulness his word is a law, and has all the authority of an oath. We have, for all that he asserts, a religious veneration."

"The talent of praising adroitly is rare: for it is not a little difficult to praise agreeably, and at the same time justly: the misanthrope does not know how to praise; his discernment is injured by his temper. The sycophant praises too much and gratifies no one. The vain give praise only in the hope of receiving equal commendation: an honest man praises in the right place. If you desire that praise should be useful, praise what regards another, not what interests yourself.

"It is sometimes useful to make yourself feared, but never to be revenged. Little souls are cruel, but the great are clement. As soon as an enemy repents and submits, we lose the right of vengeance.

"Above all things, beware of envy: it is the lowest and most degrading of passions. Envy is the shadow of glory, as glory is the shade of virtue."

The opinion of Madame de Lambert on the Italian language will be startling to some of our readers, as coming from a French woman.

"Women readily learn Italian, which I consider a dangerous language, for it is the language of Love. Italian authors are too free and too little guarded in their expressions, and their imaginations are too little regulated by rectitude of mind and thought.

"If the maxims of the age we live in are alone followed, what a barren prospect have we for our old age! The past furnishes us with regret, the present with vexations, and the future with fears.

"Poetry has its dangers: but the habit of reading romances is much more dangerous. Novels, never being the image of truth, kindle the imagination, weaken modesty, and disturb the heart; and, with susceptible young persons, hasten and precipitate their foibles and frailties. Neither the charm nor the illusion of Love should be augmented, the more it is disguised and softened the more dangerous it becomes.

"In order to arrest the boldness of our minds and to diminish our self-confidence, we ought to reflect that the two principles of our knowledge, reason and sensibility, are insincere and deceive us. Our sensibility misleads our reason, and our reason in turn equally leads us astray. There is but one point in which we should give ourself up to unwavering faith, and that is religion.

"We get accustomed to our own defects as to the perfumes we carry about with us; we are no longer aware of them, they are only felt by others.

"There is not one of our weaknesses that, with good will, we may not convert to some utility."

Madame de Lambert's fable of "Psyche" was looked upon as a *chef-d'œuvre*, and is very gracefully turned, but perhaps her most valuable work is her "Treatise on Friendship," of which Voltaire remarked that it proved that she deserved friends. There is a justice and rectitude in her manner of judging and feeling which cannot fail of their effect: the following extracts are very striking from their truth:—

"F frivolous and dissipated persons may offer you gifts and services, but have no longer sentiments to bestow: in early youth it is rare that the true pleasures of friendship can be felt. Many young people talk of and believe in their friendships; but they are united to their friends by pleasure alone, which is not the fitting tie to make their union durable.

"The real duty of friendship is to warn a friend of error. If he resists, arm yourself with the strength and authority which the

prudence of wise councils and the purity of good intentions give: but be careful to soften the terms of your advice, few people have strength of mind to allow themselves to feel humiliated by the virtue that points out to them their faults.

"Much must be conceded on both sides, if friendship is to be lasting. The most virtuous will excuse and pardon the most readily—it was said of old: you render your friend worthy in believing him to be so. By considering a person capable of an error you go far to induce him to commit it.

"You must not imagine that after a rupture in friendship you have parted with all the duties it imposes; on the contrary, they then become more difficult, for conscience alone assists you in performing them. A certain respect should remain for former feelings: the world should never be called in to be witness of your quarrel, nor should it be ever named except when positively necessary in your own justification. You should even avoid heaping too much blame on a faithless friend. A dispute is an unedifying spectacle for the public, and your part in it is a bad one to sustain. You must recollect that the eyes of the world are on you, that your judges are all your enemies, either from ignorance, or from envy of your worth, or, it may be, from prejudice or natural malignity.

"Above all things reflect, that those secrets should never be revealed which were disclosed to you in the days of confidence; they constitute a debt of ancient friendship which you owe to yourself. In fact, your duties in the days of former intimacy were towards others, after a rupture they are towards yourself.

"There are persons who conceive that death cancels all bonds; few understand the friendship due to the dead. Tears are not an offering sufficient to the manes of those we have lost. We still owe much to their names, their glory, their families: they should live in our hearts by sentiment and remembrance, in our tongues by commendation, and in our conduct by the imitation of their virtues."

Such maxims as these, and such amiable counsels, are sufficient to raise the writer in the esteem of all. Her style, too, is easy, unaffected and earnest, and leads the reader on to do justice to her subject. She has a graphic manner of sketching character, and has drawn those of Fontanelle and of M. de la Motte, who were her intimates, most agreeably. Of the latter she says:—

"Let us leave the man of genius and speak

of the great man. Superior talents are too often dimmed by littleness of mind ; they expose us to the attacks of vanity, that fatal enemy of real happiness and real elevation. Great sentiments alone make great men ; there can be no elevation where greatness of soul and probity are not. M. de la Motte makes us feel this, and convinces us, in all he writes, that he possesses the most estimable virtues of the heart, and none of these have in any way deteriorated his natural modesty."

She feelingly laments the deprivation of sight under which he labored :—

"Alas ! what a loss for a man of letters ! Are not the eyes the organs of both enjoyment and desire ? With them infidelity and vexation are unknown ; they are ever ready to assist the taste and furnish the mind continually with new objects of interest ; with a pure heart and manners, and a tranquil spirit, what pleasures does not sight procure !"

Madame Dacier, the learned and excellent, but severe opponent of M. de la Motte, would probably scarcely have entered quite so warmly into the eulogy of her rival in classical lore. In her celebrated dispute with him, the indignation she felt at his attacks on her beloved Homer carried her beyond the bounds of feminine softness :—

"With what dignity and good breeding," says Madame de Lambert, "did he reply to her bitter criticism !"

As Madame de Lambert was by no means tender on the subject of enthusiasm, and perhaps knew little of the classics, she could not feel for the grief and agony, the insulted friendship and indignant rage, which poor Madame Dacier must have experienced when M. de la Motte dared to criticize the immortal poet, and accuse him of faults which existed only in his own ignorance of classic languages. Her remarks are scarcely too strong for the occasion, when she says,—

"That M. de la Motte should be unacquainted with Greek or Latin may be pardonable in him ; but, at least, he ought to understand French. I flatter myself that the image in question (that of Ajax besieged) was tolerably well rendered in my version. But this is the habit of these rare critics ; they carefully disfigure the passages they cite by translating them in a low and mean manner.

"This is unworthy, nevertheless, of the poetical genius of M. de la Motte ; a great poet like him ought to feel that the image of the ass disturbed in the corn-field, and trampling down thistles right and left, destroying the harvest, is by no means a bad picture of

the devastation made by troops, whereas his false translation of a meadow and the animal eating grass conveys no sort of image of the kind, and is totally unsuitable to the occasion."

With so glaring a mistake, and the addition of a contemptuous criticism before her eyes, Madame Dacier, who had a great cause to defend, could not be more lenient. She occasionally, it is true, loses her temper more, as when she says, *à propos* of a commonplace word, with which the critic had taunted Homer :—

"This is the way a man of observation speaks ! when, instead of being common-place, those words are necessary, and are exactly what ought to have been said. M. de la Motte does not find these things common-place in our romances ; his taste has been formed on them, and from them he has acquired his sensitive delicacy."

It is amusing, after this, to return to the praises which Madame de Lambert bestows on the object of her admiration :—

"True reason, and nature, seen with a clear vision, are the guides of M. de la Motte. Never does he degrade his sentiments with mean terms ; those the most correct are always ready at his need. In all he writes, grace, propriety and harmony prevail to a remarkable degree. I never read his works without thinking that Apollo and Minerva must have dictated them together."

The Treatise of the authoress on "Old Age" gives admirable rules of conduct to women advancing in age.

"Every one looks upon age with apprehension, as a period inseparable from sadness and vexation, in which all pleasure disappears. All persons lose by advancing age, and women more than men, if all their merit consists in exterior attractions which time destroys, and there are few women whose merit lasts longer than their beauty.

"At all times of our life we have duties to others and to ourselves. Those to others are doubled in age. When we can no longer present attractions to society, real virtues are demanded of us. We must therefore be cautious in all things, in discourse, in manners, and in dress ; and as regards the latter we should remember, that age avowed becomes less aged.

"It is not so much age which causes unhappiness, as the manners which accompany it. Whoever has not that within which can render life happy, finds age a burthen. An indispensable necessity with age is, to make a good use of time ; the less there remains

to us, the more precious it becomes; the time of a Christian is the price of eternity.

"One of the great advantages of old age is, that it bestows on us liberty, that it enfranchises us from the yoke of opinion; we return to ourselves, and this return has its sweetness; we begin to consult ourselves, and to have confidence in ourselves; we escape from fortune and from illusions, and see our long mistake in having trusted in men, who teach us, often at our own expense, to reckon upon nothing; we care no longer for insincerity; we are deceived no more by pleasures, and see their vanity.

"In youth we form a false idea of old age; the fears we have of it we create ourselves; nature has not given them, but we dread, in the state in which we are, to find the same passions and feelings which do not belong to the state which is unknown to us."

Madame de Lambert's *Reflections on Women* were extremely popular, and became known in England by an excellent translation. She was one of the earliest advocates for the emancipation of her sex from puerile laws, and advocated their capabilities. So much has been said and written on this subject, that the cause has been rather weakened than otherwise, simple and self-evident as it is. There can be no doubt that a woman may attain high excellence, without stepping out of her own sphere; but as soon as she does that, she becomes as contemptible as a man who finds glory in aping the habits, manners, and occupations of a female. The susceptibility of woman to vanity, and the injudicious indulgences of the other sex, which magnifies unusual and unexpected intelligence, makes it the more difficult for a woman to arrive at perfection; all the boasting in the world of superior powers, is of no avail, where modesty and diligence are not; with these there is no physical or moral reason why there should not be as many distinguished women as there are insignificant ones, since the same causes operate on men to keep down the growth of intellect. No reasonable man is surprised at female talent, but many have reason to be disgusted at its pretension.

Madame de Lambert, in her style, and Madame Dacier in hers, are both proofs of the possibility of female excellence, and of the esteem in which it is held according to its class and degree. Not alone during the last century and at the present day, has there been "a coil" made respecting the superiority of women to their reputation; the same cry has prevailed from the days of

Louise Labé, and doubtless long before, although for long before, there was equally no occasion for it. Heloise proved at a very early period, that a woman's mind was equal to any learning she undertook; happier in her instance had it not been so!

Perhaps at no period was there more clamor on this weak point, than during the middle and towards the close of the seventeenth century, when the reign of *Les Précieuses* in France, not yet extinguished by the just ridicule of Molière, was flourishing in full vigor.

Nothing can be more vapid and ridiculous than most of the productions, and the pretensions, of these learned ladies, whose names formed a dictionary apart, together with specimens of the words and phrases they invented. The curious inquirer into this subject, may be edified by a work sometimes found in old libraries, bearing the date of 1761, and called "*Le Grand Dictionnaire des Précieuses*."

The ladies named in this book, which is partly purporting to be satirical, were all well-known and famous in their day, and all named under fantastic designations, under the head of *Précieuses*. Amongst a crowd, whose names are, ever since, unknown to fame, celebrated personages, whose reputation was deserved, figure. Madame de Scudery, appears as Saraïde, Madame Scarron as Stanonice, Madame de Lafayette as Feliciane, Madame de Sévigny as Sophronie. The portrait of the last, as presented in this strange old-fashioned volume, will suffice to exhibit its style, and is not uninteresting, as anything which brings that delightful authoress before our eyes, carries a charm with it not to be resisted.

"Sophronie is a young widow of quality; the merit of this *Précieuse* is equal to her high birth; her wit is lively and gay, and joy suits her better than sorrow; nevertheless, it is easy to see that the liveliness of her mind does not lead to love, for she gives her regard alone to men, and her tenderness to her own sex. She has the quickest observation in the world in seizing the character of things, and in judging of them; she is fair, and the whiteness of her skin harmonizes well with the color of her hair. Her features are well defined, her complexion clear, and all taken together, compose one of the most agreeable women of Athens (i.e. Paris.) If her face attract the eye, her wit charms the ear, and enlists in her favor all who talk with her or read her works. The most distinguished are proud of her appro-

bation. Menandre (Ménage) has sung her praises in his verse. Chrisante, (Chapelain) is one of those admitted to her intimacy.—She loves music, and mortally hates satire.”

Amongst others who considered it their mission to uphold the rights of women to literary honors was Madame de Saliez, a *Précieuse* whose court was held at a distance from Paris, who was distinguished as many of her sex had been, by being made a member of a species of Della Crusca Academy at Padua, who seemed fond of distributing their letters. This Academy was called the *Ricovrati*, and numbered amongst its members many illustrious *Précieuses*. Madame de Saliez had made her house a rendezvous of the wits and scientific men of the day, and was the centre of attraction for her talent and brilliancy. She writes, in acknowledgment of the letters forwarded to her from the *Ricovrati*, a characteristic reply in the approved style of her calling; taking occasion to laud the French language, the Grand Monarque, French women, French literature, and everything belonging to her nation, affecting at the same time extreme modesty and humility.

“I acknowledge, gentlemen, that my writings do not prove to you the perfections of which I am proud. Born in the country (at Alby), and not having been at Paris to correct the faults of my language, as it was formerly the custom to go to Athens to correct the Oriental languages, I do not write with the same correctness as Mademoiselle de Scudery, or Mesdames des Houlières, Dacier, and Villedieu, who are so worthy of the rank they hold in your Academy.—These ladies have become the wonders of the age and will astonish all posterity. Perhaps, gentlemen, I may be permitted to remark, in order that you may not repent the honors you have done me, that though my works are inferior to theirs, they have often obtained much success: pure nature characterizes them, and they possess an easy negligence which does not displease.

“In fine, since my works have attracted your consideration, no one can have a right to withhold from them a meed of commendation.”

Madame de Saliez gave the fantastic title to her society of “Knights and Ladies de la Bonne Foi.” They met once a week. She formed the design of a new set of philosophers in favor of women, and writes to one

of her learned female friends to state her intentions:—

“The end of this institution is to determine all reasonable persons to throw off the yoke of constraint that error and custom have established. We must then make laws, according to which we will live, and they shall give a name to our sect. You shall choose it. I will merely observe, that you must select one which will be suitable to persons who wish to establish good and solid maxims—one which will so alarm fools that they will not dare to approach us.

“You know that there are two kinds of *beaux esprits*; those which are really so, and those who affect to be. We must make a careful examination of those men whom we admit into our society, in order that no errors may occur, and only the worthy may be received amongst us.”

A few of the laws recommended are amusing enough. Those ladies are to be excluded whose ideas are too strict about trifles, who talk of dress, or consider all erudition comprised in a book of prayers. For the peace of the sect, she proposes that love should be altogether banished, and a *gallant* and *attentive* friendship substituted. That the chief object of the society shall be to eradicate all the bad and false habits and sentiments with which the world abounds, and, above all, to wage continual war with fools whenever, by misfortune, they are encountered.

This scheme appears to have fallen to the ground as far as a sisterhood was concerned, though there is little doubt that the ladies kept firm in their individual endeavors to reform the world and combat the opinion of their neighbors.

Unfortunately, none of the works of Madame de Saliez which are left to posterity appear worthy of the high reputation which placed her on the list with Madame Dacier. Her historical romances are unreadable, and her verses are chiefly complimentary; nevertheless the former were translated into several languages, and read with avidity both in German and in Italian. She was a profuse contributor to the “*Mercure*” and other magazines, and was more fortunate during her long literary life than she has been in the records of fame, in which she confidently expected her name to be enrolled.

From the Edinburgh Review.

MODERN FRENCH CRIMINAL TRIALS.*

THE work, of which we have prefixed the title to this article, is one of an intended series which was interrupted by the revolution of 1848. We have not been able to find more of it than these two volumes; and we believe that no more has been published. They form, however, a complete work, containing the life and remains of a man who was one of the most distinguished members of the French Bar during one of its most brilliant periods, and one of the most able and intrepid of the statesmen who, after the Bar was silenced, sacrificed their lives in the attempt to erect a stable government out of the ruins left by the Convention. We believe that a short notice of it may be interesting, both as illustrating the remarkable social state which preceded, and in fact brought on, the great French Revolution, and also as throwing light on the military revolution of the 18th Fructidor, which, next to that of 1789, has been the event which has most affected the fortunes of France and of Europe,—a revolution which deprived France of the glorious peace which Pitt was eagerly offering to her, which led her to play double or quits with Fortune, until the unlucky throw, sure to come at last, stripped her of the winnings of twenty years of successful war, and which during the fifty-six following years has always placed her sceptre in the hands which know best how to use the sword.

Tronson du Coudray was born at Rheims, on the 18th of November, 1750. His family belonged to the noblesse of the town; a class which the facilities of locomotion, the preponderance of Paris, and a growing contempt for provincial illustration, and indeed for provincial life, have now nearly extinguished in France, as they have in England; but which, a century ago, constituted in every city a respected aristocracy, with a public spirit and a public opinion of its own. He was one of ten children, and the means of his family would not have enabled him to receive more than a very narrow education;

but the talents which he displayed as a boy attracted general notice, and the city of Rheims supplied the funds necessary to carry him through the University. His favorite study was the law, then a necessary part of a liberal foreign education; not, indeed, the municipal law of France, (for among the heterogeneous ill-assimilated provinces into which France was then divided, there was no general law of France, any more than in England there is a general law of copyholds,) but the great magazine of jurisprudential experience, skill, and philosophy,—the Roman Civil Law. His exertions injured his health, and he was advised to try a total change of scenes and pursuits. He connected himself with a commercial firm in Rheims, and traveled on the business of the house through Germany, Poland, and Russia. His health was restored, but on his return he found himself engaged in a lawsuit with his partners. This decided the course of his future life. He pleaded his own cause, and his success made him resolve to make the law his profession. At the age of twenty-eight, in 1778, four years after the accession of Louis XVI., he was received as avocat in Paris, and began his short but illustrious career.

The system of criminal procedure which then prevailed in France, as it still does in the greater part of Europe, is one which in England is adopted merely as preparatory to trial. It is called, by foreign jurists, the process by inquiry, to distinguish it from that which we adopt, which they call the process by accusation. Under the latter system the sovereign, on the complaint of an individual, brings forward and supports a specific accusation, against which the accused defends himself: a time is appointed for the decision, at which all the evidence on each side must be ready. If at the trial any link is wanting in the prosecutor's chain of evidence, so much the worse for justice; if one is wanted on the part of the prisoner, so much the worse for innocence. When once the curtain has been raised the play must be played out.

**Nouvelles Causes Célèbres.* Recueillis et mis en ordre par M. le Comte de Marcourt. Paris: 1846.

The witnesses are bound to remain in attendance, the jury are kept from their homes, the court sits on from hour to hour, or, if necessary, from day to day, until the verdict has been pronounced. But the process by inquiry, as is the case with us with respect to the preliminary proceedings before the committing magistrates, is not confined within any fixed period. The question which the Court has to decide is not whether a prosecutor has proved that a specified accused person has committed a specified offence, but whether any and what offence has been committed, and who has committed it.

The inquiry, therefore, is at first *ex parte*. If a plausible case is made out against an individual he is arrested, imprisoned, and examined; his own examinations being expected to afford or to indicate the best evidence against him. When all the criminatory proof has been collected, it is communicated to the prisoner, who now, perhaps for the first time, knows the nature of the charge, and for the first time has legal assistance. As justice has not hurried herself in collecting the evidence against him, she does not hurry him in preparing his defence. No time is fixed for the termination of the proceedings. They are to end as soon as the Court is convinced of his innocence or of his guilt. Further proofs on either side may be adduced at what appeared to be the last moment. An accusation is a drama, in which all the unities, action, time, and place, are preserved. An inquiry resembles a novel, in which event succeeds event, and the story wanders on from year to year.

The first important cause in which Tronson du Coudray was engaged was a remarkable one.

On the 1st of August, 1773, a horseman, who was approaching Peronne, found on the high road a boy of about eleven years old, covered only by half-consumed rags, attenuated by want and fatigue, and uttering inarticulate cries. The traveler took his new acquaintance with him to Peronne, set before him food, which he devoured with a voracity which showed that he had long endured hunger, and endeavored to learn his history. This, however, he found impossible, for the boy was deaf and dumb. A charitable woman took charge of him for some weeks, at the end of which, through the intervention of M. de Sartine, the well-known minister of police, he was placed on the 2d of September in the Bicêtre, then used as an asylum for foundlings. Food and rest restored his bodily health, but he shrank

from the contact of the boys among whom he was thrown. They belonged, most of them by birth, all of them by education, to the lower orders. His appearance, and, as far as his infirmities permitted it, his manners, were aristocratic. He had the quick intelligent look which often animates the countenances of those who derive knowledge only through their eyes, and the docility and refinement which are the results of early cultivation. He was of course oppressed and persecuted by his vulgar companions; his spirits, and at last his health, failed; and after remaining twenty-two months in the Bicêtre, he was removed to the Hôtel Dieu of Paris. The Abbé de l'Épée always in search of objects whom by means of the wonderful system of signs of which he was the inventor, he could enable to communicate with their fellow creatures, found the deaf and dumb boy at the Hôtel Dieu, removed him to his own house, and in a few months rendered him capable of telling something about himself. The story which Joseph (that was the name given to him by the Abbé) related was, that he remembered having lived with his father, and mother, and sister, in a fine house with a large garden, and that he used to ride in a carriage and on horseback; that his father was tall, his face marked by wounds received in battle; that he died, and that his mother and sister, as well as himself, wore mourning; that he was taken from home by a man on horseback, and turned loose in a wood, wandered for some days until he reached the high road, and then passed through the adventures which we have related.

Joseph's story, which bears a wonderful similarity to that related by Casper Hauser, sixty years afterwards, excited deep interest. It was frequently told by the Abbé in the sort of lectures which he gave to those who visited his establishment; and both the speaker and the audience indulged in conjectures as to what the great family might be of which Joseph was probably the representative. A lady who was present on one of these occasions, apparently in the beginning of the year 1777, mentioned that in the autumn of 1773, a deaf and dumb boy, the only son of Count Solar, the head of the ancient house of Solar, which has produced several knights celebrated in the history of the Order of Malta, had left Toulouse, where his father and mother then resided, and had never returned. He was said to have died soon after. It was suggested that this was Joseph. Inquiries were made at Toulouse,

and the suggestion became plausible. The family of the Count had consisted of two children, a boy and a girl, the boy born in the year 1761, and deaf and dumb. The father had died in the beginning of 1773, and the mother had sent her son from Toulouse to Bagneres de Bigorre, under the care of a young lawyer named Cazeaux. In the beginning of the next year Cazeaux had returned, but not the boy; he was said to have died in January, 1774, of small pox. The mother died in 1775.

The Abbé de l'Épée took up the cause of his pupil with the enthusiasm which belonged to his character. He believed that in what had passed he could trace the hand of Providence. Young Solar's mother, he maintained, either to escape from the burden of an imperfect child, or to secure for herself or for her daughter his inheritance, had given him to Cazeaux to be exposed. To conceal the crime he had been taken 600 miles off, to Peronne, and abandoned to what appeared certain destruction in a wood. But the eye of God was watching. A traveler was sent to rescue him, a woman to receive him, the Abbé himself to instruct him; and now able for the first time to tell his story, he asked for restoration to the honors of his house, and for the punishment of Cazeaux, the only surviving actor in the crime.

The Duc de Penthièvre, a prince of the blood, was among those whom the Abbé interested for his *protégé*. He provided munificently for Joseph's support, and supplied funds for the expensive legal proceedings necessary to establish him as Count Solar.

The boy was taken to Clermont, the birth-place of the Countess Solar, where she and her son had lived during the first four years of his life. It was not to be expected that those who had known him only when four years old would recognize him at seventeen. Some recognition, however, there was; Madame de Solar's father was still living; he fancied that Joseph resembled his grandson, and, what he thought more important, he felt for him an affection which must be instinctive. The Countess's brother believed Joseph to be his nephew, because he had the round shoulders and large knees of the Count. The woman who kept the school at Clermont, at which the young Count had been placed, her daughter, and two servants, also perceived a resemblance. It was recollected, too, that the young Count had on his back a mole in the shape of a lentil; a similar mole was found on the back of Joseph.

It appears that Joseph possessed consid-

erable natural talents, and that his deafness was not complete. He soon ascertained the nature of the claim which was made on his behalf, and endeavored to promote it. He had sufficient self-command to feign perfect insensibility to sound, and sufficient acuteness to make out something of the conversations which passed before him. He learned some facts connected with the Solar family, and reproduced them; and thus a considerable body of evidence of his identity was collected. The evidence, however, on the other side was strong. Many persons belonging to Toulouse, who had been intimate with the young Count, denied even his resemblance to Joseph; and, what seemed to be almost decisive, the young Countess Solar did not recognize Joseph as her brother, nor did he know her to be his sister. Each treated the other as a stranger. The identity, therefore, of Joseph and the young Count sank from a probability to a possibility—a possibility which must vanish altogether, if the death of the latter could be established.

The Abbé de l'Épée, however, and the public, had taken up Joseph's cause with the inconsiderate vehemence to which the French are subject. He claimed, before the Cour du Châtelet, in Paris, the name and honors of Count Solar; and the first step taken by the court was to order the arrest of Cazeaux, and his prosecution as the abductor and exposé of Joseph.

As a specimen of Tronson du Coudray's powers, we extract his statement of the mode in which the arrest was made. It must be recollected that he was then a young advocate making his first important speech.

"At mid-day the officers of justice, accompanied by a furious mob, seized M. Cazeaux, dragged him through the streets of Toulouse to the Hôtel de Ville, where they threw him into a horrible dungeon, called la Miséricorde, to wait among condemned felons for the departure of the cart which was to carry him to Paris. The next day, and again at noon, both hands and feet in irons, he was thrown into it, and thus set out on a journey of five hundred miles. While they were in motion he was chained to the cart; when they halted he was chained to the inn table; at night he was chained to his bed. 'At every village,' he has often said to me in our consultations, 'the inhabitants crowded round the carriage, and speculated on my crimes. He is a highwayman, said some. He is a murderer, said others. He is to be broken on the wheel; no, he is to be burned, look at his chains; and I could not close my ears or hide my

face.' Painful as this picture is, I must dwell on it for an instant. For seventeen days this innocent man (for innocent he is; I shall prove it even to demonstration) was exposed to fresh witnesses of his dishonor. For seventeen days he read in hundreds of eyes the horror and the disgust which his presence inspired. For seventeen days he heard repeated at every stage prophecies of his infamous execution. Though his conscience told him that he was innocent, a hundred voices proclaimed his guilt. 'I am innocent,' he repeated. 'Nonsense,' they replied, 'look at your chains.' And he could not close his ears or hide his face. Ah, Messieurs, if I could allow myself to admit the supposition that he is guilty, his guilt has been atoned for. The sufferings of seventeen days such as those avenge society. Let another scene of this tragedy pass before us. The ignominious journey at length came to an end. M. Cazeaux reached Paris; he was taken from his cart and thrown into one of the vaults of the Grand-Châtelet. Thence he was transferred to a still lower dungeon, without light or air, and kept for six days without examination. For six days—and the law says that every prisoner shall be examined within twenty-four hours. For six days my unhappy client was left in darkness and in solitude to brood over the cruelties which he had suffered, and to imagine those which he had to undergo. If the past indicates the future, what is the amount of the oppression that is reserved for him?*

Tronson du Coudray then proceeded to prove, by the depositions of a host of witnesses, that the day on which the young Count left Toulouse, under the care of Cazeaux, was the 4th of September, 1773. It was on the first of August, in the same year, that Joseph was found in the wood near Peronne. From these respective dates he traced the contemporary history of the two youths; showed that in November, 1773, the Count Solar was at Bagnères, and Joseph at the Bicêtre; and, finally, that on the 28th of January, 1774, Count Solar died at Charlas, near Bagnères, of small pox, having survived his father about a year.

Cazeaux was of course acquitted; but the veil was never removed from the early history of Joseph. That he was the son of a man of fortune and rank, that during his father's life he was treated with kindness, and that when his father died his mother sacrificed him to family pride or cupidity, are facts

which there seems no reason to doubt. It is scarcely possible that he could have invented them. And the circumstance that such a sacrifice could be made without detection throws some light on the state of French society before the Revolution. A frightful mystery must have been confided for many years to many persons; persons not selected as peculiarly fit to be its depositaries, but the ordinary domestics of a great family. Yet so strong was the feudal principle of loyalty by which they were bound to keep the secrets of the House in which they served, that not a whisper ever revealed the domestic tragedy in which many must have been actors and many more spectators. If such events were to take place now in France, if the deaf and dumb child of opulent parents were exposed by his family, and were rescued by accident, and public curiosity were seeking out his relations, not a month would pass before some accomplice or some confidant would supply a clue by which they would be ascertained. The strong domestic discipline of the eighteenth century suppressed all indication.

Another set of events, distinguishing those times from ours, is the treatment of Cazeaux. We have extracted Tronson du Coudray's description of his violent arrest, and of his ignominious transportation to Paris. The subsequent proceedings in the inquiry were of a piece with its atrocious beginning. For twenty-two days he was left in a dungeon, unlighted and unventilated, with no intercourse with mankind, except six examinations, each of which, such was then the pace at which justice advanced in France, lasted eight hours. The intercession of the Archbishop of Toulouse procured for him a more tolerable prison, and legal assistance. He asked to be admitted to bail. It was refused. He demanded that Joseph should be taken to Toulouse, to Bagnères de Bigorre, and to Charlas, the last places in which Count Solar had been known, and staked his life on the result. If Joseph was there recognized as the Count, he would make no further defense.

It is obvious to us, and must have been obvious to the judges of Cazeaux, that this experiment would have been decisive. If Joseph was the Count Solar, a thousand witnesses were there to proclaim it; if he was not, there were there a thousand witnesses to deny it. This again was refused.

"On what grounds?" asked Tronson du Coudray. "A reason has been given, but one which this Court would not have conjectured—one which it can scarcely believe—

* Tome i. p. 40, 41, 42.

but I must report it as I received it. The ground is, that the expense would be too great. This is the answer to the cries of an innocent man in his despair. This is the sort of excuse which keeps our prisons full. The expense! when the questions at issue are the rank and fortune of one citizen and the honor and life of another. The expense! when an impostor is to be exposed or a murderer to be punished. The expense! as if the most sacred debt owed by the Crown were not the protection of its subjects.*

For eleven months Cazeaux was detained in the prisons of the Châtelet of Paris, uncondemned, unacquitted. All his little fortune was wasted, his practice destroyed, and his health ruined. And if he had not appealed to the Parliament of Rouen, there seems no reason for fixing any term at which the inquiry would have terminated. How is this cruel rigor and indifference to be accounted for? It does not appear that the judges of the Châtelet had any personal quarrel with M. Cazeaux. It does not appear that until they ordered his arrest they had ever heard of him. He was an obscure provincial lawyer, whose name had never reached the capital.

We believe that it was to this very obscurity that he owed his sufferings. He was a *roturier*, and he was accused of having injured a noble. The Court cared no more about his feelings, or his sufferings, or his ruin, than a Bramin cares about the fortunes of a Pariah, or a Boer about those of a Hot-tentot. He belonged to a caste for whom those who then governed France had no fellow feeling. One cannot wonder that when the millions of whom that caste was composed suddenly passed from abject weakness and contempt to absolute power, they felt no sympathy for those from whom they had received none, and looked with indifference, or in many instances with pleasure, on the exile, the ruin, and even the judicial murder of those who were known to them only as insolent superiors.

Our readers may perhaps be interested by the actors in this remarkable drama sufficiently to wish to know their subsequent history. Joseph, admitted to be probably an injured gentleman, though certainly not Count Solar, entered the army and was killed early in the revolutionary war. A M. Avril, a rich old bachelor, a judge in the Châtelet, who had taken an active part in the proceedings against Cazeaux, sought his ac-

quaintance after his acquittal, and made him a splendid amends by bequeathing to him a considerable fortune. The revolution came, and for a time diminished the prejudices of caste. The Countess Solar was poor. Cazeaux had become rich. They married, fixed themselves at Mandres, near Brunoy, a few leagues from Paris, on a part of the property inherited from Avril, and lived there through the Revolution, the Consulate, the Empire, and the Restoration. M. Cazeaux died in 1831; his wife in 1835. It is a proof of the degree in which manners have degenerated in France, that M. Cazeaux, a provincial and a *roturier*, was considered in his old age a model of elegance. The only drawback on the tranquil happiness of his later life was that more than once a dramatic, or a melodramatic writer took Joseph, or the Abbé de l'Épée, for his hero, and turned Cazeaux into a hired assassin. Cazeaux had to write and to explain; and there is always some degradation in having to confess that one has been treated, however innocent, as a malefactor, and in having to prove that the treatment was not deserved.

We proceed to a trial of a very different kind,—to a comedy rather than a tragedy.

At the time of which we are writing, one of the principal employments of the Courts was to decide on demands made by wives for a formal separation from their husbands.

Such a separation was decreed, on proof that the husband had either treated his wife with cruelty or had defamed her character. On both these grounds the Marchioness Soyecourt demanded a separation from her husband, the Marquis. We shall not dwell on the evidence by which she supported these charges, or on the arguments by which Tronson du Coudray refuted them. The interest of the cause lies in the relative situation of the parties, and in the insight which their ante-nuptial arrangements, and their post-nuptial conduct, give us into the habits and feelings of the aristocracy of the *ancien régime*.

The Marquis de Soyecourt had lost successively two wives, when he proposed to marry the Princess Nassau-Saarbruck. She had little fortune, and was no longer young; but her rank was high, and this seems to have attracted the Marquis. He was also a man of high birth, though not equal to hers, and he had a large fortune. By the marriage-settlement the Marquis engaged to allow his wife 400*l.* a-year pin-money; to keep for her exclusive use a coach and six, three footmen, two ladies-maids, and a postillion,

* Tome i. p. 84.

all to be selected by herself: and, if she required it, to give her a *dame d'honneur*.

On these terms the marriage took place in July, 1783, and they immediately took possession of the Marquis's country house, Tilloloy, in Picardy. A large party had been assembled in the house by the Marquis eight days before the marriage, and remained there till the family moved to Paris in December. Open house was kept for the neighbors, so that Tilloloy, for five months, was a scene of constant fête. The same sort of life was continued at Paris, and if gaiety and dissipation were the Marchioness's objects, she enjoyed them in perfection. It is characteristic of the manners of the times that Du Coudray, among his praises of the Marquis's marital conduct, dwells on his having every morning paid his wife a visit in her apartment to inquire after her health.

We have mentioned the clause in the settlement which gave the lady a household of her own. Her servants abused their independence with the insolence of uneducated persons. They neglected the orders of the Marquis, they refused to perform for him any services, to announce, for instance, his visitors, or to serve him at table, and they were supported by their mistress. He defended himself by dismissing two women who were the most offensive. The Marchioness instantly quitted his house and made a legal demand for separation, and for alimony, which she fixed at 4000*l.* a-year, being about half of his whole income. Her grounds of complaint were, that he had dismissed her servants, which she termed cruelty, and that he had declared that her child was not his, which, with more reason, she called defamation. Immediately afterwards the Marquis was committed to the Bastille on a *lettre de cachet*. This was in 1786. A *lettre de cachet* was not then a thing to be freely discussed. The Marquis was not informed on what grounds, or on whose solicitation, this was issued: he was told, however, that if he would arrange matters with his wife it would be recalled. He refused to submit, and after some months' imprisonment was released, but exiled to Tilloloy. Tronson du Coudray complains bitterly that this exile prevented his calling personally on his judges, and informing them of the merits of his cause. For, according to a practice which then prevailed over nearly the whole of the Continent, and now exists in many parts of it, particularly in Italy, the parties in a cause visited separately their judges, and each told his own story in private.

What was the ultimate result of the Marchioness's complaint does not appear. We have only Tronson du Coudray's pleading. Though delivered scarcely more than sixty years ago, it implies a state of habits and feelings which seem to be separated by centuries from those of modern France.

The longest and perhaps the most important collection is that which Tronson du Coudray delivered in the end of 1788, before the Parlement of Rouen, on behalf of the Sieur Thibault, against M. Froudière.

Two brothers named Thibault, rich old bachelors, lived together at Paris in 1786, with a small household, in which one Marie Clereaux was a housemaid. They suspected her honesty, examined her trunks, found there some handkerchiefs belonging to one of the brothers, and five hundred francs, the possession of which she could not account for, and which they therefore assumed to be the produce of former thefts. They immediately dismissed her, retaining the five hundred francs, but took no further proceedings. A few days after she came to them, accompanied by a commissaire de police, and demanded from them the money, and a certificate of good conduct. They refused both, assigning as the grounds of their refusal the facts which we have related. She admitted that the handkerchiefs had been found in her box, but maintained that they had been placed there by the Thibaults, and required them either to give up to her the money, or to indict her for theft. They were of course forced to accept the challenge, and prosecuted her before the Court of the Bailliage. She was condemned, and appealed to the Parlement de Rouen. In this appeal her counsel was M. Froudière.

The French press was then subject to a censorship, from which legal papers, signed by advocates, were alone exempted. The inhabitants of a great capital delight in gossip and scandal, which were abundantly supplied by the proceedings of the courts of law. They formed the favorite literature of the time. Our readers must recollect the pleadings of Beaumarchais, and the avidity with which all Paris devoured his *requêtes* and his *repliques* in matters which might have been supposed to possess no public interest. M. Froudière signed, printed, and distributed on the behalf of Marie Clereaux, a *requête*, in which her former defence, that the handkerchiefs had been placed by the Thibaults in her box, was repeated. It seems now, however, to have occurred to her, or to her counsel, that it was necessary

to assign a motive for such conduct, and to show what could have induced two men of fortune and station to conspire for the purpose of imputing to their own servant a capital crime. The motive assigned in the *requête* was that Marie Clereaux had become the involuntary depositary of a frightful secret.

"A few nights," she said, "before the day on which my boxes were searched, and the handkerchiefs found in them, I was awake by the cries of a woman. I thought that I recognized the voice of my fellow-servant, Marie-Anne Delaunay. They continued for some time. I became too uneasy to stay in my bed, got up, and groped my way in the dark towards the room from which they seemed to issue. It was that of the younger M. Thibault, which stands at the end of a passage, detached from the rest of the house. As I reached the passage the cries of the woman were mingled with those of a child. I was alarmed, and went back; they become more violent, and I went again towards the room; there was a strong light, like that of a large fire, under the door. I knocked, and called, but the door was kept shut, and Thibault cried from within that nothing was the matter, and desired me to go back to my room. I stayed some time before the door, during which I heard nothing but the suppressed sobs of the woman, and from time to time the low wailing of the child. I knocked again, and was fiercely and peremptorily ordered away, if I valued my life. I did not venture to remain at the door, but lingered at the end of the passage. Suddenly I heard a frightful shriek, succeeded by perfect silence. I ran back to my bed, and passed the rest of the night thinking over the horrors that I had heard. The next day, and, indeed, until I was turned away, M. Thibault's room was kept locked. Neither he nor Marie-Anne Delaunay would give me any explanation. They merely answered my inquiries by saying that nothing had happened and that it would be better for me if I minded my own affairs. I never again heard the voice of the child. What became of it is known only to the Thibaults and Marie-Anne Delaunay. I was not wise enough to follow their advice and mind my own affairs; from time to time I alluded to what had passed. I was caught once trying to enter M. Thibault's room. The next day, on returning from a message on which I had been sent, I found my boxes broken open. I was told that property of my master's had been found in them. I was discharged without a

character, was robbed of the little money that I had saved, and when I asked for reparation I was prosecuted for theft."

The libel ran like wildfire through the excitable population of Paris. It was just on the eve of the Revolution. The press took up the cause of poverty against aristocratic fraud and cruelty. Nothing was too monstrous to be believed when two rich men were accused by a servant girl. The skill with which the dreadful story was rather hinted at than told, the veil thrown over its catastrophe, yet raised enough to show what it must have been, the credibility given to the whole by the official signature of the advocate, seem to have blinded every one to its original improbability and to its defective proof. A furious mob attacked the house of the Thibaults, and were not driven away by the troops till they had broken through its doors and thrown torches into the sitting rooms. The two brothers fled from house to house, pursued everywhere by imprecations as the burners of the child. The elder Thibault, a man of seventy, ventured to walk in the Cour Dauphin. A crowd soon collected; he hurried back, slipped, and fell; they rushed on him, and trampled him under foot; and though he was saved by the police from being torn to pieces on the spot, he died in three days of the injuries which he then received. A furious mob interrupted his funeral, threw the coffin on the ground, and endeavored to exclude it from the church. A sister died broken-hearted a few days afterwards. The surviving brother, after one or two narrow escapes from the mob, protected himself by concealment. The proceedings of the Court before which Marie Clereaux's appeal was tried, were disturbed by the vociferations of the spectators, and more than once suspended. And we cannot avoid suspecting that it was under this pressure from without that the judges gave their decision, if decision it can be called. They ordered her release, without either acquitting her or finding her guilty.

M. Thibault proceeded against Froudière before the Parlement de Rouen, as responsible for the libel. Tronson du Coudray's argument for the plaintiff consists of six distinct speeches; the five first containing the attack, the sixth the reply. They are now published from a copy corrected by the author.

The first tells in detail the story of which we have given the outline. In the second and third, Du Coudray meets Froudière's excuse, that the *requête* was a necessary part

of Marie Clereaux's defence. The statements contained in the *requête* were a part of the defence only so far as they were true, and Froudière, a practiced advocate, accustomed all his life to sift evidence, must have seen at once that they were false. They rested on the bare assertion of Marie Clereaux, not merely unsupported by any other testimony, but opposed by a vast body of negative evidence. No one had ever heard of the existence of the child whose murder was the foundation of her story. No one had ever suspected any female in the house of pregnancy. The two Thibaults, whom she accused of this combination of frightful crimes, had each passed a long life with unimpeached reputation. On her first trial she had merely affirmed that the handkerchiefs had been placed by the Thibaults in her box, but had not suggested any motive for such wickedness. It was only on the appeal, after Froudière became her counsel, and not early even in that proceeding, that the murder of the child was brought forward. It was the duty of Froudière at once to tell his client that he would not be a party to the propagation of such a calumny, instead of becoming her active accomplice.

"Your guilt," said Tronson du Coudray, addressing his adversary, "is a hundred times deeper than that of your client. The calumnies of Marie Clereaux were buried among the manuscripts of the pleadings, yours were scattered by the press over all Paris. Marie Clereaux was a poor wretch without morals or shame, whose testimony carried no weight; you are an advocate, a man of talent and of knowledge, all that you authenticate is believed. When Marie Clereaux was interrogated she betrayed herself by the extravagance of her answers, you covered her absurdities with the skill of an experienced pleader. Marie Clereaux had mere audacity, you employed eloquence, imagination, sarcasm, and philosophy. Marie Clereaux, with all her evil intentions, addressing only her judges, was impotent. You, appealing to the public, have destroyed the lives of some of your victims and the happiness of all.

"You ask what interest you had in attacking M. Thibault? This was your interest. You wished for celebrity, you wished to create an effect, you wished to be talked of. An honorable advocate may have these weaknesses, but his self-love is tempered by his feelings of propriety. He refuses to obtain notoriety by calumny; he repels the suggestions of vanity, he is ashamed of hav-

ing allowed them even to soil his mind. An unscrupulous man delights to show his powers of sarcasm and invective. He delights in being feared as well as praised, in inspiring at the same instant terror and admiration. Habitual indulgence in these passions produces the hateful state of mind to which we give the name of *malignity*; a state of mind in which, if the first object is to do good to oneself, the second is to do harm to others. You say that you did not hate M. Thibault. Certainly you did not, for, I believe, that until you were Marie Clereaux's counsel you had never heard his name. But your mind was filled with a much worse passion than hatred of an individual. You had no particular wish to injure M. Thibault, but you had a general determination to injure every one who stood in your path; every one, by injuring whom you could advance yourself. This is the circumstance which interests the public in this cause. This is the circumstance which makes your example dangerous. You do not hate M. Thibault; it would be a hundred times better if you did. It would be a single fact, disgraceful, criminal, but not alarming. The only inference would be, that it is dangerous to incur your enmity. But that without any feeling of hatred, of resentment, or even of jealousy, merely because it happened to suit you so to do, you covered an innocent stranger with opprobrium; this is enough to spread terror all around you. It is possible to avoid incurring your hatred. There is no mode of protecting oneself from your malignity.*

"And here," said Du Coudray, at the end of the third speech, "I might sit down. I have proved by the clearest evidence, that you have aided in disseminating atrocious calumnies. But you answer, 'The evidence is not to be trusted; at least, the inference of my opponent is not to be drawn from it. It is impossible that a man of my station and character could knowingly have been an accomplice in a calumny. I believed Marie Clereaux's statements to be true. I now believe them to be false. If they are false, it is my error, not my fault.' To this answer of yours I have a reply which my compassion for you scarcely allows me to utter. Ten times during the pleadings I have thought of suppressing it, but you have made it necessary to my cause, and it must come out.

"This is a dreadful moment for you, M. Froudière, probably the most terrible that

* Tome i. p. 329, 408.

you will ever undergo. You are in the presence of the judges to whom you owe an account of your whole conduct, and never more so than now. You are in the presence of the whole order to which you belong; you have summoned it to hear your justification. You are in the presence of an audience as large as this vast hall can contain, belonging to every class of society, but all uniting in their hatred of falsehood and treachery. Here is no room for subterfuge, for equivocation, for sophistry, or even for palliation. You will have to give me a clear, a precise, and a convincing answer, or to surrender for ever all claim to public esteem. As for myself, I think no more of the interests of my client, I rely no longer on the privileges of my profession; I shall speak with the moderation, with the impartiality, and, I trust, with the candor of a bystander or a witness. You shall not reproach me with exaggerating a word or a look.

"These then, M. Froudière, are the facts which have been your secret terror during the whole of this long inquiry; the facts which you have endeavored to conceal by chicanery, by intimidation, and by corruption; facts, whose overwhelming weight is increased by their certainty, by their being proved, not by testimony or by inference, but by record.

"Up to the present time I have argued on the supposition that Marie Clereaux had no accomplice in her calumnies, that your crime was that of an instrument. I thought it right to demonstrate, that even on that supposition you are inexcusable. I now change the line of my argument. I now maintain,—and the frightful story which I have to relate will prove that I am right;—I now maintain, that whether the inventor or not of the calumny (I leave this in doubt because it is not demonstrably in proof,) you were at the very least an active assistant in its production; that you developed and fashioned her falsehoods, if you did not originally suggest them.

"You have pleaded, in the name of Marie Clereaux, that M. Thibault was the father of a child by Marie-Anne Delaunay, and destroyed that child. You have pleaded, in the name of Marie Clereaux, that M. Thibault conspired her death, in order to get rid of a witness of his crimes. You have boasted that your pleadings in Marie Clereaux's case were intended, not so much for the judges as for the public.

"Well, I affirm, and the records of a court of justice will prove it to be true, that

you, M. Froudière, have already been convicted of having, in an action in which a priest, your clergyman and benefactor, was concerned, introduced falsely into the pleadings precisely the same calumnies, and nearly in the same words.

"I affirm that you were convicted of having falsely asserted that this priest had had a child by his servant, and had destroyed it.

"I affirm that you were convicted of having falsely asserted that this priest had endeavored to poison one of his parishioners.

"I affirm that you were convicted of having falsely asserted that his object was to get rid of a witness of his crimes.

"And I affirm that you boasted that your pleadings should be read by all the shepherds of the country." *

The effect of this denunciation was of course terrible. After a short pause, the Advocate-General rose, and addressing the Court, said: "We are filled with horror!—M. Tronson du Coudray's story is frightful. I tremble like every one else. A great criminal is before us. If M. Thibault has instructed his counsel to state facts that cannot be proved, his whole fortune would not pay the damages to which M. Froudière would be entitled. If these facts can be proved, M. Froudière is a monster, from whom society ought to be delivered." †

The records of the trial to which Du Coudray referred were in the Provincial Court of Bernay. The Parlement ordered their production. They fully supported Du Coudray's opening. It appeared that, twelve years before, in 1776, M. Froudière, having quarreled with l'Abbé de Boisgruel, the curé of his parish, had accused him of precisely the same crimes as those which the *requête* of Marie Clereaux imputed to M. Thibault, had been prosecuted by him for scandal, and had been forced to pay a large sum as damages, and to retract the charge in the face of the congregation.

The principal trial was never terminated: the Revolution swept away the plaintiff, the defendant, and the court. All that remains of it are six speeches, which are among the most remarkable specimens of the eloquence of the illustrious bar of France.

The last of Tronson du Coudray's legal pleadings to which we shall call the reader's attention, carries us still further on to the Revolution. It is the *mémoire* for the Sieur Reveillon. Reveillon was the son of humble parents; while a child he was apprenticed

* Tome i. p. 374.

† Tome i. p. 371.

to a paper maker, and in 1743, when he was fifteen, the failure of his master threw him on the world. He had no money, and for some days could procure no employment, and he was dying, as in a country without poor laws a man may die, of cold and hunger, when a lad of his own age and condition saved him by pledging his tools, and raising a sum sufficient to support him till he found work in his trade. His progress was slow. In 1752, after nine years' service as journeyman, he had saved only eighteen francs.—With this capital he began the trade of a paper merchant, and in ten years so far increased it as to be able to become a paper maker. Now, however, his difficulties began. He was an inventor; he deviated from the narrow line and routine processes of his trade. He became of course an object of jealousy both to the paper makers, whose productions he surpassed, and to other classes of tradesmen, for whose commodities his inventions might become substitutes. In France every manufacture was then a corporation, with its own privileges, its own by-laws, and its own monopolies. Some corporation claimed the exclusive right to every new tool which he employed. Every new process which he used, every new article which he offered for sale, was the property of the engravers, or the tapestry weavers, or the printers, or the embroiderers. Actions were commenced against him which would have ruined him by their costs, even if he had succeeded in defeating every one of them.

The remedy to which he had recourse is characteristic of the times: he obtained permission to entitle his establishment "Manufacture Royale." Immediately all legal persecution was at an end. An establishment supposed to be conducted by the king might of course employ what tools and processes, and make and sell what wares, the royal manufacturer thought fit. Under the protection of this title, Reveillon became one of the great manufacturers of France. His paint and workshops covered five acres in the Faubourg St. Antoine. He paid more than 200,000 livres a year in wages, which, considering the value of money at that time in Paris, was equal to 20,000*l.* a year in London now. A painter of eminence, who received 10,000 livres a-year, superintended the designs of the painted papers: under him were four artists, all of considerable merit. The whole number of persons whose support, directly or indirectly, depended on Reveillon's manufactory must have amounted to thousands. During the memorable winter of 1788, the

severity of the frost for some weeks stopped the works; he continued to pay the same wages as before. The jealousy, however, of his rivals was not extinct. They whispered about in the Faubourg St. Antoine, that Reveillon was the friend of the noblesse; that he was looking out for the Cordon of St. Michael; and, at last, that he had said, that fifteen sous a day was wages enough for a workman. Such was then the state of mind in the Faubourg St. Antoine, that on the 12th of June, 1789, without warning, without explanation, a ferocious mob marched on Reveillon's premises with a declared intention of burning them down and murdering the proprietor. Happily for him he was then at the archbishop's, exercising his privilege of voting. A body of national guards were drawn up in the first court yard: the rioters after some parley retired, announcing their intention to return the next day, but in arms. At noon, the next day, they kept their engagement; a strong body of soldiers was present, but remained inactive. The mob broke through the gates, and lighted three great fires in the yards. Into these they threw every thing that was consumable,—furniture, pictures, books, including all those belonging to the trade, hangings, linen, and clothes. When all that would burn had been burnt, they broke to pieces the chandeliers and glasses, tore down the wainscoting and chimney-pieces, and stole all the money and plate. Having thus amused themselves for two hours, they at last thought fit to fire on the troops. And then at last the troops fired in return, and the mob, having leisurely and effectually done its work, retired.

We have refrained from extracting any of Tronson du Coudray's comments on this outrage, because he does not appear to have perceived its importance. All that he dwells on, all that appears to have struck him, is the malignity of the authors of the imputation. The really formidable symptom was the effect of that imputation. The object which Colbert and his successors had been pursuing for a century, the object to which they had sacrificed, and even now continue to sacrifice, the agriculture and commerce of France, was beginning to be attained. France was becoming a manufacturing nation. Paris was not then, what unhappily it is now, a great manufacturing town, but it had a large manufacturing population. This is the population, the offspring of the French prohibitory commercial, or rather anti-commercial system, which for sixty years has rendered unstable every form of French government,

imperial, regal, oligarchical, and democratic, and at length has enabled an usurper to destroy liberty, on the pretence that it leads to anarchy. The facility with which the population of the Faubourg St. Antoine believed the absurd calumnies which Marie Clereaux cast on the Thibaults, and which his manufacturing rivals directed against Reveillon; the ferocity to which in both cases that belief impelled them; the subservience in the former case of a court of justice to the folly and violence of the mob; and the inactivity in the second case of the public force, were symptoms of the state of mind both in the people and in its rulers, which six weeks after showed themselves in the unpunished murder of the garrison of the Bastille, and three years afterwards in the paid massacres of September.

With the memoir for the Sieur Reveillon, the collection of Tronson du Coudray's legal pleadings ends. This is much to be regretted, as we know that the period between the plunder of Reveillon's establishment in 1780, and Du Coudray's entrance into the legislative body in 1795, was the most brilliant portion of his forensic life. He was one of the few advocates whom the Reign of Terror did not silence; who ventured to defend those who were sent to undergo what was meant to be a mere form of trial before the ferocious judges and the sanguinary jury of the revolutionary tribunal. He dared to snatch victims from Dumas, Coffinhal and Fouquier Tinville. He wrote to the Convention to offer himself as the defender of Louis XVI. The Convention not only refused the request, but excluded all mention of it from their journals. Du Coudray published his offer in every newspaper that dared to print it. "If Louis," he said, in his letter to the newspapers, "had enjoyed a free choice of his counsel, I should not have ventured to propose myself. But when it became certain that Target had refused, and probable that Tronchet would do so too, it seemed to me frightful that such a prisoner should be deserted by all those whose profession it is to defend the unfortunate. I know my insufficiency, but as one of the oldest members of the bar, I feel it to be my duty, if there be any risk, to be among the first to encounter it."

His services, however, were accepted by Marie Antoinette, a still more dangerous client; for Louis was only despised, and was put to death principally as a defiance of Prussia and Austria, and to gratify the national vanity by showing that the democrats

of France were as decided and as unprejudiced as those of England had been 150 years before. Marie Antoinette was hated and feared. Nothing could exceed the vigor and the boldness of his defence; and it was the more heroic, as he must have known its utter fruitlessness. Its only effect was to involve him in her danger. He was denounced, imprisoned, and in a few hours would have been on a *charette* on his way to the guillotine. He was saved, as no one else was saved, by a decree of the Convention ordering his release.

At length the convention approached the end of its memorable reign. For three years it had exercised absolute power, legislative and executive; it had beaten down an almost general insurrection, it had waged successfully an almost general war, it had been more terrible to its subjects, to its enemies, and to its friends, than any government which modern Europe had then seen, and while terrifying and crushing all around it, it had been more enslaved, more trampled on, frightened into more abject submission by its committees, than even was the case with the victims of its own oppression. Those among its members who had survived the persecutions which had successively driven into exile or to the scaffold, the Girondins, the Dantonists, the Herbertists, and the terrorists, resolved to leave behind them a constitution which should render impossible the tyranny of either an individual or an assembly. For this purpose they enacted the constitution of 1795, or, as it was called in the jargon of that period, *de l'An III*. This constitution attempted to realize the favorite theory of continental philosophers, the *total** separation of the legislative and executive powers. The members of the legislative body were incapable of any other functions. They were not to be ministers, they were not to be generals,—in short, they were not to do anything but legislate. The Directory was to be a collective king, acting by its ministers. It made war, and peace, and treaties, it nominated to every office that was not elective, it did everything except make laws. As respects administration, it was omnipotent, as respects legislation it was impotent. It had not even a suspensive veto. It could not dissolve, it could not even prorogue, the legislative body. Above both powers was the Constitution, to be

* Rejecting in this the distinctions taken by Montesquieu: to whom, Madison observes in the *Federalist*, the British Constitution was, in politics, what Homer had been to Aristotle in epic poetry.

altered only by a new constituent assembly summoned for that express purpose.

It is interesting to study the working of the constitution of 1795, for it corresponds in many important particulars with that of 1848. Each was the work of an assembly which itself had reigned despotically. Each was based on the incompatibility of executive and legislative functions. Each vested these powers in two distinct authorities, to neither of which it gave any means of controlling, or indeed of influencing the other; and neither constitution supplied any machinery by which a difference of opinion between these two great authorities could be settled. Each constitution seemed to assume that its directory and its legislature, or its president and its assembly, would act together in perfect harmony, for neither appointed an umpire to decide their disputes. In England the power of the Crown to dissolve parliament supplies such an umpire. In case of a difference of opinion among the three branches of the legislature, or between any two and the third, parliament is dissolved, and the great umpire, the people, is consulted. When that experiment was tried in 1784, a House of Commons was returned which differed from the opinions of its predecessor, and agreed with those of the King and of the House of Lords. In 1831 the new House agreed with the views of the King, but differed both from those of its predecessor and of the House of Lords: the House of Lords therefore submitted. In 1835 the new House agreed in opinion with its predecessor, and differed from both the King and the House of Lords: the King and the House of Lords therefore yielded. The presence of this safety-valve enables the balanced constitution of England to work. Its absence destroyed the French constitutions of 1795 and 1848.

No legislative body elected by the people, and believing itself, therefore, to be the impersonation of the national will, is satisfied with the mere business of making laws. It soon perceives that the manner in which the laws are interpreted and carried into execution is quite as important as their enactment, and it cannot bear to see its intentions eluded and frustrated, or even imperfectly performed, by what it considers its subordinate, the executive. It sees that the spirit of a government depends on the spirit of its ministers, and that the same law may be a blessing in the hands of one administrator, a curse in the hands of another, and nugatory in those of a third. It begins by re-

quiring that those in whom it has not confidence shall be dismissed, and it soon requires that those in whom it has confidence shall be appointed. An executive, however, to which the constitution has expressly given the power of appointing and removing its ministers does not easily acquiesce in these pretensions. Its favorites are seldom those of the legislature; those of the legislature are often its enemies. It offends the popular body, both by its appointments and by its dismissals, and a quarrel begins, which, in the absence of a mediator, is decided by violence.

Under the constitution of 1795, Tronson du Coudray was elected a member of the Conseil des Anciens, one of the two houses into which the legislature was divided. Its duties were to adopt or reject, without amendment, the laws passed by the other house, the Conseil des Cinq Cents.

It has always been the misfortune of those who have had to rule France under republican institutions, that they have had to administer a form of government unpopular with the bulk of the nation. Such a state of things is dangerous even to a monarchy, or to an aristocracy. Experience, however, shows that either of those forms may subsist for centuries supported only by a minority, and even by a small minority. An unpopular democracy sounds like a contradiction of terms, and must become a contradiction in fact. As soon as the people has found the means of ascertaining and expressing its will, it will select or accept, or submit to the master whom it prefers to self-government.

The French people during the last sixty years, that is to say ever since they have been able to manifest their wishes, have been far more influenced by hate than by love; they have been far more acute in discovering the faults than the merits of their institutions, far readier to pull down than to repair, far more destructive than conservative. The oppressions and abuses which had accumulated under Louis XIV., and his immediate successors, rendered the bulk of the nation furiously anti-monarchical. The Reign of Terror rendered it furiously anti-democratic. On the 5th of October, 1795, (13th Vendémiaire) the Convention had to fight a Royalist insurrection, on nearly the same ground on which, three years before, the Monarchy had been destroyed by a Republican mob. There were three places, however, in which Democracy was not extinguished. It still prevailed in the Convention, in the low populace of Paris, and in the army.

The Convention had been elected just after the 10th of August, when the Republican fever was at its height. A majority of its members, by voting for the death of the King, had given up all hopes of favor, perhaps of safety, under a restoration, and nearly all enjoyed influence, patronage, and consideration, which must vanish as soon as, from sovereigns, they became not merely subjects but the subjects of a hostile faction, as violent, and perhaps as unscrupulous, as they had been themselves.

The Parisian populace had the love of tumult and the hatred of authority which belongs to the lowest classes in all great capitals, and the indifference to human life, the readiness to take it and to risk it, which is peculiar to the mobs of Paris. But it was dispirited by its recent defeats, its leaders had perished, it had been disarmed, it had been excluded from the National Guard, and was at this instant merely a shadow of the tremendous insurrectionary power which, three years before, and thirty-five years afterwards, could sport with the institutions of France.

The army was almost the only great body that had gained by the Revolution. The bar had been silenced, the clergy had been murdered or exiled, the landed proprietors had fled, abandoning their estates to the holders of assignats, the merchants, bankers, and *rentiers* had been beggared, but the army stood erect in the general ruin. The camp and the garrison had afforded an asylum, which the denunciator and the public prosecutor did not venture to violate. In the three years of the Republic it had obtained successes which eclipsed all the glories of all the reign of Louis XIV. Its rewards had been as splendid as its victories. Men who four years before were following the plough,—who under the *ancien régime* would have hoped for nothing higher than to be serjeants or under-lieutenants,—found themselves generals and proconsuls, the arbiters between sovereigns and their subjects, and influencing the destinies of Europe. We may conceive the contempt or hatred with which Hoche, or Bernadotte, or Moreau looked on the counter-revolutionists, whose object was to restore the reign of favor, privilege, and caste, under which no one could hold a commission until his nobility was certified by the court genealogist.

Supported by the army, and wielding all legislative and all executive power, the Convention was irresistible. But it feared, with great reason, that the legislative body which

was to succeed it, elected, though indirectly, by universal suffrage, and representing the Monarchical feeling of France, would abolish Republican institutions. It took two different means to prevent this. One was the old expedient, constantly failing, and constantly reproduced, of trying to fetter the supreme power by forbidding it to alter the Constitution, except at a remote period, and on conditions scarcely capable of performance. No change was to be made until it was demanded by three successive legislatures, and after three intervals of three years each. The other was effectual, but transitory. The Convention decreed that two-thirds of the first legislative body should be taken from among its own members. As the members of the Directory were to be chosen by the Legislature, this secured to the new government a democratic executive, as well as a democratic legislative.

For the first year the pressure from without kept the Legislature and the Directory in tolerable union. The Anti-Republican minority, at the head of which were Barbé-Marbois, Portalis, Siméon, Tronson du Coudray, and Dupont de Nemours, knew well that as soon as the legislative body was changed by one-third, in May, 1797, from a weak minority they would form part of a large majority. A majority which, appointing the Directory, and through them the ministers, the judges, and the countless officials of France, and wielding the whole patronage of the army, would be far more powerful, and far less responsible, than any constitutional monarch, and, indeed, than any despot can be. They waited, therefore, patiently for what appeared their inevitable triumph, and, without carrying on a systematic opposition, contented themselves with endeavoring to repeal, or to modify, the worst legislative atrocities of the Convention.—Some of Tronson du Coudray's best speeches belong to this period of tranquillity,—the last that he was ever to enjoy.

One of these was made on the 6 Pluivoise an IV. (27th January, 1796,) against the law of the 9 Floreal an III. (28th April, 1795). By that law the properties, or rather the expectancies, of all emigrants were confiscated by anticipation. So that if a son emigrated, the State became instantly entitled in possession to all the emigrant's presumptive share in his father's estate. When we recollect that by the law of the 3 Brumaire an III. (24th October, 1794,) all who in any meetings had proposed or concurred in any liberticidal proceedings, (that is to say,

who had opposed on any occasion the democratic faction,) and all those who by blood, or even by mere affinity, were connected with emigrants, were incapable of public service, it is obvious that the ruling faction in the Convention had resolved to deprive of the means of subsistence all the adherents of Monarchy or Aristocracy who had escaped the executioner,—to starve all whom it could not murder.

"You deprive a man," said Tronson du Coudray, "of half his fortune, and your excuse is that his grandson has emigrated.—You cannot call this a punishment, unless to have been the grandfather of an emigrant is a crime. But if it is not a punishment it is a robbery, and a robbery more mischievous and more hateful than any that is expiated on the scaffold. We can bar our doors against thieves, we can appeal against the partiality or the corruption even of a magistrate, but against the injustice of a law there is no defence, and no remedy. An individual commits his crimes one by one, the law can rob at once thousands or millions. Not only all sense of security, but all morality, is destroyed when the example of wrong is set by the guardian of right, when the power which we have to dread is that which was created for our protection. Of all means of government, be assured, the weakest, the most absurd, is injustice. Its insolence irritates, its oppression rouses hatred, its falsehood spreads distrust; and when once a Government, and above all a popular Government, has lost the public confidence, it is on the eve of destruction. It falls before the first assailant, however weak, or however contemptible, because its own friends are still weaker, and still more worthless."*

A few months afterwards, on the 3 Frimaire an V. (23rd November, 1796,) an attempt was made to modify the law of the 3 Brumaire an IV. That law had been an act of violence perpetrated by the Convention in its dying struggles. It was proposed, and passed after a single reading, on the day before that memorable assembly reluctantly surrendered its powers. Tronson du Coudray resisted the partial repeal, and consequently the partial retention, of a law of which every portion was atrocious.

"You know," he said, "that that law was extorted by a dominant faction. It was the price, even at that time perhaps an extravagant price, at which the anti-revolutionary

minority purchased the Constitution. Those who paid that price were perhaps excusable. They yielded to necessity. But what excuse is there for us, who have the power in our own hands, if we retain any fragments of a law which introduces into a constitutional government the worst deformities of the revolutionary period—a law which recreates 'suspects'* by hundreds of classes—a law which as soon as a citizen's name has been inserted on the list of emigrants,—an insertion perhaps founded on mistake or on malice,—deprives of their rights and their employments perhaps twenty of his relations and connexions—a law which expels from France, or buries in her prisons, all the most respected and the most respectable members of her clergy—a law which drives into perpetual exile every public servant, whom it has incapacitated, if within twenty-four hours after he is supposed to have been aware of his incapacity, he has not resigned his office—a law which creates privileged classes, as it has created 'suspects,' and allows the vilest royalist or anarchist, if he have sat in one of the three revolutionary assemblies, to sit on the bench, or even in the legislature—a law which affects to allow those who disapprove of republican institutions to quit France, but to quit France as beggars; which professes, indeed, to permit them to carry with them their fortunes, but neither in the form of money, nor of merchandise, and sells this favor at a price which leaves them nothing to take away—a law which breathes in every sentence the insolence of those who demanded, and the cowardice of those who conceded it, which has not a clause which is not intended to serve some sordid interest or some base malignity."†

The ultra-democratic faction, however, was too strong, and these laws continued, except during the interval of a few months, to disgrace the French statute-book, until they and the party which they were intended to maintain, were swept away by Bonaparte.

We have already remarked on the resemblance of the Constitution of 1795 to that of 1848. They each, with an imprudence which posterity will scarcely believe, provided that the change both of the legislative and of the executive powers should take place at the same period. Under the con-

* There is no English equivalent for a "suspect." It is a technical revolutionary term, indicating a person presumed to be a traitor, though not actually convicted of treason.

† Tome ii. p. 91.

* Tome ii. p. 35, 41.

stitution of 1795, the 1 Praireal an V. (20th May, 1797) was the period fixed for the substitution of a new for one of the existing directors, and of 250 new members of the legislature, to be elected by the people, for 250 who sat there as ex-conventionalists.

The political character of the 250 new members showed what was the prevailing feeling in France. They were all, we believe without exception, anti-republicans. The Royalist, or rather, perhaps, the anti-democratic party, had therefore a majority of two to one. The Constitution, with a folly which again is almost inconceivable, had left to chance the selection of the retiring director. On this chance the destinies of France turned. Barras, La Reviellere-Lepeaux, and Rewbell were the three democratic directors. The two others, Carnot and Letourneur, though not Royalists in opinion, favored in fact the tactics of the Royalist party. They treated the Revolution as ended, maintained the supremacy of the Constitution and of the law, and opposed all the violent expedients by which the democratic majority, both in the Directory and in the Legislature, endeavored to control public opinion, and to force the French people to retain institutions which they abhorred. If the lot had fallen on La Reviellere, or on Barras, or on Rewbell, the majority in the Directory would have been turned against the democratic faction; for it is obvious that the Royalist majority in the Legislature would elect a Royalist Director. It fell on Letourneur. The new director therefore, Barthélemy, was, with Carnot, still in a minority.

If the Royalist majority in the Legislature had been only tolerably prudent, they would have waited until the lot of retirement was drawn by one of the republican directors—an event which could not be delayed for more than two years, and was probable, in the proportion of three to one, the very next year. The executive, the legislative, and the electoral bodies, being then all unanimous, might probably have effected a legal restoration of the Monarchy. We say *probably*, not certainly, for the army was, as we have seen, still anti-monarchical. The army, however, had not then taken an active part in politics, and it is not probable that it would have ventured to oppose the rest of the nation. But the Royalists acted with the usual impatience of a French majority. They declared instant war against the Directory, or rather against its republican majority; but apparently without having seriously considered what were their means for carrying

it on. Executive power the legislative body had none, except the police of the place in which they sat. Their members were excluded by the Constitution from all other public functions; and their powers of legislation were fettered by the Constitution. It prohibited them, for instance, from allowing the emigrants to return, or to enjoy the revenues of their properties: it prohibited their making any provision for the exercise of any religion. When they had repealed, which they immediately did, the law of the 3d Brumaire, they had exhausted their powers of legitimate anti-revolutionary legislation.—They were forced, therefore, to have recourse to factious opposition—a conduct almost always adopted by a legislative body which has quarrelled with the executive, but almost always unsuccessful. The country at whose expense such a battle must be fought is not reconciled to the inconvenience by being told that such are the rules of the game. When it sees bad measures proposed and good measures rejected, it does not accept the apology, that such are the means by which a bad government is to be frightened out or starved out. It does not choose to be misgoverned in order to prevent misgovernment.

Such, however, was the course adopted by the legislative body. The Conseil des Anciens, indeed, to which Tronson du Coudray belonged, acted with some prudence.—It rejected some of the absurd or ill-timed decrees of the Cinq Cents, and it was saved, by having no initiative, from proposing any itself. The Cinq Cents began by attacking the Government in its most vulnerable point—its finance. The state of the revenue, after five years of civil and external war, and eight of revolutions, was of course deplorable.—The fear of a counter-revolution had stopped the sale of the confiscated property: general distress rendered the taxes, direct and indirect, unproductive; public credit was gone, except that which was to be obtained by making purchases and contracts on credit at extravagant prices; the armies were ill-fed, ill-clothed, and unpaid, except so far as they supported themselves by exactions or rapine. Under such circumstances the Cinq Cents refused to sanction any further taxes, and required the produce of those which existed to be paid into the hands of commissioners appointed by itself, and to be applied in payment, not of the most urgent demands, but of those entitled to legal priority. It forbade the notes issued by the Treasury to be accepted in payment for the national property. It would not allow the growing produce of

the taxes to be discounted; it would not allow the ordinary revenue to be applied to extraordinary expenses, or the extraordinary revenue to ordinary ones; it intercepted a sum of money which Bonaparte had sent direct to Toulon from the funds of the army of Italy, in the hope of expediting some necessary supplies. In quiet times such interference would have been merely vexatious and inconvenient. At a period of distress and struggle it was ruinous. Some of these propositions were rejected by the Conseil des Anciens, chiefly through the influence of Tronson du Coudray, but what passed was enough seriously to aggravate the existing pecuniary difficulties.

From the purse the Opposition proceeded to the sword. They proposed to give an appeal to the Legislature from the Executive to military men dismissed or degraded; they proposed that the National Guard, instead of comprehending, according to the Republican theory, all capable of military service, should be an elected and comparatively small body, drawn almost exclusively from the middle and higher classes, in which anti-revolutionary opinions predominated. They proposed a law nominally to define the responsibility of the executive power and of its ministers, but really to increase the punishment of any illegal act and to facilitate the proof; and to complete the parallel between their conduct and that of the leaders of the National Assembly of 1851, they proposed that the guard of the Legislature should be increased by the addition of cavalry and artillery, and put under the direct command of the Inspecteurs de la Salle du Corps Legislatif, whose functions were nearly the same as those of modern Questors. As the Constitution forbade the presence of any regular troops within twenty-five miles of Paris, except on the express requisition of the Legislature, this measure, and the proposed reconstruction of the National Guard, would have given to the anti-revolutionary party the military command of Paris. Animated by the contest, they ventured on still more dangerous ground: they proposed to take into consideration the events in Genoa and in Venice, and to inquire under what circumstances, and by whose authority, a French army had overturned the two most ancient and most glorious governments of Italy.

The Directory had recourse to the expedient which naturally suggests itself to a continental government when attacked by a parliamentary majority. They resolved to

crush their opponents by force. It was obvious, indeed, that such conduct involved the destruction of Republican institutions; for the only force which they could call on was the army, and when once the army had been called on—when once a military body had subdued the representatives of the people,—nothing would remain but to submit, sooner or later, to the dictatorship of the chief whom the army should think fit to adopt. But they could obtain an immediate triumph: they could obtain a few months, perhaps a few years, of supreme unresisted power; and when at last they should have to surrender, they might justly hope to be better treated by an usurping soldier than by a restored monarch. They turned, therefore, towards the armies. It was easy to persuade the soldiers, for, in fact, it was true, that the financial measures of the Legislature had contributed to the penury under which they were suffering. It was equally easy to persuade them, for it was also true, that a portion of the Legislature were striving to restore the monarchy. As for the Generals, Hoche, who commanded the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, had been insulted, in the Cinq Cents, by a wanton imputation of embezzlement; Moreau, who commanded the army of the Rhine, had been kept inactive by the want of supplies; Bonaparte had been threatened with impeachment for his treatment of Genoa and Venice; and all were furious at the prospect of a restoration, which would degrade them from what were then the highest positions in France—almost in Europe—to be the subjects of a Court, to have to solicit its favors, and, indeed, to implore its pardon. Nothing was easier than to apply a torch to such materials. On the first signal of the Government, addresses from the armies to the Directory, and from one army to another, poured in. The violence, we may say the ferocity of these military state papers is an amusing contrast to the measured language of civil diplomacy. We extract as a sample a portion of the address which was forwarded from Angerau's division, then forming a part of the army of Italy:—

"Conspirators! you wish, then, for war. You shall have it; you rascals, you shall have it. But do you doubt the result? What have you to hope in such a contest? You have, it is true, on your side, numbers, cunning, and treachery. But you are cowards, and you are defenceless. We have arms, and virtue, and courage; the recollections of victory, and the enthusiasm of lib-

erty. And you, the wretched instruments of the crimes of your masters,—you, who hate us for having protected your properties and your frontiers;—you, who have rewarded us with contempt and penury, tremble! From the Adige or the Rhine to the Seine is but a step;—tremble! Your iniquities are recorded, and their punishment is on the points of our bayonets."

"Citizen-Directors!" said Baraguy d'Hillier's division, "We swear before you eternal hatred against the factious, and eternal war against the Royalists. Rely on our fidelity and our zeal. Our bayonets will always defend you from all enemies, without or within."

Encouraged by these addresses, the Directory ventured on a decisive move. They ordered a body of 27,000 men, a part of the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, to march on Paris. On the 26 Messidor (14th July), the first column reached La Ferté Alais, about twenty-five miles from Paris, and therefore within the circle from which the Constitution excluded all regular troops, except when expressly demanded by the Legislature.

The Legislature, of course, asked the Directory for an explanation or an excuse, and on the 22 Thermidor (9th of August) the Directory made their answer. The presence of the troops within the forbidden circle was attributed to the ignorance of the officer in command. His orders were to march from the Rhine to Brest; this was the shortest road, and he was not aware of the constitutional prohibition. As to the addresses from the army, the Directory deplored them, but deplored still more their causes. These, they said, were the want of supplies, the arrears of pay, the insolence of the returned emigrants, the priests, and the journalists, and the contempt shown towards the armies and towards Republican institutions.

"We trust," they continued, "that we shall save France from the ruin with which she is threatened, and extinguish the torches of civil war, though they are lighted by those who are supposed to be the guardians of peace. But while we are resolved to face the danger, we will not conceal it. We will tear the veil from the conspirators who are determined, by fraud or by force, to overthrow the Republican constitution, and to plunge France into the horrors of a fresh revolution."

This was a declaration of war. The Anciens threw on Tronson du Coudray the task of drawing up the counter-declaration, and on the 20th of August (3 Fructidor), he pre-

sented his memorable report, the last independent state paper which was to appear in France for nearly seventeen years.

"We have been fighting," it began, "for liberty during eight years, and we now seem to be almost in the arms of despotism. Not the despotism of the throne which we overthrew on the 14th of July, not the despotism of the scaffold which disappeared on the 9 Thermidor, but the more formidable, because the more permanent, despotism of the sword. A political party has called for the assistance of the army. Are they so blind as to think that freedom can survive a military interference? Most truly has the Constitution said, 'the duty of the army is to obey—it cannot deliberate.' Every military quality, in fact, is incompatible with deliberation, and even with discussion. His ardor, his enthusiasm, the habit of obeying the orders and following the example of his leaders, the recklessness of the camp, and the intoxication of success—all unite to render the soldier impetuous and unreflecting. He is violent while he debates, and headstrong as soon as he has decided. A few sentences from the chief whom he has been accustomed to adore convert him into a blind but furious instrument. It is thus that republics perish—it is thus that he who was only a general in the camp became an emperor in the forum. It is thus that emperor after emperor fell, and that the destinies of the civilized world came to depend on the result of a mutiny among the prætorian cohorts. Directors, have you ever thought on the fall of those who have had recourse to such assistance? Have you ever measured the interval between their triumph and their ruin? We know that you would not wish to survive the liberty of France—we know that you will perish in its defence, as we shall have perished before you. But how different will be our dying moments! We shall die for a cause which we have embraced, well knowing its danger, and looking on that danger with calmness. We shall quit life with indifference, because we value it only at what it is worth, and because we know that our names will be honored by a grateful posterity. You will feel that the blood of your fellow-countrymen has flowed as well as your own, that your own hand has lighted the conflagration which has destroyed you—that your names, Republicans as you call yourselves, will always be associated with the birth of despotism."

The denunciations of Tronson du Coudray

had the usual fate of political prophecies. The Directors cared far more for an immediate triumph, than for a danger which they probably thought remote. They put the garrison of Paris, amounting to about 10,000 men, under the command of Augereau, the general whose division had joined in the most violent addresses against the Legislature; they placed as a reserve a large portion of the army commanded by Hoche on the edge of the constitutional circle of twenty-five miles, and they borrowed from Hoche himself 50,000 francs, his wife's fortune, to be employed in corrupting the 1,200 men who formed the ordinary guard of the Legislature. Of these preparations, the two first were, of course, notorious. It was obvious that the Directory intended to employ force. A speech of Talleyrand's was quoted. With his usual perspicacity, and his usual indifference, he said, "The plan of attack is laid, and must succeed. The Councils have only one course to take—to surrender at discretion."

The Legislature seem now, for the first time, to have considered what were their means of resistance. Thibaudeau has described two of the meetings at which the heads of the Opposition held councils of war. They were convoked at Tronson du Coudray's. Among those present were Simeon, the president of the Cinq Cents, and Lafond Ladebat, president of the Anciens, Portalis, and Pichegru. The imminence of the danger was admitted. It was certain that La Revellere had declared that the sword was now the only arbiter; it was probable that the day on which the leading members of the Opposition were to be arrested was fixed. Portalis and Du Coudray proposed to accuse the three conspiring directors of high treason, to suspend them in their functions, direct them to be arrested, and if they resisted, declare them *hors la loi*. Thibaudeau asked what was their physical force to execute such purposes. "The Guard of the Legislature, a portion of the 11th Regiment, and the National Guard, when organized," was the answer. But even the law under which the National Guard was to be called out had not passed. In the meantime it was proposed to send out into each of the twelve arrondissements of Paris twenty-five men from the guard of the Legislature, to form little military centres, round which the anti-republican *bourgeoisie* might rally. Pichegru, the soldier of the party, showed the weakness of such resources, and at the second meeting it was decided that they had

no present means of employing force, and must therefore wait until they were provided with their National Guard. "We parted," says Thibaudeau, "as men who were not to meet again. I could not sleep, and amused myself by drawing a picture of our situation." "Our struggles," it records, "are as fruitless as those of a sick man on his bed. Ruin has surrounded us, and is pressing us more and more closely every day. We speak boldly from the Tribune, but all our courage is assumed. The Directory treats us with the contempt which is due to weakness; it knows that immediate despotism is within its grasp, and it cares not what may follow. The legislative body will not attack, it will not resist, it will lie down to be trampled on. What do I advise? Nothing. The triumph of crime is at hand. Republicans have only to draw round them their cloaks and fall decorously."

Schiller compares the state of Brussels, during the anxious interval between the entry of Alva and the beginning of his persecution, to that of a man who has just emptied a cup of poison, and is waiting for the first symptoms of its working. Such, too, was the state of Du Coudray and of his friends. An enemy whom they could neither escape nor resist was watching for the most convenient opportunity to spring on them.

Barras, to whom La Revellere and Rewbell had entrusted the enterprise, at first proposed to act on the 16 Fructidor; but this was the 2d of September,—a date associated with too much horror to be selected for another insurrection.

On the morning of the 17th the Directors met as usual. At four, when they rose, Barras took La Revellere and Rewbell aside, and told them that the time was come, and that Augereau had his orders. The ministers were now summoned to Rewbell's apartment; the three Directors joined them there; sentinels were placed at the doors and windows to prevent egress or communication; and they waited the result.

At midnight Augereau surrounded the Tuileries with his troops. The guard, partly bribed and partly intimidated, gave up their posts without resistance. A detachment was sent to seize the two opposing directors; Barthélemy was taken in bed, Carnot escaped through the garden of the Luxembourg. So silently had all been done, that on the morning of the 18th Fructidor, many of the obnoxious members went as usual to their respective halls in the Tuileries, and were arrested as they entered the building;

others, among whom was Tronson du Coudray, after having been driven from the Tuileries were seized in a house in which they had met to deliberate and protest: all were sent to the Temple. The remnant of the two legislative bodies, deprived of all those to whom they owed their vigor, or courage, or intelligence, met to ratify the violence of the night and of the morning, to reenact with aggravations the laws of the 3d Brumaire, to extinguish the liberty of the press, and to sentence to transportation for life the two directors, Carnot and Barthélemy, all the proprietors, publishers, and editors of forty-two newspapers, and more than fifty of the most eminent members of the Legislature, among whom was of course Tronson Du Coudray.

Barthélemy, Tronson du Coudray, Pichegru, and thirteen others, as the most important victims, were sent off the very same evening towards Rochefort on their road to the tropical marshes of Guiana. They were carried in what were called, and indeed really were, *cages de fer*; that is to say, carts surrounded by an iron grating instead of a tilt, with one small iron door closed by a padlock. The journey lasted thirteen days. The prisoners passed the nights in the frightful dungeons which disgrace the provinces of France. They passed the days exposed to the brutalities of their escort and of the low revolutionary populace of the towns, to whose outrages they were pointed out as royalists and traitors. Once Du Coudray's patience seems to have been worn out. It was as they were passing through Etampes, one of the principal towns of a department in which, not two years before, he had been returned by a triumphal majority. "Yes," he cried to the crowd that was insulting him, "it is I, it is your representative, whom you see in this iron cage; it is I whom you sent to defend your rights, and it is in my person that they are violated. They are dragging me to the place of punishment, untried, unaccused. My crime is, that I have protected liberty and property, that I have striven to restore peace to the country and the soldier to his family; that I have kept my oath to the Constitution. These are the crimes for which you league with the Government to torture me."

The voyage lasted seven weeks, and appears to have resembled the celebrated middle passage of the slave trade, except that the sufferings of the negroes were the result merely of the indifference of the slave traders to the misery of their cargo, those of the *de-*

portés were intentionally inflicted. To want of space and want of air was added want of food. By the eighth day only three out of sixteen were able to stand; and it is difficult, when we read the journal of Ramel, to understand how any of them reached Cayenne alive.

The coast of French Guiana is now among the most unhealthy portions of the globe. It is alluvial, intersected by almost a network of sluggish rivers, covered with rank vegetation, infested even beyond the average of that coast by the flying and creeping and crawling pests of tropical jungles, streams and marshes, and enjoys no variation of season, except that the heat is accompanied by constant drought for one half of the year, and by constant rain for the other half.

The prison selected for the exiles was the fort of Sinnamary, situated on the river of that name, about seventy miles from the town of Cayenne. It is a solitary square wooden building, about 140 yards each way, surrounded by a deep and wide ditch. Before it runs the river, immediately behind and on each side is an impenetrable forest. In the court-yard were eight huts, built to serve as prisons for the negroes. One of them was occupied by the Terrorist Billaud-Varennes, who had been transported some months before. The new comers were distributed in the seven that remained. Tronson du Coudray had for his companions, Lafond, the ex-president of the Conseil des Anciens, and Barthélemy, the ex-director.

The first who sank under the climate was General de Murinais. His health, indeed, had been destroyed by the hardships of the voyage. He was a man of high character and family, whose crime was that he belonged to the majority of the Conseils des Anciens, and was one of its inspectors. Tronson du Coudray pronounced his funeral eulogium: Ramel tells us that it drew tears from the garrison and the negroes. A strong testimony to its eloquence was an order from Jeannot, the governor, a nephew of Danton's, that whoever in future tried to excite compassion for the *déportés* should be instantly shot.

The next victim was Bourdon de l'Oise; the hero of the 9th Thermidor, to whose courage and decision it was owing that the directors themselves were not bound to the plank of the guillotine.

A few days after the fever of the country seized Tronson du Coudray. He appears to have borne his imprisonment more impatiently than his companions. He did not, says

Ramel, complain of his physical sufferings, but of the manner in which they had been inflicted. The illegality and violence of the *coup d'état* affected him more than its cruelty. He was always crying out for a trial and a judge; and, even in his last illness, was as much irritated by the injustice of his treatment as he had been on the first night that he spent in the Temple. His friends, however, persuaded him to apply to be removed to the hospital of Cayenne. The governor's answer is so characteristic of the feelings and language of the Revolutionary proconsuls that we insert it verbatim :—

“ Je ne sais pourquoi ces messieurs ne cessent de m'importuner. Ils doivent savoir qu'ils n'ont pas été envoyés à Sinnamary pour vivre éternellement.”

He died on the 27th of May, 1798, six months after his arrival at Sinnamary, about seventeen months before the base despotism of the Directory made way for the glorious despotism of the Consulate. When that event recalled the exiles from Sinnamary, only two were found there ;—Barbé-Marbois and Lafond-Ladebat. Eight had escaped almost miraculously in an open boat; the rest had died.

GALILEO.

SEE PLATE.

THE great Astronomer, Galileo, with whose portrait this number of the Eclectic Magazine is embellished, was born at Florence in 1564. He was the son of Vincent Galileo, a Florentine nobleman of talent and distinction. His dislike to the medical profession, for which he was designed, was so great, that his father allowed him to desist from preparing for it, and to study the mathematics. So rapidly did he make proficiency in this his favorite science, that at the age of twenty-four, he was appointed mathematical professor at Pisa. His dissent from the Aristotelian philosophy, however, raised him so many enemies, that, in 1592, he resigned the chair at Pisa, and accepted the professorship at Padua, in which he continued for eighteen years. Cosmo III. at last invited him back to Pisa, and soon after called him to Florence, with the title of principal Mathematician to the Grand Duke. In 1609, Galileo was informed of the invention of the Telescope, and he immediately constructed one for himself, with which he proceeded to explore the heavens. With this instrument he discovered four satellites of Jupiter, the phases of Venus, the starry nature of the Milky-way, the hills and valleys of the Moon, and the spots on the Solar disk, from the motion of which he inferred the rotation of the sun. The result of his discoveries was, to convince him of the truth of the Copernican system; and the consequence of this conviction was, that he was twice persecuted by the Inquisition, in 1615 and in 1633, on a charge of heresy. On both occasions

he was compelled to abjure the system of Copernicus; in the last instance, after having repeated the abjuration, he is said to have stamped his foot on the earth, and said, in a low tone, “ it moves nevertheless.” Galileo was blind for about three years before his death. He died January 8th 1642, an exile from his native city, persecuted, blind and penniless. He is said to have been born on the day of Michael Angelo's death; and on the day of his death Sir Isaac Newton was born, a remarkable coincidence. Galileo's tomb is in the Church of St. Croce in Florence. The monument is surmounted by two figures, one representing Geometry, and the other Astronomy, emblematic of the departments of science in which the philosopher particularly excelled. He owes his pile of sculptured marble to the munificence of a private family. The present Grand Duke Leopold has built a special tribune or hall in honor of Galileo, the inventor of the Telescope, as is alleged, the discoverer of the immobility of the sun, and the movements of the planets round it. In the centre of this hall there is a statue of Galileo. The walls are lined with rich marbles, and the ceiling contains pictorial representations of the principal events of his life; while the instruments with which he made his researches and discoveries, and the manuscripts of himself and his pupils, have been collected with great assiduity, to be all preserved in this tribune hall, for the inspection of the scientific and curious in matters of antiquity.

From the Edinburgh Review.

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MALLET DU PAN.*

ACCORDING to the Tuscan chroniclers of the middle ages, a street quarrel in the little city of Pistoia engendered two factions, whose animosity soon involved the whole population of that important place, both noble and plebeian. One party expelled the other. The exiles dispersed themselves in the neighboring cities; half Tuscany espoused the cause of the Whites, half that of the Blacks. From Tuscany the feud spread over the rest of Italy, becoming incorporated in the greater contest between Guefts and Ghibellines; and the party names and banners of an insignificant provincial dispute were adopted in the mighty struggle between the Sceptre and the Crosier, between civil order and theocratic anarchy.

Something of the same kind recurred in European history, when the republic of Geneva accomplished a little cycle of its habitual revolutions between 1760 and 1782. Ever since the time of Calvin it has been the destiny of that city to act, indirectly, a part in the affairs of Europe, not only out of all proportion to its statistical importance, but far beyond what the mere intelligence and energy of its citizens, great as they are, would seem entitled to ensure it. Such was the case in the age of religious discord:—

‘What though their native kennel be but small,
Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall,
Yet their victorious colonies are sent
Where the North Ocean girds the continent;’—

and once more, in the age of civil controversies, the quarrels of Geneva contrived to embrace Europe. Voltaire alternately irritated and affected to moderate them: Rousseau set forth their polemics in pamphlets, destined to become the political manuals of the regenerators of the world. Their successive bands of *fuorusciti*, political exiles from home or adventurers in search of political

fortune abroad, were doomed to appear in many part on greater stages. Necker and his daughter, Clavière, Dumont, and many more, took part in the French Revolution: Delolme enlightened England by expounding the conventional theory of her constitution for the first time in a readable shape; while his neighbor Marat of Neufchatel was trying his “prentice hand” in the Wilkite controversy. Gallatin achieved the fame of a statesman in America; Divernois pressed political economy and statistic’s into Pitt’s service, and irrefragably demonstrated the overthrow of French revolutionary government by financial exhaustion,—a demonstration which it has been the fashion to repeat on every successive crisis; and Mallet du Pan brought to the cause of Royalism a disposition predisposed to reactionary views, as well as an intellect sharpened to uncommon acuteness in political matters, by the struggles between “negatives” and “representatives,” “bourgeois” and “natifs,” in which his youth had been involved, and in which, like most ardent politicians, he had originally taken the democratic side.

The fate of this eminent “publicist,” whose name was once widely known both by the report of friends and enemies, has been no uncommon one. Endowed with striking powers of appreciating men and events, with much eloquence and a popular style, he had many of the qualities of a great political writer; and his opportunities of acquiring the necessary knowledge were singularly favorable. But he was a journalist, by necessity as well as choice. He had to earn the bread of the day by working the political vein of the day. The truths which he wished to teach were to be enforced by endless repetition, by argument and illustration of a temporary character; by statements of fact often hazarded on imperfect evidence, and liable to be modified by the next day’s information. And when he came to systematise his thoughts in works of greater length, as in the “*Considérations sur la Révolution*,” which form his chief title to literary fame, it

* *Mémoires et Correspondance de Mallet du Pan, pour servir à l’histoire de la Révolution Française. Recueillies et mis en ordre par A. SAYOUR. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1861.*

may be said with truth, energetic as that performance unquestionably is, that the thoughts of the practised journalist did not gain by being thus served up second-hand in the shape of a pamphlet, almost as temporary in its interest, and yet less stamped with the fervid impress of strictly contemporary writing.

Moreover, he had the disadvantage of being all his life on the unpopular side; a disadvantage which none can estimate but those who have struggled manfully in the same obscure and unprofitable game. He set himself at work to write down the Revolution, long before the hopeful, the ardent, and the popularity-seeking classes had left off crying it up. Men could not bear to see their illusions dispelled, one by one; their boasted principles exposed as hollow forms; their party favorites detected, and exposed to general contempt. The peculiarly painful character of such writing is, that it inflicts a constant wound on the personal vanity of the reader; who is conscious of having staked his own self-complacency, perhaps his little private share of reputation for judgment, on the success of that which has failed, the truth of that which has been demonstrated untrue. Prophets of evil, in revolutionary times, are not more popular now than they were in Troy or Samaria: and, hard as the doom may seem, their unpopularity rather increases than diminishes with the accomplishment of their predictions.

And it was the peculiar fate of Mallet to undergo twice over this peculiar discipline of adverse fortune. He had to undertake again, to the banished Royalists of France and the leaders and statesmen of the European coalition, the duties of an unwelcome monitor, after having performed them to the Parisian public. His far-sightedness was again to shame the blind enthusiasm of those he addressed. He had to point out the hollowness of their hopes, the mistaken bases of their estimates, the weakness of their political and military combinations, the inveterate ignorance under which they labored of the instincts and sentiments of the great mass of the people everywhere, but in France especially—an ignorance almost as characteristic of professed politicians in 1832 as it was in 1792. Undoubtedly the monotony of this strain of thought—the tone of disappointment, also, incident to a life of failures and personal privations—in some degree affected the value, as well as the success, of his judgments. He could not prophesy good, for he saw it nowhere. He had no belief in any

material or moral progress going on under those external fluctuations of the tempest on which his experienced eye was fixed. He saw no signs of salvation in any quarter, and did not even calculate on the breaking down under its own weight of the enormous power against which he strove; and died a skeptic as to the resurrection, not of France only, but of Europe.

Mallet du Pan sank, therefore, not unnaturally, into the category of the many obscure writers of the first Revolution: writers of whom numbers would have achieved a high place in times of less redundant political intelligence. For although the general character of newspaper writing may have improved since then, no one can read these pages and deny that the best journalists of that age were as fully equal to those of our own in high political intelligence, as the forgotten periodicals of Camille Desmoulins, Peltier, and others, show them to have been equal in point of wit and pungency.

But for public writers of this order there is sometimes a second period of posthumous life; when the generation in which they labored is at rest, and a new one in the field, to repeat the deeds and experience anew the passions of its fathers. For then, if any literary accident happens to bring them again to the light, their voices comes to us like warnings from the dead, the sentence of judges whose impartiality cannot be questioned. The sentiments and very expressions of Mallet, formed on the circumstances of his times, are often applicable, with startling accuracy, to our own. What was temporary in his judgments has passed away: the permanent remains. *Manet liber, homines praterierunt.* He reappears in these Memoirs almost as a visitor from a strange country, the "Espion" of the last century commenting on our affairs, on the errors which lead us astray, the subtle motives which direct us, and the principles which govern the march of society through the yet unthreaded maze of revolution. It is no doubt owing to this characteristic, as well as the authentic disclosures which they contain respecting one or two important points in history, that these Memoirs have excited so much interest in France, where notwithstanding the infinitely smaller importance of the principal personage, they have almost divided public attention with the correspondence of Mirabeau and Lamarck; and they are already, we observe, translated for English readers.

Mallet du Pan was the son of a *pasteur* in one of the country villages appertaining to

Geneva; his mother, the daughter of a Syndic, belonging to one of the families from which the magistracy was commonly recruited. He was born in 1749. His *début* in political life was by a pamphlet (1771) containing a smart attack on the aristocracy and *bourgeoisie* on behalf of the "natifs," the third, or Radical party of the day, who were just then hard pressed by the united force of their antagonists under a temporary coalition. This production brought him into familiarity with Voltaire, who took so mischievous a part in the contentions of the little Republic, his noisy neighbor. He recommended the young Genevese for a professorship at Hesse Cassel. This project did not answer, and Mallet returned to his native city, married in 1773, and devoted himself to a literary life. In 1775 he fell in with the erratic journalist Linguet, a well-known name in its day, now forgotten, and belonging to as restless and paradoxical a brain as was ever arrested in the middle of its workings by the blow of the guillotine. He took part with Linguet in some of his quarrels, became his assistant in his journal, the "*Annales Politiques et Littéraires*," which was alternately published at London, Brussels, Geneva, and Paris, as its editor made each place in turn too hot to hold him. When Linguet was sent to the Bastille in 1779, Mallet continued the "*Annales*" at Geneva, in a new series; and it was while looking about for correspondents on English politics that he made the acquaintance of his countryman by descent, Samuel Romilly, which ended in an established friendship. The connexion between Mallet and Linguet broke off in 1783, when the latter left the Bastille, and reclaimed, with no small acerbity towards his lieutenant, the proprietorship and title of his newspaper. Mallet then started (March, 1783) his own "*Mémoires Historiques, Politiques, et Littéraires sur l'état présent de l'Europe*," with the characteristic motto, "*Nec temere, nec timide*."

In fact, Mallet had already acquired from his experience of Genevese political life, and from association with the caustic Linguet, that bent towards distrust of innovation, and opposition to hasty generalizations, which characterized through life his steady and unbending temperament. In the maddest of all political decenniums (1780, 1790), he clung with tenacity to those opinions which in such eras are commonly called "obstructive," and applied himself doggedly to the task of disabusing the age of its gay delusions, throwing cold water on its hopes, and

exposing the fallacies of its favorite prophets. He expressed his distrust of the American experiment even at the moment of its triumph, and his confidence in the unimpaired resources of England: he had little respect for the reforms of Joseph, or the tolerance of the Encyclopedists; and no belief whatever in the "gospel of Rousseau." His journal was full of shrewd common sense on all these subjects, and no doubt his skepticism, like most skepticism, has been in general justified by the event: but the world went on in its career of change notwithstanding: and those who partake in an unusual impulse, but see its extravagance, and do their best to moderate and turn it into the best directions, are assuredly happier in their vocation, and perhaps at the bottom wiser, notwithstanding the many errors into which they must fall on their road, than those who simply oppose it. In one respect, however, the "*Annales*" had singularly improved under Mallet's superintendence. There was a point of honor as to veracity, as well as a spirit of justice and resolution in judging of men, which never forsook him in all his diversified career. For example, when he was called on by many of his readers to follow the line of his predecessor Linguet, and hold up to execration the memory of Voltaire, he not only refused, but replied by one of the most just and acute appreciations of the good as well as the evil qualities of the deceased philosopher which can be found in the controversial literature of that day (*Mémoires*, vol. i. ch. 2). Mallet's theory respecting Voltaire always was, that in his latter days he was rather the instrument of the Encyclopedists than their master.

In 1782, the long dissensions of Geneva came to the ordinary end of such troubles in small States. The temporary triumph of the ultra-popular party roused the apprehensions of its neighbors; and was followed by the entry of a body of Sardinian troops (under a Count della Marmora, an ominous name in the annals of civic liberalism) coöperating with the French and Swiss in an "amicable intervention." There had been, as usual in such cases, much talk of Saguntum and Numantia in democratic circles both in and out of Geneva; and much indignation was bestowed on the magistrates who surrendered the little ramparts to the forces of three military States, and on the "publicists" who maintained the necessity of such base submission. Mallet du Pan had his share of these reproaches; but on him they fell comparatively harmless, as he had always predicted the

end of the democratic regeneration of Geneva. "Vingt nations heureuses," he said, 'ont regu des chaines en cherchant un gouvernement parfait, et pas une seule ne l'a trouvé.' Nevertheless, his old-fashioned patriotism recoiled alike from military occupation, and from the violence of the beaten party and their foreign associates. Notwithstanding the little conformity of his sentiments with the popular tone, he had attained an established reputation as a public writer. His journal was translated at Florence, and pirated at Brussels and in Switzerland. He now accepted an engagement with Panckoucke, the eminent Paris bookseller, to conduct the political division of the "*Mercure de France*;" and established himself accordingly at Paris in 1784. His salary was to be 7,200 livres a year as chief political writer, and 1,200 in addition for occasional contributions to the literary part of the journal.

It is obvious how often the unavoidable conditions of the editorship of a government newspaper must have clashed with the self-relying and independent tone of Mallet's character. A remarkable occasion soon put his courage to the proof. In 1787, the French foreign department was encouraging, for its own purposes, the democratic party in Holland. Mallet absolutely refused to insert in the "*Moniteur*" some of the official fictions which arrived from "our correspondent at the Hague." He wrote boldly to De Montmorin, the foreign minister, to justify his non-compliance: and Montmorin, a man of good intentions and yielding character, submitted to the refusal. This minister treated Mallet with confidence and friendship: and defended him at a later time from an attempt which was made to oust him from the "*Mercure*" as an "Anglomane," and place it in the hands of Mirabeau. He seems to have acquired, not only respect, but even liberty, in the conduct of a government newspaper, by downright resolution not to be dictated to.

"I lived six years" (he says in 1790, defending himself from imputations of subserviency), "under the old Government; and if I did not lose my establishment,—if the Bastille did not enclose me,—I owe it to the attitude which I have always maintained towards power, and to the offer of my resignation a hundred times repeated. One of the ministers of that time is still in the Government; his evidence will not be suspected. The censors who surrounded me, and whose number had been tripled for my sake, they can render an account of the kind of favor I enjoyed. Resolved to lose all rather than sacrifice my independence, I declared on several occasions to

several ministers, that they might suppress every line I wrote, but that they would never compel me to pen an eulogy or a sentiment contrary to my conscience."—(*Mémoires*, vol. i. p. 232.)

The charge of "Anglomane," so generally made against the party with which Mallet subsequently allied himself in the Revolution, was, in one sense only, a well-founded one as regards himself; for undoubtedly Mallet, as a writer on practical politics, was driven constantly back, for parallels, warnings, and instances, on the example of the only great European State in which good order and free government were united. There was, however, something even ultra-English in the strong part which his journal took in favor of Warren Hastings. He went so far as to offer his pages to that statesman and his friends, as a means of serving their cause with the continental public. We confess that we feel it difficult to understand the spirit of opposition to prevailing sympathies, when carried to such an excess as this. Many an Englishman might side with Hastings, even at the outset of the proceedings against him, from party predilections, from a sentiment of fair play as between him and his accusers, from the feelings under which an old Roman might have stood up for a proconsul who had trampled on a dozen kings, and added a province to Rome. But to a foreigner, we should have thought the question must then have appeared as an issue simply raised between the oppressed and the oppressor.

The outbreak of the Revolution found Mallet, as may be supposed, in a state of general doubt and discouragement. If he cherished all his old antipathy for the movement party, he, nevertheless, disliked and distrusted the Court and its agents. Nor did he believe, Anglomane as he was held, in salvation through the British Constitution. His views appear rather to have been in favor of introducing some part of its principles only, and uniting them to the existing forms of the French monarchy; but he was always clearer and more conclusive on the negative than the affirmative side. In 1789, the abolition of the censorship left him free to follow his own course: and on the destruction of the Bastille, he broke finally and completely with the revolutionary party. Henceforward the "*Mercure*," in the hands of the bewildered Panckoucke, freed from ministerial leading-strings, but tottering in all the helplessness of freedom, exhibited for a time odd and contradictory movements.

The literary part of the journal, under Laharpe and Chamfort, was as revolutionary as Mallet's division was conservative. Politics, however, carried the day; and the portion of the paper devoted to them daily encroached in space as well as interest on the other. It became the leading organ of those Conservatives who were not absolutely identified with the Court party; and rose in 1790-91 to the then almost unprecedented circulation of 13,000 copies, according to M. Sayous—we have seen it estimated at 20,000. Either a very large number, in days when it is said that 200 or 300 "abonnés" were sufficient to support a newspaper.

The party to which Mallet became more peculiarly attached was that of the "Constitutionalists;" not those so called in 1791 (Barnave and his followers), but that earlier section who were afterwards designated as "Monarchiens;" represented in history, now that personages are better remembered than distinctions of abstract principle, by the names of Mounier, Lally Tolendal, and Malouet; with whom were privately combined Montmorin and the others whom the populace knew by the pleasant title of the "Comité Autrichien." Theoretically, they upheld the principle of the three powers; and their upper chamber, the grand difficulty of balanced Constitutionalism, was to be composed of members partly elected by the *noblesse*, partly by the clergy, and partly nominated by the Crown. We mention this, not to point out for particular admiration this project of a Senate, devised by Mounier,—though perhaps it would not be easy to invent another equally calculated, in appearance, at once to reconcile existing interests, and to answer the requirements of the public service, had it been possible to stop short at that particular crisis of the Revolution,—but as indicating the 'ultimatum' of Mallet and his friends in political views; for he was no changeling. But he was little addicted to discussions on forms of government. The great difference between him and his contemporary journalists seems to us mainly this, that he recurs so little—perhaps too little, under the circumstances,—to theory, and says so little of political forms. For him, a Swiss of twenty years' education in the real, however limited, arena of Genevese controversies, such speculations had little attraction. He turned from them readily to attack the particular errors, violences, and extravagances of the hour, to recall men to a sense of personal moderation

and justice, and to instil a few sound, but generally negative doctrines. Nevertheless, when he did pronounce himself, it was uniformly in favor of "mixed government;" and his experience taught him to find the main argument for it in an hypothesis which is often made by more speculative writers the basis of reasonings against it—the relaxed political morals, the degeneracy (for such he deemed it) of our age—with which he thought nothing but a system of checks and compromises would really suit.

The partial supremacy of this faction of public men in the Legislature lasted about two months, August and September, 1789. It fell when the populace invaded the Assembly, and not less under the distrust of the majority of the nobles and clergy, than under the violence of the people itself. Of the leading triumvirate, Malouet alone remained at Paris, and became thenceforward closely connected with Mallet in friendship as well as public opinion. But the silenced faction fell back by degrees into the mass of the "Droite," and so did the "Mercure"; it became less a Monarchien, and more generally a Royalist paper; and so continued during the year 1791, when indeed the imminent danger of Royalty itself left comparatively little room for subdivision among the mass of its sadly diminished supporters, although the leaders remained as irreconcilably split into factions as ever.

Wearisome and discouraging were the labors of its editor, in struggling against the continuous torrent of popular hostility. But it must not be imagined that he had nothing more to undergo than such ordinary misfortunes, or to encounter only the common perils and annoyances of newspaper controversy. Very different from these are the trials of conservative journalists in times of revolution. The mouth-piece of the "Comité Autrichien" was peculiarly marked out for the enmity of rival writers,—of Brissot, Camille Desmoulins, and the other leaders of the populace, who had not only pens but pikes at their disposal. For two years, the records of Mallet's life are those of constant personal danger; hair-breadth escapes from patriotic vengeance. Now, it is a visit from "quatre furieux," who come to show him their pistols, and threaten him with death if he should dare to write in favor of Mounier's "Opinion on the Veto," threats which he answered by supporting the opinion in question in his next Number. Now, a more solemn and methodical deputation of fourteen or fifteen strangers, the redoubtable Fournier l'Américain at their

head; who come to tender him fraternal advice to change his style, and conform to patriotic doctrines. Now again, a domiciliary visit from the Commissary of the Section, occupying his house with soldiers, seizing and transcribing his papers, and leaving them under seal and guarded by two fusiliers. There was hardly an *émeute* or popular movement, in which his family might not hear his name mingled with those of which the sacrifice was demanded; hardly a week that did not usher from the press some incitement to his assassination. "Mallet-Pendu" was too tempting an anagram of "Mallet-Dupan" to escape the facetious "Procureur-Général de la Lanterne," Camille Desmoulins. The following epigram, not the least significant among a thousand similar ones, we have read in some newspaper of the time of Mirabeau's last illness:—

Grand Dieu ! de tes décrets je suis épouvanté ;
Honoré Mirabeau dans des tourmens expire :
Et Mallet vit, et Durosoy respire,
Et Maury crève de santé !

Durosoy was guillotined. Maury escaped by feats of reckless bravery and presence of mind. Mallet was saved, in all probability, only by the destiny which removed him from Paris at the time of greatest danger.

"La fille de Mallet du Pan, expliquant un jour à un ami la vivacité de ses opinions, par celle du souvenir qu'elle avait gardé de ces temps, lui écrivait :—Comprenez-vous mon enfance passée aux premières horreurs de la Révolution ? Les soirées silencieuses où, assise à côté de ma mère sur une petite chaise, chaque coup de marteau frappé à la porte me causait une émotion, pensant qu'il annonçait mon père, dont l'attente était accompagnée chaque jour de la crainte de le voir ramené assassiné ! Ma mère ne disait rien, et moi non plus ; mais quoique fort jeune, je devinais et je partageais toutes ces impressions. Puis cette affreuse scène à l'opéra, où j'entendis vociférer ce bon peuple contre les aristocrates, et crier Mallet du Pan, à la lanterne ! Un signe de ma courageuse mère me contint ; mais je perdis subitement la mémoire et le sentiment du lieu et de ce qui se passait autour de moi, et il fallut bien me sortir de cette loge, effrayé qu'on était de mes questions à voix basse. Un ami qui était avec nous me sortit et me fit prendre l'air, pendant que ma mère restait immobile. . . . Et ces affreuses journées des 5 et 6 Octobre, 1789,—ce roulement lugubre du tambour,—ces Gardes Nationales à jamais exécrables pour moi,—ces torrens de pluie, et cette consternation de mon malheureux père si justifiée par l'événement,—les têtes portées au bout des piques !—plus tard la fuite du roi, pendant laquelle il fallut en hâte fuir nous-mêmes notre maison,

nous séparer, nous cacher, les uns ici, les autres là !" (Vol. i. p. 268.)

We cannot but wish the author of these memoirs had been able to give us a closer view of the domestic life of Mallet at this time: it is always an interesting occupation to citizens of peaceable days, to endeavor to realize the course of household existence amidst such scenes as these—but probably materials were deficient. Mallet seldom speaks of himself, except in connexion with politics. We only know that his lodgings became, in 1791, a kind of rendezvous for the gentlemen of his party, when they used to meet in the evenings after the debate in the Assembly.

All situations of prolonged danger seem to have their compensation in the excitement they produce. "Lorsque, avant la Révolution, (says Chateaubriand) je lisais l'histoire des troubles publics chez divers peuples, je ne concevais pas comment on avait pu vivre en ces temps-là ; je m'étonnais que Montaigne écrivit si gaillardement dans un château dont il ne pouvait faire le tour sans courir le risque d'être enlevé par des bandes de ligueurs ou de protestans. La révolution m'a fait comprendre cette possibilité d'existence. Les moments de crise produisent un redoublement de vie chez les hommes. Dans une société qui se dissout et qui se recompose, la lutte des deux génies, le choc du passé et de l'avenir, le mélange des mœurs anciennes et des mœurs nouvelles, forment une combinaison transitoire qui ne laisse pas un moment d'ennui. Les passions et les caractères en liberté se montrent avec une énergie qu'ils n'ont point dans la cité bien réglée. L'infraction des lois, l'affranchissement des devoirs, des usages et des bienséances, les périls mêmes ajoutent à l'intérêt de ce désordre. Le genre humain en vacances se promène dans la rue, débarrassé de ses pédagogues, rentré pour un moment dans l'état de nature, et ne recommençant à sentir la nécessité du frein social que lorsqu'il porte le joug des nouveaux tyrans enfantés par la licence." Still, notwithstanding all we know of the stoicism engendered by the constant presence of danger, it is difficult to conceive, not the courage with which the unpopular journalist confronted it—those were times in which similar exhibitions of manhood were common enough—but the professional coolness, which enabled him to go on with work requiring the regularity of a machine amidst a distracted and furious world, and deliver his weekly "Premier Paris" with all the certainty of

the almanac; for the "Mercure" was the most punctual of papers, and came out scrupulously "every Saturday, at the Hotel de Thou, Rue de Poitiers, No. 18."

At last, however, the declaration of war with Austria put a final stop to the existence of the "Mercure." Poor Panckoucke, "like the god Janus," as Camille represented him, with one face to the dark past and the other to the smiling future, had gone on conducting his two journals, the radical "Moniteur" and the conservative "Mercure," as long as such base compromise was possible;—both, no doubt, were abundantly paying concerns; but the interests of the neck prevailed at last over those of the pocket. Impending proscription rendered the farther continuance of Mallet's labors out of the question. He took leave of his vocation in one of the most powerful articles which had ever issued from his pen. "Indomptable jusqu'au bout," says his biographer, "il voulut dire encore une fois la vérité à tout le monde, à la révolution, à ses amis comme à ses ennemis, à commencer par les mécontents qui, sur l'autorité des lieux communs, avaient toujours espéré la fin des malheurs publics, sans qu'il fût besoin d'en retarder l'accélération." He had been for years endeavoring to dissipate what he considered illusions respecting the real character of Democracy: but Democracy had now arrived: and he turns to expose that other set of fallacies with which, perhaps, we are a little more conversant at the present day, concerning the durability and end of popular government—the notion that anarchy can ever tend to order of itself—that there is any safe and bloodless road out of Democracy:—

"Ces illusions ont été soutenues par des adages de brochures et de conversation. Le désordre amène l'ordre, entendait-on de toutes parts; l'anarchie recomposera le despotisme; le Français ne se passera jamais d'un roi; il aime les rois; aucune nation ne fût plus affectionnée à ses rois. La démocratie meurt d'elle-même. Elle ne convient pas à la France; donc on ne pourra jamais l'y établir. Et mille autres pauvretés, pardonnable à des hommes qui n'ont jamais approché du gouvernement populaire; vraies peut-être dans leur application à la durée d'un demi siècle, mais fausses dans le sens qu'elles promettent un terme très court à la fièvre républicaine des Français. . . . Le désordre n'a jamais amené que le désordre; c'est un effet qui devient cause, et cause toute puissante lorsqu'elle est maniée par une faction qu'aucune force ne contre-balance. Il se prolonge par le besoin qu'ont ses fauteurs de l'entretenir, et par leur adresse à y intéresser la multitude; il favorise leur hât d'envoyer et d'avilir

les autorités légitimes pour en transporter ailleurs l'activité; les violences préparent d'autres violences; on ne fait des lois que pour assurer le succès des illégalités, et le mépris de ces mêmes lois est commandé par leurs instituteurs lorsqu'elles commencent à contrarier le cours de leurs entreprises.

"D'ailleurs, il ne faut pas s'y méprendre; de toutes les formes de gouvernement la démocratie, chez les peuples corrompus, est celle qui généralise le plus fortement les passions en les électrisant. Elle charme la vanité, elle exalte l'ambition des âmes les plus vulgaires, elle ouvre mille portes à la cupidité à la participation du pouvoir; elle développe chez les brutes, comme chez l'homme d'esprit, dans les greniers comme dans les salons, cet amour de la domination qui forme le véritable instinct de l'homme, car il n'aime l'indépendance que comme moyen d'autorité, et une fois soustrait à la tyrannie, son premier besoin est de l'exercer.

"Ainsi, de proche en proche, s'est opéré un déplacement universel; ainsi, l'on a transformé la France en une table de joueurs, où avec du partage, de l'audace et une tête effervescente, l'ambitieux le plus subalterne a jeté ses dés. . . . Qu'on évalue maintenant l'impulsion que reçoit du caractère national cette immense loterie de fortunes populaires, d'avancement sans titres, de succès sans talents, d'apothéoses sans vertus, d'emplois infinis, distribués par le peuple en masse et reçus par le peuple en détail. Qu'on examine l'incalculable activité d'une semblable machine, chez une nation où la fureur d'être quelque chose domine sur toutes les autres affections; où l'amour de la dispute, de l'ergoterie et du sophisme ont tué toute conversation sensée; où le marchand du coin est plus glorieux de son épaulette que le grand Condé ne l'était de son bâton de commandement; où on ne trouve que chez le petit nombre silencieux et retiré, la gravité, la réflexion, la retenue, la modération d'esprit, qui peuvent seules tempérer le délire d'une mauvaise démocratie. . . .

"C'est donc par un défaut complet d'observation et de jugement, qu'en sortant de leur loge à l'opéra, où sur le marche pied de la voiture qui va les conduire à Coblenz, tant d'hommes inattentifs ou passionnés adjournent depuis trois ans la fin de la tempête au prochain trimestre. Il est absurde de penser qu'une vaste monarchie de quatorze siècles, brisée en huit jours, se relèvera d'elle-même par les progrès de l'anarchie ou par l'inconstance de la multitude.

"Ah! les racines du désordre ne sont pas si près de la surface. Ceux qui les ont plantées connaissent mieux que leurs adversaires le cœur humain et le caractère du siècle." (Vol. i. p. 274, &c.)

His energies were now to be turned in another direction. Mallet, as we have seen, had not been popular with the Court party; and he had treated that party, and the Court itself, for a long while with almost cynical contempt. It cannot indeed be denied, and is admitted by his biographer, that his some-

what atrabilious humor led him at times into the error which he denounces in others: that his language tended rather to exasperate than to soothe the hostile feelings of different sections of the Royalists; as, for instance, in the sarcastic bitterness with which he treats the efforts of Delessart and De Narbonne to negotiate with the popular leaders after the return from Varennes. Nevertheless, his position in the party necessarily brought him into occasional connexion with the plans of the King's private advisers. M. Sayous infers that he was cognizant of the negotiations with Mirabeau, from the circumstance in which he deals with that tribune during the latter years of his life. He entertained, however, no sympathy with the latter's advances towards the Monarchiens. Although both Mallet and Mirabeau, in the latter's phrase, agreed in being "amis de l'ordre, mais pas de l'ancien ordre," Mallet's principles and honesty must have revolted from the Machiavelism which, as the correspondence with Lamarek too plainly shows, entered into all Mirabeau's schemes of reaction. Bertrand de Moleville asserts himself to have introduced Mallet to the King in May, 1792, as an agent to be employed on a diplomatic mission; M. Sayous says this was done by Malouet. His mission was to Frankfurt and Coblenz, "to represent to the emigrant princes, the Emperor and King of Prussia (who were to meet at the former city on the occasion of the coronation) the situation of the kingdom, and the intentions of the King in reference to the war and its consequences."

The "Instructions" given to Mallet before he started are published in De Moleville's Memoirs. But a more important document is the "Mémoire" ultimately presented by Mallet to the sovereigns two months afterwards (July 14,) and which first appeared in the late Professor Smyth's lectures on the French Revolution. M. Sayous says that this remarkable paper was "rédigé sur des bases arrêtées par le roi, rédigées ensuite et en gros par Mallet, puis annotées et augmentées de la propre main du monarque." This description cannot be strictly true of the whole "Mémoire;" for the last part of it is a commentary on the results of the recent insurrection of the 10th of June, and the changes which it had produced in the situation of the monarchy. This portion must be either wholly Mallet's or wholly the King's;—concern between them there can hardly have been, Mallet having left Paris on the 22d May. We wish that M. Sayous

had been a little more explicit on this point, because the real authorship of this "Mémoire" is a matter of some importance in French history.

For it professed to contain the King's instructions for the Declaration which was to be issued by the allied Sovereigns when they entered France. Now it will be recollected that after the unfortunate issue of the Duke of Brunswick's invasion, much stress was laid on the imprudent and violent expressions which his famous manifesto contained, as a main cause of the national resistance by which that invasion was met; and, as usual in such cases, great pains were taken by many parties to disavow the particular language held by the Duke, and to place it to the account of some unauthorized and obtrusive advisers. A certain Marquis de Limon has been pointed out as the chiefly obnoxious party, in a story originally told in the "Mémoires tirés des papiers d'un homme d'état," and repeated by M. Sayous. Now we are bound to say, that whatever may be thought of the unlucky flourishes of the Marquis's penmanship, the Manifesto does in substance very closely follow the instructions contained in Mallet's "Mémoire:" and that although wiser and more dignified language might have been used, no mere improvement in form, without absolutely departing from the heads laid down by Mallet, could have rendered that document other than a direct defiance not to the Jacobins only, but to France.

Take for instance the following passage of the Manifesto, which was thought to have provoked above all others the indignation of patriots, and spirit of resistance among the people in general:—"The city of Paris and all its inhabitants without distinction, shall be called upon to submit instantly to the King, to set that Prince at full liberty, and to insure to him and to all royal persons that inviolability and respect which are due by the laws of nature and of nations to sovereigns: their Imperial and Royal Majesties making personally responsible for all events on pain of losing their heads, pursuant to military trial, without hope of pardon, all the Members of the National Assembly, of the department, of the district municipality, and National Guards of Paris, justices of the peace, and others whom it may concern. And their Imperial and Royal Majesties further declare, that if the palace of the Tuileries be forced or insulted, or the least insolence be offered, the least outrages be done to their Majesties, the King, the Queen

and the Royal family, if they be not immediately placed in safety and set at liberty, they will inflict on those who shall deserve it, the most exemplary and ever-memorable avenging punishments, by giving up the city of Paris to military execution, and exposing it to total destruction; and the rebels who shall be guilty of illegal resistance shall suffer the punishments which they shall have deserved." Do these "brave words" convey any meaning whatever beyond what is contained in the corresponding passage of the "Mémoire," of which they are the amplification?

"L'impression de terreur résultera encore, et principalement, d'une déclaration énergique à l'Assemblée Nationale, à la capitale, aux corps administratifs, aux municipalités, aux individus, qu'on les rend personnellement garants, dans leurs corps et biens, du moindre préjudice apporté à la personne de leurs majestés, de leurs familles, et aux citoyens quelconques. Cette déclaration doit frapper encore plus particulièrement la ville de Paris."

The King, in short, recommended the sovereigns to employ certain specific threats, and that in energetic language to inspire terror: the Manifesto faithfully conveys those threats, and in language which the writer doubtless thought the most energetic and terror-striking in his power. If the policy which dictated the Manifesto was wrong, it is vain to endeavor to turn off the responsibility on the penman. But it is the peculiar curse of a losing cause, that each step, however carefully taken, seems to make the situation worse; and that spirits and temper are wasted in ineffectual recriminations about special instances of supposed misconduct, when the best counsels would have been equally powerless with the worst to avert the inevitable.

We have dwelt a little on this passage in Mallet's life, because it is that by which he is best known, and through which he played a momentary part on the great theatre of European events. The remainder of his career was one of continual vicissitude, with less of personal interest for the general reader. Driven from place to place by the spread of the Revolution, he continued at Geneva, Berne, Freiburg, and London, his paper war against the advancing giant, in pamphlets, and newspapers, and correspondence with persons of eminence who consulted him on the events of the day. There are few common places more often repeated than those on the hardships of political exile: and yet, accustomed as we unhappily are to the sight of it, we

perhaps are hardly wont to realize its actual bitterness, when we do not see it attended by downright privations. The emigrant, at first ardent and impetuous, full of interest in the scenes he has left and communicating that interest to others, full of the hope of victory, reinstatement, and revenge, has to learn that every day which lengthens his exclusion, takes off from his own personal importance no less than it curtails his prospects. His connexion with public men and events has been cut violently short: no effort of his can reunite it, or keep him up to the level of passing events. If the government which has expelled him succeeds, the opposition to it of his old associates diminishes with time, and he is left alone in the bitterness of unavailing hatred, his feelings out of date, and his complaints grown wearisome. If it falls, it is generally under the attack of some new combination, whose members rarely and reluctantly admit their antiquated ally to a share in their triumph. Mallet was no Frenchman, but a cosmopolite: he lost by his emigration neither country nor establishment; for no cynic philosopher could be freer from the impediments of worldly possessions. He lived by his pen, and was throughout so wholly disinterested in his political career, that he even returned the sum allowed him by the Court for his mission of 1792, deducting only his actual expenses. But he had become wedded to French politics. Exclusion from the scene in which he had so long played his part, was a constant irritation to a mind in no very plausible order.

He saw the strength of the Revolution, and the feebleness of his antagonists, with all his former sagacity; though it must be admitted that he expressed it in language which had a tendency to discourage, perhaps to divide, the friends for whom he wrote.—He was fully aware how much of the strength of a government of violence lies in those very circumstances which superficial observers cite as signs of weakness; and he had attained, what is so singularly wanting in French political writers, a thorough appreciation of the motives that actuate those general masses of the community which never begin revolutions, but through which alone they can be continued or checked in their career.

"On ne peut s'imaginer communément," he says in a memoir addressed to Lord Elgin and M. de Mercy, November, 1793, "qu'un gouvernement dure au milieu de tant de violences et de tant de crimes; mais c'est faute de n'avoir pas assez consulté l'histoire des nations. Qu'on ne s'y mé-

prenez pas. Les atrocités sont la marche passagère, mais inévitable, d'un pays qui a déplacé tous les anciens pouvoirs, toutes les anciennes institutions, et qui a besoin de la violence pour vaincre toutes les résistances qu'il éprouve, et de la terreur pour prévenir toutes les résistances qu'il craint. Ainsi la France tout entière, étant pour ainsi dire en état de siège et en présence d'une foule de divisions intestines qui la menacent, qu'importe aux chefs qui la conduisent d'être barbares, s'ils sont prudents ? or c'est une grande et terrible mesure de prudence d'avoir ne se mettre audessus de toutes les formes, et d'avoir employé à l'égard de tout leur sol les mesures qui se pratiquent dans un vaisseau en péril, ou dans une ville assiégée." (Vol. i. p. 412.)

"Il faut chercher la cause de cette révolution," he says, in a letter to the Abbé de Pradt, "dans la caractère du siècle. A force d'urbanité, d'épicurisme, de mollesse, tout ce qui est riche, grand de naissance, homme comme il faut, est absolument détrempé. Il n'y a plus ni sang, ni sentiment, ni dignité, ni raison, ni capacité. L'amour du repos est le seul instinct qui leur reste. . . . Tout se réduit en dernière analyse au calcul que voici ; combien me laissera-tu si je te livre mes lois, ma patrie, mes autels, les cendres de mes pères, mon honneur, mon postérité ? Lorsque les nations en sont là, il faut qu'elles périssent."

The accomplishment of some of these views by the Reign of Terror was strikingly exact. They may receive as forcible illustration under the government of a single master as under that of the million.

Such was the general tone, with little variation, of Mallet's predictions in exile. Once only, during the predominance of the Sections in 1795, he seems to have had some confidence in the approaching re-establishment of Royalty, on his own favorite bases, "par le corps législatif et les assemblées primaires ;" but this gleam of hope was soon shrouded in the smoke of Bonaparte's artillery, and gave way to deeper darkness than prevailed before.

"L'habitude des malheurs et des privations, l'état affreux où ont vécu les Parisiens sous Robespierre, leur fait trouver leur situation actuelle supportable. La paix, comme qu'elle fût donnée, comblerait de joie la nation. La lassitude est à son comble ; chacun ne pense qu'à passer en repos le reste de ses jours. Que Carnot ou le duc d'Orléans, que Louis XVIII. ou un infant d'Espagne soient roi pourvu qu'ils gouvernent tolérablement, le public sera content. On ne pense qu'à soi, et puis à soi, et toujours à soi. Le bas peuple n'est pas revenu de son hydrophobie ; c'est toujours un animal enragé malgré sa mièvrerie profonde. La raison ne l'atteint point : il souffre, et attribue tous ses maux aux Royalistes et à la guerre qu'ils entretiennent." (27th March, 1796 : vol. ii. p. 223.)

It is needless to point out the resemblance

between not only the views but the style of Mallet and those of Burke : and Burke in effect said, "that, with inconsiderable exception, he found in the 'Considérations sur la Révolution,' every sentiment which he had himself entertained on the subject." (Lord Elgin to Mallet, 1794.)

The following passage on Napoleon's elevation to the Consulate is perhaps less ordinary in its subject matter ; it portrays the popular sentiments which attend the ambiguous position of a Dictator just raised to power by and out of a democracy ; when—

"Ceux qui veulent de lui ne veulent pas de roi,
Ceux qui veulent un roi ne veulent pas de lui !"

when all men see in him the prospect of attaining whatever they respectively wish, while none as yet adhere to him for his own sake.

"Au sein d'une république sagement réglée, on précipite un pareil citoyen de la roche Tarpéienne ; dans une république telle que celle de France, ce citoyen monte au capitol avec le pouvoir de l'embraser, s'il est forcé d'en redescendre, ou si le sceptre consulaire ne suffit ni à sa sûreté, ni à sa domination. . . . Il n'y a nulle conformité entre les systèmes, les vœux et les opinions de la foule qui applaudit au changement, qui en attend et qui en reçoit des avantages. Les uns se croient sur la route d'une République plus parfaite, qui terminera les agitations, et qui maintiendra entre les pouvoirs publics une balance invariable. D'autres se croient à la veille d'un tel ressassement d'autorité, qu'ils placent un monarque constitutionnel à la tête du gouvernement ; mais, en alliant ainsi la royauté et la république, chacun dresse le contrat particulier de cette union ; et nomme au gré de ses intérêts ou de ses théories le titulaire à qui on décernera la couronne. Enfin, de troisièmes plus insoucians sur le sort des lois publiques, excédés de constitutions et de troubles populaires, sans vouloir de contre-révolution royale, ambitieux de fortune, de places, et de renommée, toujours prêts à se dévouer à celui qui commande avec quelque supériorité, ne voient plus l'état que dans Buonaparte, la tranquillité et la fixité que sous une domination militaire, présidée par un chef capable d'en imposer à toutes les factions." (Vol. ii. p. 426.)

Mallet judged Bonaparte, personally, with no indulgence ; but notwithstanding his position as a writer, depending for his bread on Royalist support, he did not fail on any occasion to express frankly his satisfaction with the Consular Government, as compared with the decrepit anarchy which immediately preceded it. His feelings on this head may be partly attributable to a special hatred of the Directory for their conduct to Switzerland ; but more was owing to his

deliberate political opinion. He probably thought the despotism of one man in France, as then situated, neither so intolerable in itself, nor so hopeless of amelioration, as other conditions through which he had witnessed her passage. And while the emigrants generally estimated events in France simply as they raised or depressed their own hopes of return, his masculine spirit could not be prevented from taking a wider range, nor his prophetic vision circumscribed to see only what was pleasant to his customers and associates.

It was in May, 1798, that Mallet du Pan found his last refuge in England, where he resorted chiefly on the invitation of Mr. Reeves, the author of the "History of English Jurisprudence," and chairman of the well-known Anti-Jacobin Society. Mr. Reeves had taken his measures with Government, and Mallet was soon installed as editor of the "Mercure Britannique," to which, however, Government appears to have given no further assistance than the occasional communication of official documents, and a subscription for twenty-five copies to send to the conquered French colonies. But the "Mercure" succeeded beyond expectation, and the spirit of its editor retained all its original fire and energy, the more so, perhaps, from this very independence of Government aid. The last years of Mallet's life were also, in some respects, not the least prosperous. His family was a happy one. He met in England with great respect and attention, both from Englishmen interested in continental affairs, and from the *élite* of the French emigration,—notwithstanding their frequent opposition of views. He incurred indeed in proportion—what, to such an inveterate controversialist, was probably rather a pleasing excitement, and certainly no disgrace—the hatred and abuse of Peltier, and the "enragé" section of expatriated Royalists.

But the close of his day of work was approaching. His health gave way under the effects of change of climate, and the unremitting exertion which his newspaper required of him. He was forced to resign his pen, and did not survive many months the unwonted cessation from life-long labor. His last moments were cheered by the success of his friends in obtaining from Government the promise of a pension for his widow, and employment in a public office for his son. He died at Richmond, 10th May, 1800, at the age of fifty-two. An article by Lally Tolendal, in the "Courier de Londres," con-

tains the funeral eulogy of "le célèbre et respectable Mallet du Pan." "Personne," said his old associate, "ne s'est moins trompé que lui: personne surtout n'a moins que lui voulu tromper les autres."

It was high and merited praise. And though Mallet achieved neither fortune nor fame in his long controversial struggles—though, had it not been for the publication of these Memoirs, which have drawn attention once more to his personal character, he would have remained a mere idle name on the pages of revolutionary history, showing the general fate of journalists and pamphleteers after the period of their contemporary celebrity is over; yet there is something so rare, in all times, and not the least in our own, in that moral courage which never yielded for an hour to the temptations commonest to writers who must live by popularity, those of flattering the popular leaders of the day or the special prejudices of their own circle, that it arrests the attention, and forces the observer back on the reluctant inquiry, why it is that so little political or social improvement of any kind has resulted from the unusual influence which the press and literature have exercised on the march of Government in France for the last sixty years? For, notwithstanding Chateaubriand's most unfounded complaint, that "le talent littéraire, bien évidemment le premier de tous parcequ'il n'exclut aucune autre faculté, sera toujours dans ce pays un obstacle au succès politique," no one can deny that during this period the experiment of investing men of letters with political power has been tried there, and tried on a larger scale than it ever was elsewhere, unless it be in China. Ever since 1789, with the exception only of the fifteen years of Napoleon's dominion, the pen has reigned supreme in France. Now that it is dethroned—now that, for a season, long or short, not only its direct authority but even its indirect influence seem likely to be suspended—it may be worth while to cast a retrospective glance at once on the glories and the errors of the deposed dynasty.

If the reforming sovereigns of the Continent, in the last half of the eighteenth century, did honor to themselves, and no small benefit to the moral and mental condition of those they governed, by calling to their friendship and their councils the chiefs of literature and science, it is certain that the result tended rather to lower than to elevate the real importance of the class itself which they thus delighted to honor. For, from

that time, the notion began to prevail—and a notion so flattering to the vanity of those who direct the opinion of the educated class was sure to spread with rapidity—that the world had misunderstood their true position: that they, the benefit of whose indirect influence on society was so fully acknowledged, were, in fact, the parties best qualified to administer its affairs. Sovereigns and statesmen vied with each other in acknowledging that they held their power only as vicegerents of the Sages of the day. If these rulers only dispensed philosophy at second-hand, why not recur to the original sources? The days of feudal darkness, military violence, official ineptitude, were passing away. The true qualifications for governing empires would be, in future, a discovery in natural science, the applause of a coterie in literature, a *bonè diocessit* from Ferney in philosophy. Nor would their claims to social distinction be less recognized than those to political greatness. Ladies of fashion—the true dispensers of such success—already dropped their ordinary predilections and rivalries, to quarrel for an inarticulate grunt of approval from Hume, or even a *coup de griffe* from the theatrical wild man of Geneva.

These were mere exaggerations of a folly of the times; but they had their serious results, abiding delusions, from which the classes affected by them have hardly as yet sobered down. For the old maxims of common-place wisdom are assuredly not mere phrases—that Truth is too jealous a mistress to be wooed together with Vanity—that the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, are scarcely less hostile to the development of the philosophy than of the religious character—that there is something in the real dignity of learning not only superior to the common glories of the world, but external to it—that its real place is in a purer, if a cooler and less exciting atmosphere, than that of politics, business, or fashion. And when we hear of science and literature resplendent with the honors of the Senate, as recently in France, or brilliant with success in courtly society, we are not ashamed to own that school-boy recollections will now and then bring back to us the old eulogy of Ovid on the scientific heroes of antiquity, lines in which we cannot but fancy the poet meant to convey some covert satire on the *mathematici* of his day, and the position which they endeavored to establish in the palace of Cæsar and the great houses of Rome:—

Credibile est illos pariter vittisque locisque
Altius humanis exornasse caput.

Non Venus aut vinum sublima pectora fregit,
Officiumve fori, militiæve labor:
Non levis ambitio, perfusaque gloria fuco,
Magnarumve fames sollicitavit opum.
Admovere oculis distantia sidera nostris,
Ætheraque ingenio supponere suo.

While we readily admit how much of ornament they lend to those extraneous circles, whether of business or pomp, which they thus frequent, we cannot forget that, as far as their own dignity is concerned, their truer place is elsewhere.

However this may be, certain it is that the French Revolution, which cruelly rebuked so many vanities, spared least of all that of its own authors and early flatterers, the Encyclopedic race of literary men. Such of them as attempted to take part in the great movement they had helped to create, failed ludicrously, or perished miserably. Its annals have scarcely a more contemptible part to exhibit than those of such men as Condorcet and Bailly, yielding meanly to the temptations which men like Mallet resisted, striving to maintain a precarious footing in public life by abdicating all the dignity and self-respect of their own high position, and adopting the basest passions and coarsest language of the multitude which mocked at them even while it bore them in triumph. No man of letters, properly so called, succeeded in obtaining any real influence in the first Revolution; while the journalists, an irregular corps created by it, and even yet much less connected than they will one day become with the disciplined troops of literature, not only managed to put themselves for a time at the head of affairs, but produced from their ranks some men entitled to the character of real statesmen, and many who contrived to appropriate to themselves a large share of such power and wealth as the Revolution had to bestow. Louis Blanc, in his History of the Revolution, has a chapter entitled "*Le journalisme, un pouvoir nouveau.*"

The reign of the pen was therefore inaugurated by that catastrophe, although not precisely in the manner predicted in those sanguine anticipations to which we have above alluded. Its aristocracy, so long buoyed up by hopes of coming greatness, fell to the ground: its democracy triumphed. But the sovereignty of the press was not more exempt than that of former rulers from the invariable attendants of class domination, the envy and fear of the masses. Whatever may have been felt by the instructed classes under the restraint imposed on it by Napoleon, there can be little doubt that this

compulsory silence, and the insignificance to which he reduced at once the higher and lower orders of the republic of letters, were generally popular in the early part of his government, and regarded with indifference even to the end of it. But the governments which followed made ample amends to the press for this temporary humiliation. From the fall of Napoleon until very lately, it assuredly attained a higher position, and exercised higher functions, than ever was the case before in Europe. The conjuncture of circumstances was peculiarly favorable to it. Never, perhaps, was a great people placed so entirely out of the influence of those classes which ordinarily produce governors and representatives—never was there such an absence of the materials usually employed in political construction—of the machinery required to manage the constitutional, or, indeed, any system. Military power was for the time extinguished. Appeal to the democratic element was out of the question. It seemed as if France was drained of the raw material for statesmen as well as for armies. The remnant of the old *noblesse* was tried in the first instance, and was found utterly wanting, no less in personal qualities than in popularity. The representatives of the material wealth of the country were not only, generally speaking, deficient in political education, but their interests are in France peculiarly class and local interests, and their accession to power was apt to bring with it rather an increase of jealousy than of confidence. The bar and the magistracy could do something—but only something—towards supplying the deficiency. Under these circumstances, the recourse which was had by successive sovereigns to men of literary eminence, to form the main strength of their governments, arose rather from necessity than from predilection, or from any mistaken calculation of popularity. They were the only available “notabilities” within their reach. And the writers themselves, full of Encyclopedic tradition, responded to the call in perfect sincerity. They regarded such eminence as simply their right. They believed themselves the existing representatives of the great ruling caste, as truly as ever did the descendants of the companions of Clovis or of William the Conqueror.

We believe that we are not far wrong in assuming that a majority of the great political reputations of that epoch, which are destined to survive, are those of men of letters—many of them such by profession; and generally men whose position as writers would have

been a distinguished one, even if they had never been known to the world in any other capacity. It is a singular phenomenon—unique, so far as we know. We need only allude to the foremost name of all—that of one who, for eleven years, stood at the head of affairs in France, a longer period of power than has been filled by any one there since Cardinal Fleury, one whose honorable and dispassionate altitude out of office reflects no less dignity on him than his disinterested tenure of it, and whose overthrow is now felt to have been the great disgrace, as it is the abiding remorse, of those who occasioned it. And the further instances—to mention no more—of Chateaubriand, Constant, Royer Collard, Thiers, Lamartine—without having recourse to the remaining sages of the Provisional Government—will at once occur to the reader who wishes to estimate the general correctness of our assertion.

They have had their day; and an impartial future will allow that it was in many respects for them a proud one, and for France a prosperous one. It will record the rapid recovery of the nation from the exhaustion of war and defeats: the reestablishment of its foreign influence, the great development of its internal resources. It will do justice to the steadiness with which those statesman labored, on the whole, to ameliorate the condition of the people, and, still more, the tone of national feeling: to repress popular aspirations after military greatness, to extirpate the remnant of enmities and strifes which the revolutionary period had left in the minds of men. It will acknowledge that never did France enjoy so many of the advantages ordinarily comprised under the general term of good government, as from 1815 to 1848.

But it must also recognize the instability of these advantages; the total failure of this period of comparative tranquility in establishing a single permanent institution, or imparting a single fixed principle. And it will trace much of this ill success to one fatal weakness of the statesman of that era, and the literary statesmen most of all. It arose from that all-pervading sentiment of subserviency to the popular will, to that quintessential element of sovereignty which is supposed to be embodied in universal suffrage, which has been the most enduring and the most unfortunate result of the first Revolution. The politicians in question (with exceptions, doubtless, but these were few,) appeared to start from the fixed principle, that the constitutional government which they served was

not a permanent institution. The right of every man to an equal share of public power, the consequent right of the people at large to interfere at will in its own affairs, as distinct from those elective bodies which at best represented but a fraction of it,—these were the fundamental doctrines which they might endeavor to keep out of sight at times, but which, whenever pressed on them by logical force as against themselves, or needed for the purpose of embarrassing an adversary, they were too ready to proclaim, even with ostentation. Most of these men had begun public life with high popular principles; and it was their constant study to apologize for postponing their adoption. Existing institutions were merely the type of things that were to be;—a course of education, through which the present age was to pass, in order that some future one might come into full enjoyment of the abstract rights of humanity. These observations of course apply with most force to those who governed after the events of 1830 had brought more prominently forward the revolutionary tenets; but they hold good also of their immediate predecessors under the Restoration. By all alike the people were constantly treated as a minor still under guardianship, and every constitutional check and safeguard but as a device for the necessary prolongation of his minority. Thus they had the double and fatally inconsistent task imposed upon them of constantly fighting anarchy in the streets and clubs, constantly extolling the principles which lead to it in abstract discussion. “*Je ne connais rien de plus déplorable,*” says M. Guizot, “*que ces pouvoirs qui, dans la lutte des bons et mauvais principes, des bonnes et mauvaises passions, plient eux-mêmes à chaque instant le genou devant les mauvais principes et les mauvaises passions, et puis essaient de se redresser pour combattre leurs excès.*” What wonder if the people of France never heartily embraced a form of government which their legislators and governors themselves appeared too often to regard as a mere shift and make-believe?

But neither had these statesmen, in general, as it appears to us, any distinct apprehension of the real wants, desires, and impulses of that very people whom they thus defied in their political theory. Probably at no time was there so great a gulf between the governors and the governed in France, so little mutual knowledge of what both so much required to know—each other's real character—as under the constitutional monarchy. The very ordinary ties of special

interests,—those of feudal attachment, nay, of common neighborhood and local predilections, some of which at least ought to connect the representatives with the represented,—were scarcely maintained, and seemed thought of little account. The deputies belonged, for the most part, to a political caste, out of which the governing few emerged by dint of parliamentary or court interest. The atmosphere of the study, too,—the habit of reading the world in books, not in free communication with its inhabitants,—necessarily rendered the notions of statesmen taken from it to a singular extent vague and unreal. Accustomed to turn history into a series of party romances, they carried on the same romances in their political career; the only real flesh-and-blood people with whom they had any personal acquaintance at all, was but the excitable, intelligent, capricious populace of Paris and other large cities, men whose language they could in some degree understand, and who could understand theirs well—far better than would be the case with similar classes in our own country; men easily swayed by the Press, and full of political notions and impulses derived at second-hand from books or talk, but with little abiding conviction. The real Demos of France,—the millions of her agricultural people, who live altogether without the sphere of civic and literary influences,—these were, we cannot but suspect, little less strange to the politicians in question than Kabyles or Otaheitans.

It was, as it seems to us, to these combined causes,—the habit of flattering the sentiment of popular supremacy, the habit of mistaking manifestations of opinion by a small and peculiar class for those of the people itself,—that France mainly owed that fatal exhibition of moral weakness and political ignorance which she witnessed in the crisis of February, 1848. It is of little avail now, when the leading nation of Europe has entered on another and not less ominous stage in its revolutionary march, to act the easy part of censors towards the parties enveloped in that most pitiable and undignified of political catastrophes. All that is to our present purpose, is to indicate the particular character which the popular outbreak of that month derived from those features which we have remarked on as characteristic of the then existing government. Never was there popular insurrection of so absolutely unreal and factitious a kind. Whatever amount of bitterness might exist between political parties in the governing class, there existed, as

far as the people were concerned, not the remotest sense of any grievance such as ordinarily stirs the blood of the masses—not even the symptoms of one of those popular panics which sometimes exercise an equal influence with real grievances. The so-named “people” seemed called in merely like the supernumeraries in a theatrical battle. They came to play out a play—to complete the *dénouement* of a long political romance—for the mere pleasure of witnessing the actual representation of things of which the narrative had been their favorite reading—as Nero burnt Rome to obtain a distinct conception of the sack of Troy.

These are not the mere impressions of foreign observers: witness the following remark of an acute, and certainly a very considerate thinker, M. de Sainte Beuve: speaking of the influence of the theatre on the public mind, he says:—

“In the scenes, scandalous or grotesque, which followed the revolution of February, what is it that we have most frequently seen? The repetition in the streets of what had been acted in the theatres. The public Places parodied the stage in earnest. . . . ‘There goes my history of the Revolution,’ observed a historian, as he saw one of these revolutionary parodies defile under his window. Another writer might have said, with equal justice, ‘there goes my drama!’ One thing has especially struck me in these events, astonishing as they are, and little as I am disposed to underrate their importance in other respects; it is, above all, a character of imitation, and that literary imitation. One felt that the phrase had preceded the action. In ordinary cases, literature and the stage take possession of great historical events, in order to celebrate them, and to develop their meaning: here it was living history which set about imitating literature.” (*Causeries du Lundi*, vol. i. p. 36.)

Such was the bewildering anarchy which prevailed no less in the ideas of statesmen than in the details of government—such the atmosphere of fiction and unreality which veiled from the eyes of the governing classes the real aspect of things, when the Demos himself—so long invoked, flattered, and appealed to—at last intervened in his proper person; not as the abstract creature of universal intelligence and power to which each reasoner attributed his own ideas; nor as the Red Republican of the streets, drilled by club agitation, parading the cities in processions, or dancing round trees of liberty; but in the form of six millions of peasant elec-

tors, not representing but actually being the bulk of a great agricultural nation, putting by with utter disregard the various theories which were prescribed for their acceptance under names of an exclusive and class popularity unknown to them, and demanding merely a simple and a strong government, and that government under a Bonaparte.

That the desire for a strong government was the ruling principle of the movement may be readily admitted; but it would be absurd for us to shut our eyes to the truth which pride still causes many Frenchmen to reject, that the mere Bonapartist element, sheer attachment to the name and race, had a great share in provoking it also. How far this attachment may be a strong and abiding one, future days will show. Enough for our present purpose that it spreads very widely over the surface, whether it penetrates far below it or not. It is, at all events, very far stronger than those ephemeral and second-hand notions which make up the changeable creeds of the *bourgeoisie* and the mob. It is, as we believe, no longer wholly or chiefly the old feverish dream of national glory, the heathen worship of the conquering Eagle; not that these are extinct, abundantly nourished as they have been by the folly of statesmen and writers, keeping alive these remembrances as an ignoble source of popularity for themselves. But at the present day, it is probable that “Bonapartism”—since it becomes absolutely necessary to attempt some analysis of so strange a national faith—is chiefly composed of other elements.

There is, first and foremost, that pervading sentiment among the masses of attachment to a name, a race, or an institution, which for want of a better term we call Loyalty. The word has indeed acquired a kind of romantic color, from being popularly employed to designate only a particular manifestation of the feeling; that union of religious, chivalric, and patriotic impulses which displays itself in devoted adherence to some royal person or dynasty, long connected with the history and institutions of a country. But this is neither a very ordinary notion among the multitudes, nor an ancient one, in this part of the world at least. It is the production of comparatively modern refinement, and a peculiar state of society. The classical world knew it not. Nor did the feudal world. The knights of Froissart had no loyalty, in this sense. Their devotion was to their leader in the field, or the suzerain of whom they held, not to their country and prince. French and English chiefs served

together indiscriminately under the banner of Edward the Third. Loyalty, in the narrow and romantic sense, seems to have been in general the product of long and engrossing national struggles, carried on by a whole people, high and low, under one standard. Thus it arose in Spain through the Moorish wars, in Scotland during those against the Edwards, in France after Agincourt, while in England it hardly existed until the time of the Tudors. It has achieved great things in later times; but, in France at all events, it has long ceased to have a pervading influence. Vendean Legitimism, among the people, has for some time been an exception only; the bond of a minority, powerful from zeal and self-devotion, but still a minority and not a considerable one. But loyalty in the wider sense is not extinct; no great nation capable of high impulses, could exist without it. It must have a cause and a symbol, strange and even grotesque as these may appear to the philosopher. In America, it may be the Constitution; in Turkey, the banner of the Prophet; in Russia, the person of the Czar; but some rallying point the will and heart of the people will have. Now in France, however unpopular with the educated part of the public this truth may be, the only loyalty left is Bonapartism. It rests on the original and repeated will and choice of the nation, and the mass of a nation rarely and slowly abandons what it has once deliberately willed. The elevation of Napoleon, which history deals lightly with as one bygone revolution among many others, lives in their memory as a substantial and unrevoked act of popular sovereignty. The Emperor may have forfeited the throne ten times over in the eyes of Europe, and in those of educated France, but not in theirs. Their opinion was never asked. The active population exhausted by war, the fields cultivated by old men and by women, the remnant of the people submitted, in 1814, to what they could not avert; but they submitted under silent protest, to be repeated in every cottage from one generation to another. The young Napoleon was to them what the Pretender was to the Highlanders, the living representative of an injured right. They did not oppose intervening dynasties; they simply ignored them. The Bourbons of both branches were the sovereigns of the army, the nobles, the wealthy, the cultivated, the place-holding and deputy-choosing portions of the nation: not theirs. They went back from a present, in which they took little share, to dwell on the legends of their own

chosen leader; so truly did the truest French poet and most thorough Frenchman of our day predict that—

L'humble toit dans cinquante ans
N'aura plus d'autre histoire.

"The charge which may with justice be brought against the common people," says Macaulay, "is, not that they are inconstant, but that they almost invariably choose their favorites so ill, that their constancy is a vice and not a virtue."

Such were their sentiments down to 1848; and when a nephew of the Emperor, personally an obscure and unregarded man, appealed to those hidden sympathies, they rose almost simultaneously at his bidding. The eight million votes of 1852 may be contested *en masse*, or scrutinized in detail, by those who think it worth their while. The six millions of 1848 are an undeniable portent, to which none can be blind but those who wilfully close their eyes.

It would, however, not be reasonable, in treating of Bonapartism, to regard it as an idle sentiment alone, and to disregard its original cause and rationale. The peasantry of France adopted the first Revolution heartily; and yet were no revolutionists. Jacques Bonhomme might carry a pike, wear a cockade, and sing the Marseillaise, along with his neighbor the *gamin* of the city; but no Republican was he, except exactly so far as suited the interest of his pocket, which he understood a great deal better than Necker and Cambon, or Mallet and Divernois, understood it for him. The troubles which ruined the towns, enriched for awhile the country districts. To the great rustic classes, out of the parts which immediately suffered by civil war, their effect was an enormous rise in the price of agricultural produce, and an enormous fall in the price of land. Jacques paid his taxes in assignats, sold his produce for silver, stowed it away in the thatch of his cottage to form a fund for the purchase of land, and was ready to shout for any government which produced such advantageous results. But they were a great deal too good to last. There came the dread of royalist reaction and the resumption of forfeited property on the one hand; of agrarianism, communism, or whatever the popular name for the hobgoblin may be, on the other. There came, too, what the Bonapartist Granier de Cassagnac (in his *Histoire du Directoire*) has brought forward more distinctly than most writers in general, the actual de-

cay of the instruments of civilized life under the first Republic; the ruin of roads, canals, and rivers, forests and buildings, through the weakness of the central and destruction of the local authorities. From all this the First Consul saved the peasantry. It was not to the Revolution, which gave them their stake in the land, but to him who preserved it, that they chose to look as their substantial benefactor; he is their Pater Patriæ still; and it is from his descendants that Jacques vaguely expected protection against priests and seigneurs, who (in his fancy) might one day reclaim his property, against usurious townsfolk who might chicaner him out of it, and disciples of Louis Blanc, who might fraternally absorb it.

We need scarcely dilate on this last cause, which renders the very name of Bonaparte popular in France—namely, the prevailing dread of anarchy and socialism; because this is in fact admitted by all, and is the main motive which induced the higher classes to acquiesce reluctantly in the present Government, and a great proportion of the lower to support it more actively. But it is impossible to notice this subject at all, without touching on the unreasonable and wilful incredulity with which Englishmen in general are too apt to treat this prevailing apprehension on the part of their neighbors. Because we, in this country, are, happily, exempt from that worst of terrors—because we have not seen our streets deluged with blood, nor our citizens decimated from behind barricades, nor listened to the daily and hourly appeals of a depraved press to the spirit of license and murder—we quietly pronounce the whole a delusion and a bugbear, alternately “got up” by parliamentary majorities, and successful usurpers, for their own private purposes. Those whose eyes have witnessed the intermittent but inextinguishable civil war of Lyons, the bloody victory of Cavaignac, the sittings of the Luxembourg, the return by a majority of Parisian voters of men pledged to the “reconstruction” of society, judge a little differently: and our English views, if more dispassionate, are certainly founded on a much less familiar knowledge of the facts. Sound or not, however, it is sufficient for us that the sentiment is most deeply rooted, and that it adds peculiar strength, not only to absolute government, but especially to a government sanctioned by Bonapartist recollections. The reason for which we will take from no partial witness, M. Guizot. It is this; that all other French governments, since the first Revolu-

tion, were weak against the extreme Republican opinion, by whatever name it may for the time be called, because they all tampered with it, and gave way to it: so have the writers, the statesmen, the educated classes; all, save Napoleon alone.

“Je pourrais me donner le plaisir de rappeler ici les noms et la mémoire de tant de pouvoirs qui sont tombés honteusement, pour s'être lâchement asservis ou prêtés aux erreurs et aux passions des démocraties qu'ils avaient mission de gouverner. J'aime mieux citer ceux qui ont glorieusement vécu en leur résistant. . . . La France démocratique doit beaucoup à l'Empereur Napoléon. Il lui a donné deux choses d'un prix immense: au dedans, l'ordre civil solidement constitué: au dehors, l'indépendance nationale fortement appuyée par la gloire. A-t-elle jamais eu un gouvernement qui l'ait plus rudement traitée, qui ait montré pour les idées et les passions favorites de la démocratie moins de complaisance? Dans le fond, Napoléon ne s'est préoccupé que de relever le pouvoir, de lui rendre les conditions de sa force et de sa grandeur. . . . Il a cru et prouvé qu'on pouvait servir et gouverner une société démocratique sans condescendre à tous ses penchans: c'est là sa grandeur.” (*De la Démocratie en France*, p. 26, 28.)

Such was the formidable power against which the anomalous body lately called the Party of Order, or majority of the Assembly, struggled; in a more irregular and divided manner at first, more decidedly afterwards as parties assumed a more distinct shape, from 1848 to 1851. The conflict is too recent, the names of those who have taken part in it too freshly before us, to judge of it impartially, or describe it without *réticences* and restraint. But no circumstance of the whole struggle strikes us more forcibly than the pertinacity with which the defeated party refused to recognize, with which they now refuse to recognize, the real strength, and the real claims, of the conqueror. They will attribute his success to military force; to fraud, perjury, and violence; to Machiavelian combinations; to their own weakness and divisions; invent any solution, in short, rather than recognize in him the choice of the nation. Those whose republican principles his pre-eminence shocked—those whose personal importance it wounded—those who had formed too just an idea of his dangerous character and unbounded ambition—all who, from any motive, good or bad, opposed him, equally closed their ears against the popular voice. And yet, the real main spring of the

crisis was there. Without that voice behind him, neither military force, nor party intrigues, however these may have contributed to the present result, could have given the President more than the success of a day. It is idle to deny the title which that voice confers, regret it as we may. The frame of government must needs rest on some foundation. That foundation cannot be the opinion which sections of educated people, or any majority of educated people, or the street mob of Paris in an hour of revolution, may entertain of the best commonwealth. In a country where every political institution and principle has been swept away from the surface, laying bare the fundamental rock itself, no such foundation remains, except the direct choice of the numerical People. However perilous the appeal to that choice may be, however fallacious the circumstances under which it is exercised, still that choice is law for the time, simply because there is no other. The patriot may deplore it, protest against it, resolutely withhold his own personal adhesion from it; but deny its validity he cannot. Such denial is not merely self-contradictory: it is, in truth, anarchical in its consequences.

We say this is no disparagement of the real merits of the great party, greater in defeat than in success, to which we have referred: or of its eminent and unfortunate leaders. Some future time will do more justice, not only to their motives but to their conduct, than the jealous friends, or victorious opponents, of the present day. Then will be appreciated the gallant stand which they made against anarchy, even to the sacrifice of personal interests and popularity: the perseverance with which they labored gradually to extirpate those passions and prejudices which opposed the re-establishment of order and sound principles—their steady maintenance, with some fatal exceptions, of principles of international right abroad, financial credit and legal justice at home—their labor, hoping as it were against hope, to build up a kind of negative loyalty, to reconstruct a disintegrated society with the mere cement of the "love of order,"—"to turn lint back into linen," if we may use the vigorous comparison of a revolutionary writer.

But it will not be denied, at the same time, that they went on at their work under the

influence of deep and ruinous delusions; not only the delusions of the time, but those of the class to which they chiefly belonged—the fatal ignorance which besets men of the study, the drawing-room, and the bureau, as to the real wants and feelings of the outer multitude. They worked on honestly at constructing some kind of edifice of "Parliamentary government," while every one else saw clearly enough that even if there had been no Bonaparte in existence—if Sinbad had fairly shaken off the old man, instead of having just lent him his shoulders for a second ride—the Constitution, of which they were themselves the creatures, was so framed as to render Parliamentary Government simply impossible. In their dread of Socialism, they undoubtedly had the country along with them; but in their dealing with it, in their determination to stop up by force every escape of the feelings of the classes in which the proscribed opinions prevailed, to make an earthquake of every public meeting, a volcano of every little coöperative association, they at once irritated the oppressed, and confirmed the multitude in the notion that stronger heads and arms than theirs were needed to preserve society against so ubiquitous an enemy. Every aspect of danger, except the real and pressing one, roused their imaginative terrors. They lived in constant fear of conspiracies, as if it had not passed into a proverb that conspiracies never accomplish any substantive result in France; of the ambition of military leaders, as if it was not plainly written in French history, that, since 1789, with the one great exception, no military man has ever exercised the slightest political influence of himself, or ever controlled for a single day the march of the political machine. But, above all, they wasted their time and their strength, not only in Parliamentary contests, but in mutual hatred and detraction, and the incessant endeavor to pull down and ruin one another.

Thus the Party of Order went on, fighting with shadows when they were not engaged in the worse occupation of fighting with each other, until the tide of inevitable ruin had swelled so high that there was scarcely time to do more than note and signalize its close advance, before the waves had swept away the whole of them, with the futile bulwarks they were endeavouring to rear.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

The principal new works issued from the press during the month, and noticed in the leading critical journals, are comprised in the following lists:

Life of Thorwaldsen, from the Danish of Just Matthias Thiele, is published in German, and highly praised by the *Athenæum*. After noticing the want of a proper biography of the great artist, the reviewer says of this, that "it promises to rank, when completed, among that choicer class of biographies in which the writer, besides the merit of research, and the advantage of copious materials, displays the gift of a lively sense of character, and a power of fixing those personal or circumstantial traits which, above all others, bring an eminent figure nearest to the mind and heart of distant survivors."

A Journey to the Tea Countries of China, by Robert Fortune, is a work of much interest. The work has grown out of a special mission to China, intrusted to him by the East India Company, in the summer of 1848. The Government of India have been endeavoring for some time to establish the cultivation of the tea plant in certain parts of the north-west provinces; and Mr. Fortune was employed by the home authorities to proceed, in the first instance, to China, with a view to procuring from the most celebrated tea districts of that country a supply of genuine plants and seeds; and, in the second place, for the purpose of engaging a number of native Chinese expert in the several processes of the manufacture of tea, and conveying them, with all needful implements and machines employed by them, to the tea plantations at the foot of the Himalaya mountains. "There is not," says the *Athenæum*, "any remarkable merit in the style; but we have rarely met with any book of travels which so entirely won our confidence as the one before us. There is an air of genuineness—an absence of exaggeration from first to last—which would amply cover many more faults than can fairly be found with Mr. Fortune's present performance."

The story of Nell Gwynn, and the Sayings of Charles II. related and collected by Peter Cunningham. "Many will doubt whether it was desirable to have the story of such a woman written in these times. The doubt seems to have occurred to Mr. Cunningham himself; but the town-life of the Restoration is an attractive theme to a lover of old books and old gossip; and having determined on the task, we must say that he has accomplished it as pleasantly and satisfactorily as such a theme admitted. For the mere subject which supplies the title the book would be, of course, too large; but Mr. Cunningham's talents and habits are those of a graceful literary gossip, and his pages abound in anecdote and repartee gathered from many quarters. Of Mr. Cunningham's diligence we can speak with greater praise, than of his impartiality. His fault is a fault of biographers in general, but shows more strikingly here, because of his subjects. He glances over much of his heroine's coarseness, vice

and folly; and, in our opinion, he greatly overrates the wit, the ability, and the personal character of the royal profligate, her lover."

Notes of an Excursion to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, in the Republic of Mexico, by R. Dale. "Mr. Dale's excursions have thrown some little light on the nature of the undertakings required to connect the Pacific with the Gulf of Mexico by the River Coatzacoalcas. But in other respects his volume is of little interest. His manner is dry and monotonous; and although he affects to feel enraptured with the scenic beauties of Mexico, he conveys neither warmth nor other emotion to his readers."

A book which will delight many readers, the life of the veteran entomologist and Christian philosopher, Mr. Kirby, is about to appear. It is drawn up chiefly from his own letters and journals, by the Rev. John Freeman, M.A., clergyman of a parish not far from that of which Mr. Kirby was long the rector. William Spence, whose name is ever associated with the subject of the memoir, supplies a "sketch of the history of his forty-five years' friendship with Mr. Kirby, and of the origin and progress of the 'Introduction to Entomology,' with numerous extracts from Mr. Kirby's letters to him."

Mr. Newman's recent work, *Regal Rome*, obtains high praise from the *Literary Gazette*. "We hail with satisfaction and gratitude Mr. Newman's work, as forming a valuable contribution to the subject. It is rather an essay upon the history of Rome under the kings, than a history of Rome during that period; but it deserves, and we trust will obtain, the attention both of the scholar and the general reader. To the latter, who is only acquainted with Niebuhr's views as given in a more popular form by Arnold, it will supply much new and unexpected information, while the clearness and liveliness of its style, as well as the absence of all pedantic learning, will render it peculiarly acceptable. To the scholar it will be still more interesting, as the work of a man unfettered by the opinions of his predecessors, and who has brought to his task the powers of a singularly original and acute mind."

A Residence in Algeria, by Madame Prus. "We have read the volume with much pleasure," says the reviewer of the *Literary Gazette*. "The topics handled in it are interesting, the narrative is flowing, and the record faithful."

The Poetical Works of David Macbeth Moir, edited by Thomas Aird, are well reviewed. Dr. Moir was the "Delta" of Blackwood. The *Literary Gazette* says: "Of Moir's professional ability, his benevolence to the poor, his domestic history and habits, the tranquil tenor and religious spirit of his life, his last illness, and peaceful death, Mr. Aird has given a series of truthful and pleasing pictures. Our love for Delta as a man is increased. 'Amiable' was an epithet usually, and we now know how

justly, applied to him. 'A fine melodious nature,' was Carlyle's remark, in speaking of his death. With Burns and Scott and Campbell, and other modern 'masters of Scottish song,' he cannot be classed, but among poets of his own day he holds a high place; and there are two or three of his pieces which will live in English literature."

Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland, by John Hill Burton, 2 vols., called by the *Athenæum* a work of skill and interest. The *Examiner* assures that much of it will be new to all readers. "The author does not make any parade of his research, but the well-informed reader will be prompt in recognition of it. Whether a criminal trial be in itself a thing to make good reading, is a question on which men are apt to differ. Some have a taste for the excitement of a tale of crime, others avoid it for its horror. They are wise who belong to neither of these classes, but with a wise discretion recognize in the reports of criminal trials matter for the historian and philosopher, and who read them gravely as a necessary shadow in the picture of society during the age to which they may refer."

The third volume of Mr. Gladstone's Translation of Farini's Roman State, from 1815 to 1850, has been published, bringing the narrative of events from the flight of the Pope in 1848, to the landing of the French troops at Civita Vecchia in 1849. The *Athenæum* has but a poor opinion of the work. "Its faults are great narrowness of view—a tetchy, sour, all-carping disposition, which suggests the reflection, that the author, however fitted to criticize with severity in writing the conduct of parties in the Italian Revolution, must have been precisely one of the men who in action would have hampered the movements of any party; and, above all, a vehement and fierce enmity to those who led the popular side of the struggle, which stamps his narrative with a marked character of one-sidedness and partiality. Signor Farini's own point of view, so far as we can detect it, seems to correspond most nearly with that of Gioberti and the partisans of Charles Albert; but throughout his work there is a far greater tenderness towards the Pope and all the promoters of the ecclesiastical policy than is common even with the most moderate of the Italian reformers."

Lives of Northern Worthies, by Hartley Coleridge. Twenty years ago the lives here reprinted were written for a provincial bookseller, with the intention that they should form part of an extensive work. They have been hitherto little known beyond the counties to which they relate, except to a few choice and peculiar readers used to hunt up everything written by a Coleridge. These will warrant our assertion, that the amount of thoughtful speculation, critical acumen, deep learning, and elegant fancy, in fragmentary forms, associated with the family name, is so great, as to constitute a singular literary appearance. Father, sons and daughter alike seem to delight and excel in annotation."

Sir Christopher Wren and his Times, by James Elmes, is thus noticed by the critic of the *Athenæum*: "We opened this book with great expectations, for Mr. Elmes is no newly-entered student in matters connected with Sir Christopher Wren. Nearly thirty years ago he gave us what we must continue to call a valuable quarto volume upon Wren. 'He has not in this interval lost sight of his

favorite architect,' was the thought crossing our minds, as we commenced reading the book before us. 'Here we shall have,' we said to ourselves, 'the marrow of his quarto, with such new materials as his own diligence, and the assistance of friends, will have enabled him to obtain.' Never was expectation further from being realized. Whatever is valuable in the quarto is not in the octavo; old errors are perpetuated, and fresh ones admitted; while, as far as new matter is concerned, it is in quantity 'like a nutshell of malt to a gallon of Thames.'"

The Court and the Desert; or Priests, Pastors, and Philosophers in the time of Louis XIV. The *Athenæum* pitches upon this book in this style: "Which among us has not heard of 'a Geneva sermon?' Here is one to be wearied of by even those who have the greatest patience with sermonizers. It is a substantial story of Church matters in France at the epoch referred to in the title; and we imagine, from an expression in the preface, may be of Swiss origin. Some ingenuity must have been required to press the life and color out of the world of the Encyclopedists—some pains must have been taken to deprive the circle in which Voltaire's 'sincère et tendre Pompadour' queenied it, though no queen of such grace and show as a Boucher could paint. But the ingenuity and the pains have here been successful. Dry, flat, ponderous, dull—such are the epithets befitting 'The Court and the Desert.'"

Alatser, or the New Ptolemy, is a new theory of the universe. The author boldly attacks Humboldt and Herschel, as maintaining doctrines which he asserts to be "inconsistent in themselves, and incompatible with the phenomena of the universe." He denies the entire theory of gravitation with ingenuity, certainly, but with arguments that admit of easy answer.

Four Years' Residence in the West Indies, by George Day—a work of the ancient Trollope order. The *Spectator* thinks the author of it "a man of much shrewdness and some vigor of mind, with a good deal of worldly experience, and apparently extensive travel. His intelligence is not, indeed, of the highest kind, nor his native comprehension or his habitual training of the highest order. He is brimful of the prejudices of a cosmopolitan John Bull; that is, travel has rounded and enlarged his original likes and dislikes, without mollifying them. In his opinion, an American is about the worst specimen of the genus Homo—meaning white man,—both as regards manners and morals. Next to him comes, with some very few exceptions, the gentry class of the West Indies—officials, doctors, and divines of the English Church. At some distance from these rank the lawyers, the Creole whites, and the managers of estates, followed pretty closely by store-keepers, white clerks, and so forth. In point of roguery, the Mulattoes would beat the Americans if they could, but they want the intellect. In the meaner passions, in presumption, in ignorance, and in bad manners, they 'whip creation,' bating the negroes. Of the negroes he entertains the worst opinion we have yet seen put forth by any man of 'nous' experience, and some literature."

Nineveh and its Palaces, the Discoveries of Botta and Layard applied to the Elucidation of Holy Writ, by Joseph Bonomi, F.R.S.L. The *Spectator*

pronounces this "a very careful, comprehensive, and elaborate digest of information as regards the late discoveries of Botta, Layard, and other explorers into the ruins of Nineveh, as well as its history and arts. Joseph Bonomi describes the unsuccessful attempts that have been made to discover the site of Nineveh before the present day; sketches the lucky explorations of Botta and Layard; runs over, with the assistance of Mr. Sharpe, the histories of Nineveh and Babylon, scriptural and classical; elucidates the topography of the region, and minutely describes the discovered remains; illustrating his text with numerous wood-cuts that convey a vivid idea of the originals. He also applies the discoveries to an explanation of Assyrian arts and customs, and gives an interesting précis of the progress that has been made in deciphering the cuneiform inscriptions."

The *Mystery of the Danube*, by David Urquhart. This is a review of English political, diplomatic, and commercial course, with regard to Russia and Turkey, a point of vital interest continually acknowledged, and continually neglected or misunderstood, but never more conspicuously forced upon the public attention than at the present moment, since Hungary has been subjugated by the armies of the Czar. The work contains a detail of projects frustrated, and projects that might be still carried into effect, illustrating throughout the text with which it closes, "Treat with Turkey to induce her to emancipate her export trade, and you will gain glory as well as profit—treat with her for the opening of the passage between the eastern and the western hemispheres, and you will gain profit as well as glory."

Among the works announced for speedy publication by Messrs. Longman and Co., we observe a new book of travels by Mr. Samuel Laing, "Notes on the Political and Social State of Denmark and the Duchies of Holstein and Sleswig;" also "Count Arenberg," a story of the times of Martin Luther, by Mr. Sortaine, whose tale of "Hildebrand and the Emperor" was favorably received by the public. In the "Traveller's Library," a translation is to appear from the German, of an "Expedition from Senaar to Taka, Baza, and Beni-Ameer," by Frederic Werne, author of the "Expedition to the Sources of the White Nile."

One of the new volumes of Mr. Bohn's "Standard Library" completes Sir Joshua Reynolds's Literary Works. It contains the remainder of his celebrated "Discourses," his "Journey to Flanders and Holland," so full of interesting criticism on the pictures there; and some minor compositions, with a Chronological and Alphabetical List of the Modern Painters. The other lately-issued volume of the "Standard Library" is the third of Sir Thomas Browne's Works, completing them. It contains his famous treatise on "Urn Burial," his Christian Morals, Miscellanies and Correspondence. The learning displayed in all his productions is amazing, but it is almost too ponderous; it overwhelms the reader. His writings must be studied, they cannot be perused. Nevertheless, a cheap and accessible edition of them such as this will be welcome everywhere, if only for occasional reference, and as literary curiosities.

The May number of *The Edinburgh* contains a little fly-ship inserted by the publishers, and which announces, with a dignified brevity worthy of the

occasion, "that the MS. journals and papers of the late Thomas Moore are in preparation for publication, and that they will be edited by the Right Honorable Lord John Russell" himself! The *Critic* thinks "Lord John probably even more unfit to be the biographer of the gay and sparkling Moore, than of the jovial Fox; but the literary world opens wide its arms to receive an ex-Prime Minister, and hopes (especially after the division of the other night) that in its calm haven the noble author may long repose after the storms which have vexed his political career."

A novel by Alexandre Dumas has singularly disappeared from the world. It was entitled "*Le Nabob et sa Fille*," and the story is reported to have been founded upon facts, in which the son of the novelist bore a part. The wife of a Russian noble, of very high rank, having been carried off from her husband while residing at a French watering-place, by Monsieur D—, the lady is reported to have been secretly seized within the territory of France, and conveyed by agents of a very high power to Russia. The novel in question, describing under fictitious names these events, has been suppressed by the same secret and irresistible agency which effected the seizure of the frail fair one, and not a copy of the book is to be got.

Nicolas Gogol, one of the most distinguished of the modern authors of Russia, died a few weeks ago at Moscow. He was excessively poor, but that was his own fault, as he repeatedly refused to accept the liberal offers of publishers for a new and complete edition of his writings. His reason for thus refusing was, that he had fallen into religious mysticism, and fancied that his publications constituted a deadly sin. He would have destroyed them all if he could, and carefully burned all his unpublished manuscripts. His works throw great light on Russian manners, and he has been called the Russian Dickens. Just before breathing his last, he exclaimed, "Ah! if people knew how pleasant it is to die, they would not fear death."

The catalogue of the Easter book-fair at Leipsic contains 4,527 works as published, and 1,163 to be published. This is an increase of 700 volumes compared to the Michaelmas fair, and of 800 more than the last Easter fair. The number of publishers by whom the works have been brought out is 903. One house at Vienna has produced 113, and the Messieurs Brockhaus 95.

The French Academy, on the proposition of M. Montalembert, have announced a prize of 4,000 francs for the best historical and literary essay on "Political Eloquence in England." The essays are to be sent in before the 1st of March, 1854.

The chairs of History and of Philosophy have been suppressed in the University of Paris, by decree of the President, and various checks are put upon the teaching of even the physical sciences.

Abbas Pacha, the Viceroy of Egypt, is causing excavations to be made, under the superintendence of a Frenchman, M. Maunier, in different parts of his sandy territory, where there exists, or are supposed to exist, ruins of ancient monuments.

Mr. Isaac Cullimore, an active member of the Royal Society of Literature, lately died at his residence at Clapham. His researches were chiefly confined to the study of Egyptian and Assyrian an-

tiquities, and chronology in connection with biblical lore.

Recently an account was given of the number of persons admitted to visit the British Museum for the last six years, in the annual return printed by order of the House of Commons. In 1846 (from Christmas, 1845, to Christmas, 1846), the number of persons admitted to view the general collections was 750,601; in 1847 the number was 820,965; in 1848, 897,985; in 1849, 979,073; in 1850, 1,098,863; and in the year ending Christmas last the number was 2,524,754, being an increase, no doubt, arising from the visits to London to see the Great Exhibition, of 1,425,891 on the preceding year. In the month of August last the number of persons who visited the Museum was 589,769, and in August of the preceding year the number was 109,349.

The twenty-ninth exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists, now incorporated by royal charter, has opened to the public at its gallery in Suffolk-street. In character, it is very similar to its predecessors. Its strength lies in landscape, and we find all our old favorites, with a few new names, among the contributors.

Professor Rauch, of Berlin, has finished a statue of Emanuel Kant, the metaphysician, as a model of a memorial to be erected on the Philosophengang, at Königsberg, which was his favorite walk. The figure is in a standing posture, looking forward, and the right hand raised, as if demonstrating. It is said to be a good likeness, and a fine statue.

Terra-cotta statuettes, seventeen inches in height, of the "Great Elector," and of Frederick I. of Prussia, have lately been cast in the King of Prussia's pottery at Berlin. The models are by Stürmer, the well-known sculptor.

The French government have taken measures for erecting a statue to Marshal Ney. A sum of 50,000 francs has been granted by the Senate for this purpose.

Preparations are being made for erecting the pedestal for the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington in front of the Register House, Edinburgh. The statue will be inaugurated with a fitting ceremony on next Waterloo day.

AMERICAN BOOKS.—Professor Andrews' elaborate Latin Lexicon (originally published at great expense by the HARPERS) has been recently highly lauded by the *Spectator*:—"An elaborate fulness and completeness, while everything is quite clear, are the characteristics of this work; rendering it the best Latin Dictionary we have met with for the scholar or advanced student. The origin of the word, with its general, particular, and successive modifications of meaning, is distinctly shown; the period of its use, its single or frequent occurrence, the authors who have used it, with reference to every passage, and numerous philological features relating to it, are pointed out and illustrated by copious examples, even in their retrenched state; the great object of a lexicon, the meaning, the age, and the authority of a word, being steadily kept in view. From the care with which proper or special names are inserted, the book serves in some degree as a mythological, geographical, and technical dictionary."

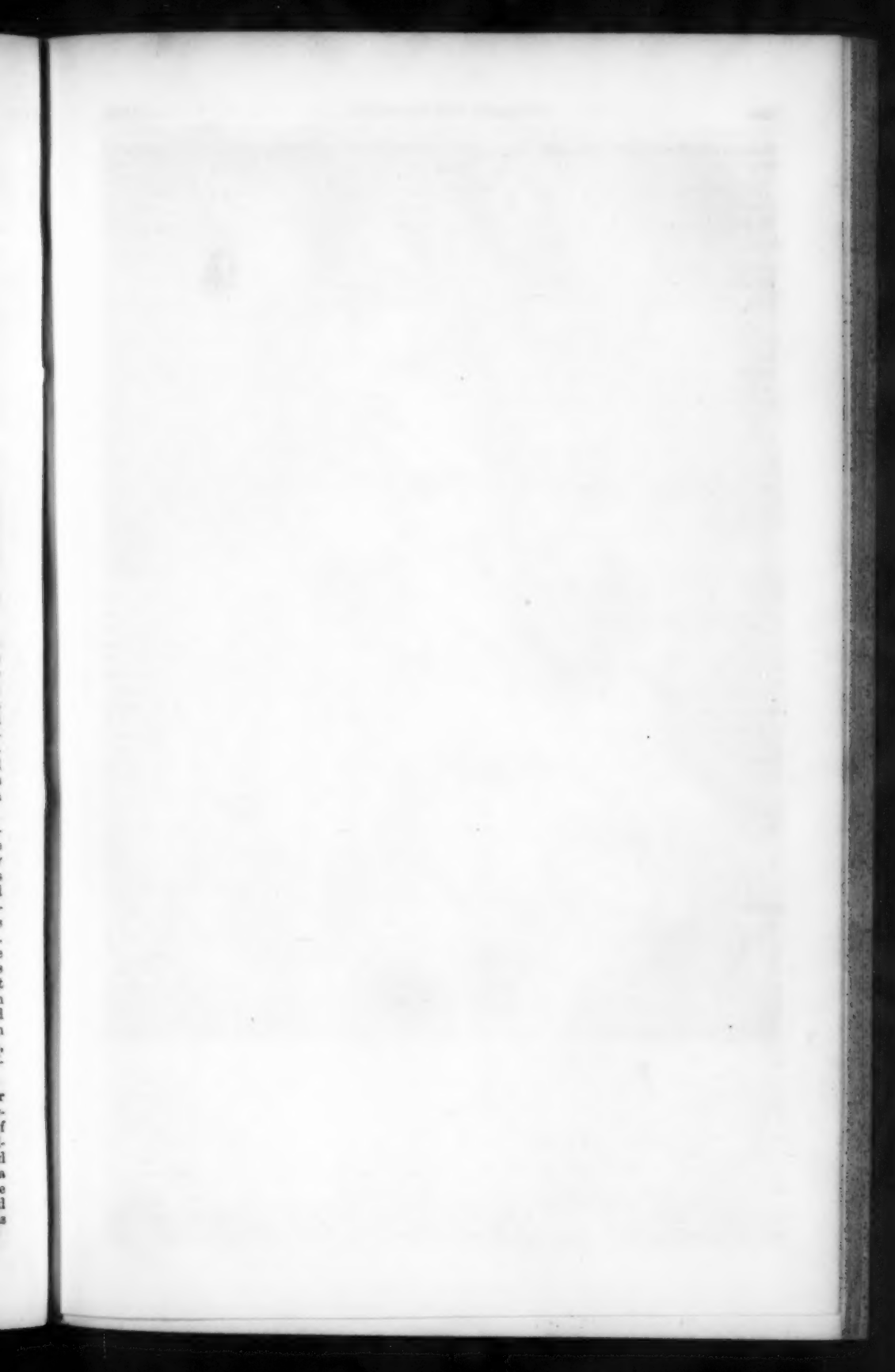
Gould Brown's Grammar of English Grammar—published by R. & S. Wood—is thus complimented by the *Literary Gazette*:—"Whatever of research,

of labor, and of experience could be brought to bear on a work so ambitious as 'a Complete Grammar of the English Language,' has been employed by Mr. Brown (of Lynn, Massachusetts) in this undertaking. The work of many years, and the result of all that had before been written on the subject, he has produced a huge encyclopedia of grammatical knowledge. All that has been said worthy of record, on the orthography, etymology, syntax and prosody of the English language, is here methodically arranged and amply illustrated. The catalogue of grammars and grammarians has more than a hundred names, and extracts from most of the books are given. In the historical and critical introduction much learning and ingenuity are displayed, and all parts of the volume attest the author's learning and diligence."

Mr. Bancroft's New History of the American Revolution, originally published by LITTLE & BROWN, Boston, elicits this expression from the critic of the *Literary Gazette*:—"A history of the American Revolution by one so well qualified, both from personal fitness and official advantages, to undertake the task, is an important contribution to English literature. Well acquainted with the past records and the present condition of both countries, Mr. Bancroft has collected his materials with diligence, and used them with judgment and skill. To English and to American readers the subject is of equal interest, and the author bears constantly in mind that he is writing for both sides of the Atlantic. To say that the book is impartial in its tone, would be little commendation, the far more important praise we give it of being authentic in its substance. The strict neutrality of an impartial narrative, however good in theory, is rarely sought or found in actual history. It is amongst the things desirable, but not desired. Where a historian has clear views and warm feelings as to the matters which he is recording, it is impossible, nor would it be wise if possible, to avoid giving something both of personal and national tone to his narrative. Mr. Bancroft does this enough to sustain interest, but never so much as to give offence."

Mr. Curtis's Howadji in Syria, originally published by the HARPERS, receives this notice at the hands of the *Athenaeum*:—"There is nothing very novel in a journey along the south-eastern borders of the Mediterranean, from Cairo to Jerusalem and Damascus; but it is pleasant to meet with an accomplished American writer, although his pictures of travel may be a little fanciful and affected. When Mr. Curtis is detailing his wanderings in the Desert or in Palestine with tolerable simplicity his style is good, and the reader feels interested; but when the author labors to invest his narrative with an extra-oriental feeling, it becomes desultory and insipid. Mr. Curtis is a pleasing writer, but in striving to impart a novel aspect to an oft-told tale, he has drawn too freely on his imagination for effects."

Professor Anthon's critical labors as an annotator of classical works, are thus spoken of by the *Athenaeum*, in noticing his edition of the *Anabasis of Xenophon*:—"Dr. Anthon has edited, and elucidated by notes, several of the ancient classics, and whatever he has undertaken, he has performed in a scholarly style. At the same time his books are entirely free from pedantry, and the notes and comments are so plain and useful, that they are as popular with boys as they are convenient."





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